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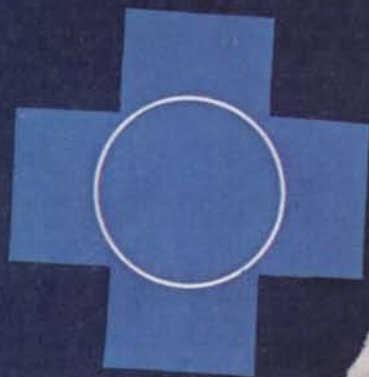
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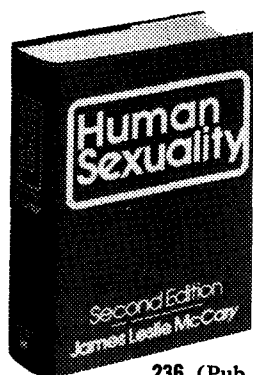
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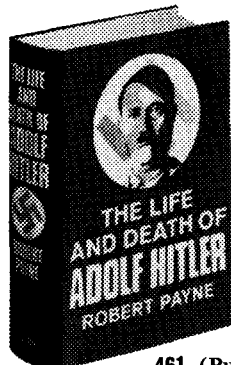


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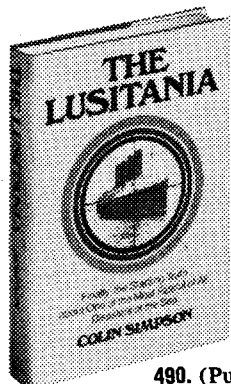
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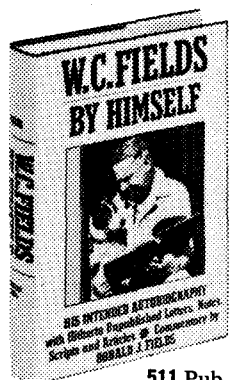
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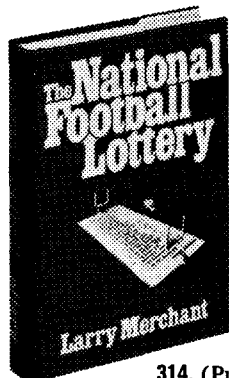
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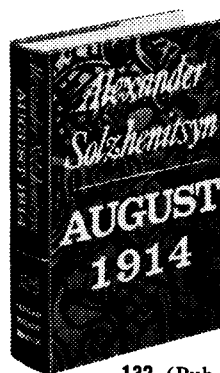
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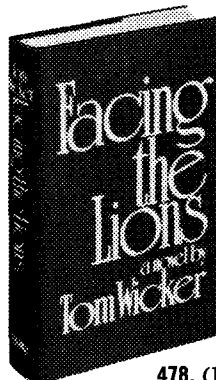
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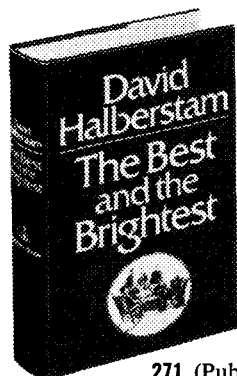
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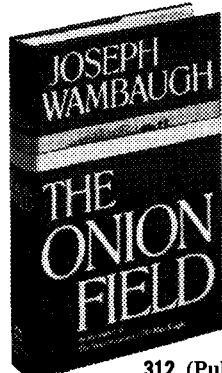


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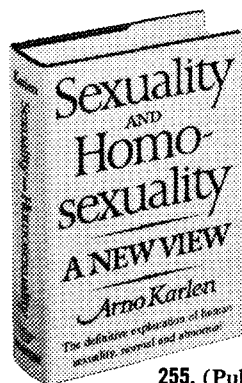
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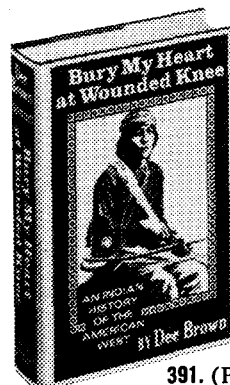
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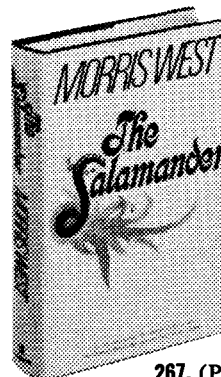


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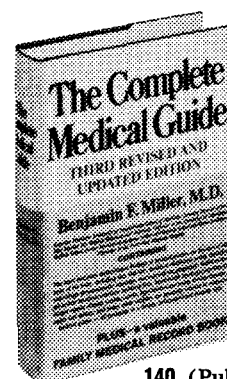
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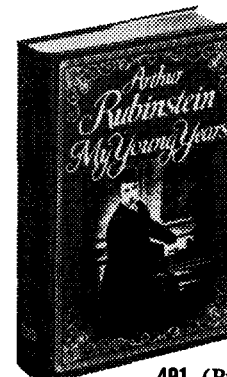
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REPORTS & COMMENT

THE EUROPEAN SECURITY CONFERENCE

"Stability," wrote Henry A. Kissinger in his Harvard doctoral study of Metternich and the Congress of Vienna, "has commonly resulted not from a quest for peace but from a generally accepted legitimacy. Legitimacy in this sense should not be confused with justice. It means no more than an international agreement about the nature of workable arrangements and about the permissible aims and methods of foreign policy. A legitimate order does not make conflicts impossible, but it limits their scope."

That in essence is what the European Conference on Security and Cooperation is all about, and why it is frequently compared to the Congress of Vienna. Thirty-five nations whose foreign ministers met in Helsinki in July to launch the conference, and whose diplomatic experts are now deep in detailed negotiations in Geneva, are groping toward agreement on a document which will have the effect of conferring multinational "legitimacy" on the existing political structure of Europe and pledging everybody (except Albania, which declines to participate) to its peaceful permanent acceptance.

There is, nevertheless, a reserved and skeptical attitude on the part of most of the foreign ministers of Western European governments and many of the neutrals as well, precisely because "legitimacy in this sense should not be confused with

justice." Legitimacy would be easier for the West to grant to the Communist governments of Eastern Europe if there were more justice to their claims. At the very least, the Western powers are aiming at obtaining as a price for the success of the negotiations a greater commitment from the Communists to humanitarian behavior toward their own people.

The problem was a great deal simpler in the political and social climate of 1815. Considerations of justice and humanitarian behavior mattered little to Metternich, Talleyrand, Czar Alexander, or even Castlereagh, although the British did fight hard at the Congress of Vienna to do something about the slave trade. But the chief aim of the Congress was the establishment of monarchical legitimacy throughout Europe. To this end, all manner of kings and princelings were restored to or confirmed on a patchwork of thrones which had been toppled by Napoleon. In the process, repressed and dissatisfied minorities (Poles, Slovaks, Hungarians, Czechs, Serbians, Bosnians, Greeks, Bulgarians) were indifferently consigned to the rule of petty tyrants. Castlereagh was confronted by outraged public opinion when he went home to London to defend the results of the Congress. Shelley, an angry young man of the day, penned the bitter lines in his "Masque of Anarchy" (1819):

I met Murder on the way—
He had a mask like Castlereagh.

Nevertheless the system was propped up after 1815 by a common interest in preserving its stability. Liberalism finally did burst

through in the revolutionary wave of 1848, when Metternich had to take to his carriage and flee from Vienna across the English Channel to Brighton. But even then fundamental stability in Europe survived. There were other periodic eruptions, of which the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was the most serious, but it was not until 1914 that peace and the system broke down completely after a full century of the old legitimacy's slow decay.

Respecting realities

Today in Europe the process of legitimizing the existing political and geographical boundaries and divisions is already quite far advanced. It is not merely that borders have remained fixed and unchanged since the end of World War II, twenty-eight years ago. In the last three years there have been a number of diplomatic developments which have had the effect of changing this situation from *de facto* to *de jure*. The most important of these, at least as far as the United States is concerned, was the Berlin agreement of 1971, in which the Soviets, after a quarter of a century of crisis and challenge, finally signed a document recognizing West Berlin for what it is—a democratic enclave protected by Western troops in the midst of Communist territory, a part of West Germany in everything but the fine print. Willy Brandt followed the Berlin agreement swiftly with his series of friendship, trade, and recognition treaties and diplomatic agreements with Russia, Poland, East Germany, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and most recently Hungary and Bulgaria. In each, Brandt com-

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Thriftmart Inc. A (TFTA)	42	.7
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United St. Ceramic Tile (UCT)	37	1.8
Voplex Corp. (VOT)	39	6.0
Whitaker Cable Corp. (WCB)	36	5.1
Woolworth, F.W. Ltd. (WT)	42	4.4

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American Petrofina A (APIA)	25	3.1
Automatic Switch Co. (ASV)	34	1.5
Big Bear Stores Cl. A (BB. A)	32	6.1
Binks Manufacturing Co. (BIN)	26	6.0
Binney & Smith (BYS)	33	5.2
Bowne & Co. Inc. (BNE)	32	2.4
Brown-Forman Dist. A (BFDA)	28	1.7
Brown-Forman Dist. B (BFDB)	28	1.8
Bundy Corp. (BNY)	28	6.3
Corroon & Black Corp. (CBL)	25	4.6
Daniel Industries (DAN)	25	1.7
Domtar Ltd. (DTC)	27	2.9
Duro-Test Corporation (DUR)	31	2.0
Eason Oil Co. (EAS)	33	1.9
Eastern Co. (EML)	33	8.2
Elec. Hose & Rubber Co. (EH)	34	5.7
Epko Shoes, Inc. (EKO)	27	7.3
Financial Gen. Bankshrs. (FGL)	25	2.3
Glen-Gery Corp. (GGB)	27	3.4
Glenmore Distilleries (GDSB)	32	—
Glosser Brothers Inc. (GEE)	27	2.6
Goldblatt Brothers Inc. (GOB)	25	6.3
Gorin Stores Inc. (GRN)	32	—
Hanover Shoe Inc. (The) (HAN)	27	5.6
Hastings Mfg. (HMF)	32	6.8
Kollmorgen Corp. (KOL)	30	2.7
Kuhn's Big K Stores Inc. (KKB)	27	1.3
Leath and Company (LH)	32	4.8
Maine Public Service (MAP)	29	7.9
Mount Vernon Mills (MWV)	27	6.3
MWA Company (MBR)	29	7.8
O'Keip Copper Co. (OKP)	27	8.6
Pacific Holding Corp. (PHC)	29	4.5
Pato Cons. Gold Dredg. (PO)	34	1.2
Risdon Manufacturing Co. (ROS)	27	4.1
Sabine Royalty Co. (SAB)	26	1.3
San Carlos Milling (SAN)	32	15.2
Sears Industries Inc. (SIU)	30	5.5
Simplex Industries Inc. (SPX)	27	—
Thorofare Markets (TMI)	30	—
Torin Corp. (TOR)	32	2.8
Turner Construction (TUR)	32	5.8
Union Gas Ltd. (UNG)	25	5.7
Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. (UIS)	32	2.0
Vulcan Inc. (VX)	27	6.0
West Chemical Products (WCP)	33	5.8
Whiting Corp. (WTG)	33	7.3
Wood Industries Inc. (WNN)	25	—



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EUROPE

mitted West Germany to a supremely important act of renunciation of German territory of the 1930s and acceptance of the borders and divisions as they are today. In addition, there has sprung up a whole web of trade treaties and agreements between Western Europe and Eastern Europe, as well as official visits and missions.

Why, then, the need for a European Conference on Security and Cooperation? A good many skeptical Western diplomats would just as soon not be bothering with the operation. They feel that it is not going to add much to either détente or stability in Europe, and that it would be preferable to leave things open for the future instead of trying to codify or define East-West relations too strictly.

Skeptics are not charmed by some euphoric vision of pan-European peace and harmony emerging when the new document is signed and delivered. Rather they fear something more akin to a gigantic hoax which will have the effect of lulling Western Europe into military weakness and political impotence, while Eastern Europe gains assertiveness and military strength in the iron grip of the Soviet Union. The very fact that the Russians have been so indefatigable in pushing for so long for a security conference (Molotov first proposed it back in 1954) heightens the feeling among Western diplomats that "there must be more in this for them than there is for us."

Even so, there is no really satisfactory answer or theory as to precisely *why* the Russians are so eager to have a security conference. It is unlikely to advance the Soviet Union's prospects for trade, commerce, and credits in the West any faster or farther than the bilateral agreements which have already been signed. Certainly the Russians are not in Helsinki out of altruistic disinterest in the future well-being of Europe. Nor are they trying to do their own client states and the smaller nations and neutrals of Europe a favor by upstaging them on the European scene.

Russia's problems with China most probably have a bearing; Russia apparently needs to secure its

western front against possible trouble in the East. But how strong or direct a factor this may be is difficult to guess. Russia knows that it is not going to be attacked by NATO forces; indeed, it has seen NATO sit on its hands tensely on five different occasions in the past twenty years when Soviet forces intervened in troubles in the Communist bloc. A security conference is not going to add anything to Soviet security.

There remains legitimacy—in a simple but plausible explanation from a British diplomat with long experience in Soviet affairs:

When the Russians are not involved in ideological or Communist political objectives in their foreign policy, they remain basically very conservative, traditional, cautious, and legalistic in their behavior and their aims. They have little or no respect for law within their own system, but they can become extremely legalistic in international affairs when the law can be put to their use. Getting something on paper is always a very important operation for the Russians. We can see clearly that they have now formed a basic foreign-policy objective of getting every country in Europe plus the United States and Canada to sign an international agreement which legitimizes their grip on Eastern Europe. In the same way, for us it was very important to get their signature on a legal document covering our presence in Berlin. In fact the documents may not change the existing situation very much, but it is that cachet of legality and legitimization which has now become very important to the Russians, and that's what they want out of this conference.

This was borne out by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's opening address at Helsinki, in which he said:

To define through common effort the foundations of future European security and cooperation and the relations between states in Europe, to put them on record in jointly adopted documents—all this means the establishment of lasting guidelines of peaceful development in Europe. The Soviet Union has always considered and considers that this edifice can be erected only on the basis of the general recognition of, and respect for, the existing territorial and political realities. In the

final analysis, the main reason for the international complications and crises that erupted in Europe after the war, no matter in what form, was that these incontestable political realities were questioned.

Agreeing on meanings

The "eruptions" in Europe since the war in which, as Gromyko puts it, "incontestable political realities were questioned" have in fact been internal popular challenges to the Communist regimes in Poland, East Berlin and East Germany, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. Gromyko is asking for a pan-European political agreement in which the West concedes that challenges to existing legitimacy should not be allowed to happen. Russia would thus be able to apply the Brezhnev Doctrine in the name of European legitimacy and stability. Metternich and Czar Alexander would have understood, but it is pretty difficult for Western foreign ministers to swallow in 1973.

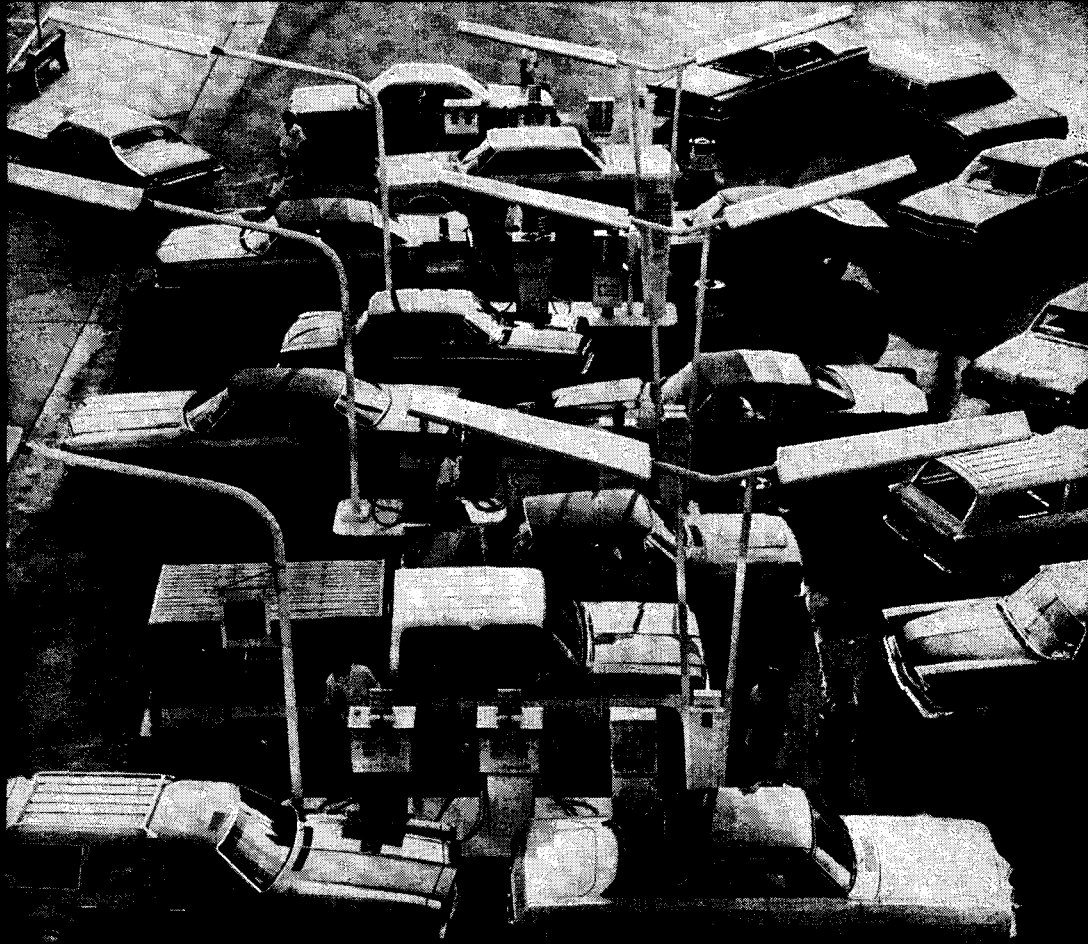
After Gromyko's speech, the Soviet delegation tabled a draft of the kind of political security declaration which it hopes to see emerge from the conference. It piously includes the principles of nonintervention in the internal affairs of other states and nonuse of force or threat of force. But when Western newsmen asked the Soviet press spokesman if this would prevent another Czechoslovakian invasion in the future, the wooden answer came back: "In the case of Czechoslovakia there was no interference in internal affairs, but a request by the Czech government was met by allied governments to give it aid. So in future we do not propose intervention."

The spokesman then quickly adjourned the press briefing. As West German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel remarked to newsmen later during the conference: "Our problem is not agreeing on words, but agreeing on the meaning of words."

The Dutch Foreign Minister, Max van der Stoep, met the Russians head on by declaring in his speech that, in the future, relations in Europe should be flexible enough to allow for changes to occur without necessarily upsetting the international situation:

It will therefore be important that in the final document on prin-

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EUROPE

principles adequate mention be made of the inalienable right of the people of every state freely to choose, to develop, and if desired to change its political, economic, social, and cultural systems without interference in any form by any other state or group of states and with due respect to human rights and fundamental freedoms.

If something like that ever emerges in the final document, it will indeed be a considerable victory for Western European diplomacy. The main thrust of the Western powers is toward a code of humanitarian behavior for Europe along with codes of political and commercial relations, the theory being that it will be a great deal easier and more acceptable to grant "legitimization" to the Communist regimes of Eastern Europe if they show a little more respect for Western values of individual liberty, civilized conduct, and justice.

Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Britain's Foreign Secretary, put the issue precisely when he said, in what was the best speech of the Helsinki gathering:

Mr. Gromyko said that we should provide from this conference a code of conduct for Europe. This is an impeccable sentiment. The pertinent question is what is this to mean in terms of life of ordinary people in Europe. We cannot leave such sentiments hanging in the air. We must come down to earth. Politics, national and international, is about people. The people of our countries will not thank or congratulate us for adding more solemn declarations to the world's archives, different from other such documents only in the signatures upon them. They will want to know whether their lives will be affected for better by our efforts. If we do not improve the life of ordinary people we shall be asked, and with justice, what all our fine words and diplomatic phrases have achieved.

The principal diplomatic leverage which the Western powers hold as the negotiations now move forward in Geneva is an apparently overweening desire of the Soviet Union and its anxious allies for success, for agreement. If they want agreement, therefore, they will have to make

concessions to convictions held strongly in the West. Both the British and West German foreign ministers went out of their way to counter the idea that the conference is doomed to succeed.

"If progress is not achieved [on cooperation in humanitarian fields]," said Sir Alec, "there will be no alternative but to disperse, acknowledging that the conference was premature." Bonn's Walter Scheel said that "if the gap between our views on the reality is still too wide, then it would be a dictate of honesty to say so unambiguously. It would not be a catastrophe for Europe or the end of the process of détente; it would simply mean that conditions are not yet mature enough to allow us to attain the goal we have set ourselves."

Roadblocks

Helsinki's new Finlandia Concert Hall provided an austere yet thoroughly appropriate and efficient setting for what was a conference of all work and no play for five days. Secretary of State William P. Rogers and the United States delegation played a determinedly low-key role in the proceedings—a little too low-key to suit some of the Western European delegations. Rogers' reasoning is that first of all this is primarily a European affair, and secondly, since the conference operates on the principle of unanimity, there will always be somebody else who can throw a roadblock into the operation to ensure the desired results. He did not, therefore, speak out as forcefully as either Scheel or Douglas-Home on the question of human rights, nor did he add his voice to their warnings that the conference could, in fact, fail. But an experienced Swiss diplomat who is taking a very active part in the negotiations said:

Look, we understand why the United States doesn't want to be seen throwing its weight around. But there are times when it would help if you would speak up. If you leave it to the rest of us to carry the ball against the Russians on issues like human contacts, and do not make the American position felt in a firm, clear way, then the Russians get the idea that you are indifferent or not clear yourselves and it makes our task all the more

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Just take a look at statistics compiled by the National Safety Council. The accident rate for passenger vehicles in 1972 was 14.02 per million miles of travel. For trucks, it was 10.5 per million miles of travel.

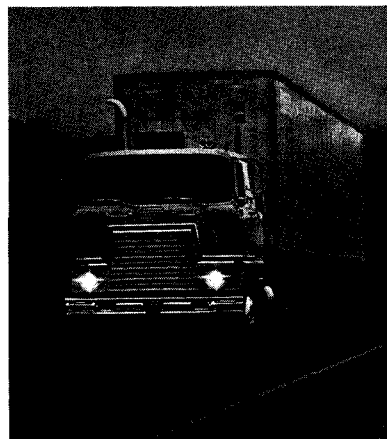
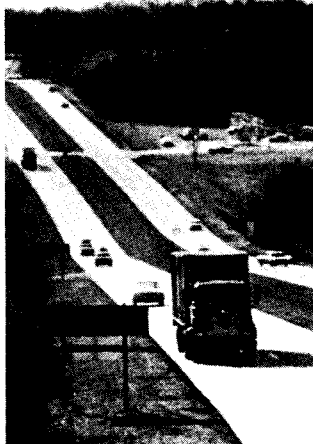
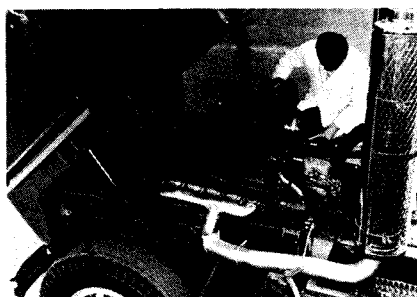
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difficult. Moreover, others begin to think the same, and wonder if you haven't got some secret understandings with Moscow which we don't know about.

Perhaps the U.S. delegation will show a little more toughness in Geneva, where three committees are now at work sifting and consolidating a mass of draft proposals from the thirty-five participants into what will be a final act of the conference. The work will probably take from six to nine months, and if the negotiations succeed, then a grand finale will follow in Helsinki around the middle of next year.

One committee is at work on political and security questions, and will produce the legitimizing declaration in which all European states will announce their respect for existing sovereignty and frontiers, renounce the use of force, and pledge nonintervention in internal affairs and peaceful settlement of European disputes. A second committee is negotiating on economic, commercial, and scientific cooperation.

Finally, the vital Committee III is charged with drafting an agreement on European cooperation in humanitarian and cultural fields; the really hard negotiating will take place here. The Communist powers want to limit this cooperation to their usual controlled group exchanges and government-policed friendship. But the Western powers are asking that the agreement include such basic guarantees as free distribution of newspapers and magazines; an end to radio jamming; permission for journalists to move and report freely and without censorship and for individuals to travel; more youth meetings, sports events, and television programs; and the freedom for people of different nationality to marry and the right of families to be united.

There are many who will feel that the granting of such simple human rights is not nearly enough for the West to obtain in return for recognition of the legitimacy of Communist control over Eastern Europe. Nor can it really be pretended that getting these things on paper and agreed to by the Communists will do very much to change the face or methods of Communism. But at least an agreement which included pledges of this kind would introduce

a new element into Communist behavior and give some generally accepted rules and standards to which the rest of Europe could hold the Communist regimes accountable. Five years ago the Communist regime in Czechoslovakia allowed its citizens considerable freedom to travel to the West, and Western publications were on sale freely in Prague. Today, although Prague is again one of those silent cities, in Communist Yugoslavia there is comparatively free movement of people, periodicals, and journalists without apparent effect upon either the stability or the Marxist fervor of the regime. The Western powers do not feel that they are asking for something incompatible with Communist political and social systems.

The arguments in Geneva are going to be long, tiresome, and arduous, and there will certainly come a "crisis point" in which the warnings by Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Walter Scheel will be put to the test. Healthy skepticism is going to be essential to success. Talleyrand's first rule of diplomacy was: "Above all, no zeal."

—DON COOK

ITALY

"The country will revolt because of all the things you are incapable of doing, the problems you cannot solve," a Communist deputy warned Italy's democratic parties not long ago. "There is no other alternative to your impotence than rebellion, a rebellion which will take place whether we Communists want it or not, a chaotic, disorderly, violent revolution for which you alone will be responsible."

It has been said before and will doubtless be said again, but suppose it comes true? What if Italy—heavily industrialized and technologically advanced, founding member of the Common Market and guardian of NATO's southern flank, least demanding of our friends in Europe and practically our last remaining one in the Mediterranean—should finally skid out of control? Come to terms with a Communist Party polling close to ten million votes, the biggest in the Western world? Or, for fear of just that, fall into the hands of a rightist military junta—

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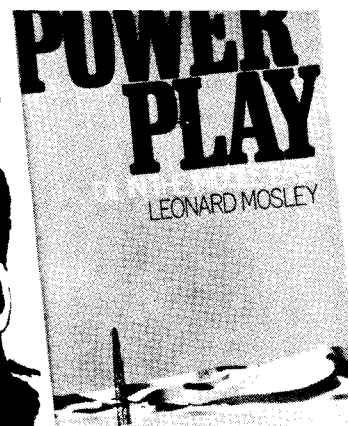
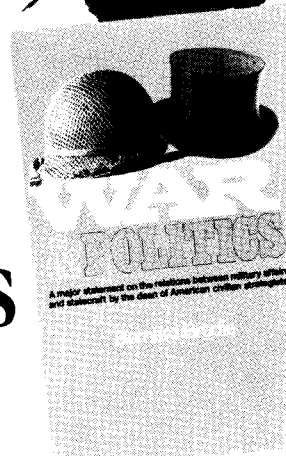
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ITALY

the "Colonels' Solution," as Italians call it? Considering the state of Italy's democratic forces, the wonder is that one or the other hasn't happened already.

It is over a year now since what was supposed to have been a historic center-left coalition of Christian Democrats, Social Democrats, Republicans, and Socialists died unmourned. Having set out to change the face of Italy with a program running to forty-seven typewritten pages, it managed to get no more than four or five major bills through Parliament in eight years. By the time it fell apart, with the dominant Christian Democratic Party divided into nine factions, the Socialists into six, and the Social Democrats into three, the deadlock was so complete that Parliament was dissolved a year ahead of time, a confession of humiliating impotence unmatched since 1922, the dawn of Mussolini's Fascist rule.

The emergency elections in May, 1972, changed little, save the next government's label from center-left to center-right, as the conservative Liberals replaced the departing Socialists. No less faction-ridden and paralytic than its predecessors, the new "government of centrality" was unable to keep a single one of its important legislative promises. Long before its standard year was up, this incoming government was already written off as outgoing, and negotiations were under way to revive the inanimate center-left again.

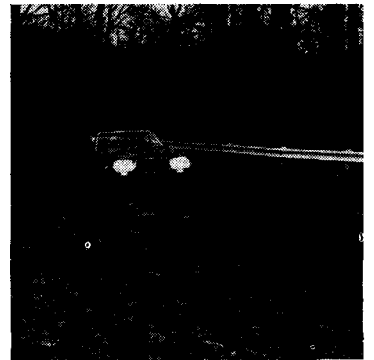
Breakdown

By the time Premier Mariano Rumor's new Cabinet was sworn in last July, an economy famous the world over for its miraculous post-war growth had virtually slowed to a halt. Despite flickering signs of recovery in the past few months, Italy is still languishing at the outermost fringes of the Common Market, in the fourth straight year of its worst recession since the war. Its growth rate, plunging from an average of about 6 percent annually during the previous two decades to close to one percent in 1971, had crept back to barely 3 percent by the end of 1972. Profits also dropped to almost zero

and have stayed there. Investments are nearly at a standstill. Capital fleeing abroad amounted to \$5 billion in 1972. Industry is working at three-quarters of capacity. Unemployment rose 14 percent last year to about a million, more than 5 percent of the labor force. The rate of inflation is among the highest of any industrial state on earth, with living costs up 12 percent in the last two years and on the way to rising another 18 percent this year. The national deficit has almost tripled in three years, from \$5 billion to going on \$15 billion. The Italian lira, solid since 1948, has floated into a de facto devaluation of around 18 percent. And exasperated workers have taken to walking off the job at the drop of a hat. During the past decade, Italy's losses of man-hours through strikes have run fifty-five times higher than West Germany's, and the nation has had scarcely a strikeless day in the past four years.

Whether as a cause or effect (or both) of Italy's present troubles, these strikes have become a paramount fact of life here. In one way or another, most of the pathological symptoms of this country's nervous breakdown have shown up since the "Hot Autumn" of 1969. For three months, while negotiations were under way then to renew labor contracts for the next three years, hardly anybody—or anything—worked. All services broke down—from public transport to mail deliveries, telephone and telegraph, garbage collection and street-cleaning, traffic police, customs, prisons, and courts. Bars, cafés, and restaurants shut down, along with hotels, filling stations, banks, nurseries and schools, newspapers and printing plants, soccer fields, drugstores, car, steel, rubber, chemical, and textile factories, oil refineries, shipyards, even cemeteries. Student *contestatori* took over and closed down their universities. Thousands of the seven million peasants who have migrated from Italian farms to cities and from south to north since the war burned down their squatters' shacks. Seventeen large cities called their own general strikes, including Turin, Milan, and Rome, with riotous mobs barricading the streets, wrecking cars, sacking public buildings.

The three national labor federa-



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tions—the Communist-Socialist Confederazione Generale Italiana del Lavoro (CGIL), the Social Democratic Unione Italiana del Lavoro (UIL), and the Catholic Confederazione Italiana Sindacati Lavoratori (CISL)—working closely together for the first time since the war, were not so much leading the movement as hanging on for dear life. This was a grass-roots uprising, crashing out of all ideological and political bounds, pressing not just for more money but for more houses, schools, medical care, washing machines, holidays abroad, serenity in old age, social justice, mental peace, material comfort—a whole way of life that one of the ten most industrialized nations in the world should be able to afford and its torpid Establishment has failed to produce.

As the Establishment has done nothing in the face of this near-insurrection, conditions have predictably worsened. Steeply and perennially rising labor costs after the Hot Autumn—up 45 percent from 1969 to 1972 and another 10 to 14 percent after latest contract renewals—have hurt the economy badly. Wildcat strikes and factory violence have flourished, frowned on by official labor and party leaders but warmly applauded by leftist extremists in “extra-parliamentary” groups such as Lotta Continua (“Constant Struggle”) and Potere Operaio (“Workers’ Power”), which are frankly dedicated to destroying the whole fabric of Italian society.

Mingling in a strange terrorist underworld with this same extra-parliamentary Left—which prides itself on being the first in Italy to have published detailed instructions on how to make a Molotov cocktail—is an extra-parliamentary Right so vicious that even the neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement dare not sponsor it officially. Together, these terrorist groups have done their best since 1969 to keep the country on the brink of panic. Considering that a bomb a day goes off somewhere or other on the peninsula, and a million Molotov cocktails were turned up in various caches during a nationwide police roundup on the eve of the election in May, 1972,

they would appear to be succeeding.

How could a nation with so much vitality and promise have come to such a pass? What have the democratic parties done, or not done, to alienate the affections of so many students, workers, and intellectuals? How, with a safe majority in Parliament since the postwar Republic was founded and an electoral mandate renewed year after year, could they have failed to satisfy the voters’ most elementary needs?

Bureaucratic bog

Take the civil service. For an Italian contemplating anything from paying his taxes to getting a peddler’s license or collecting an old-age pension, the nation’s million-man bureaucracy is a nightmare. Most *statali* and *parastatali*, as these employees are called, are recruited by letters of recommendation from politicians, and many others get in under a quota system for citizens afflicted by natural or man-made disasters. “Essentially,” suggests a high government functionary, “this makes the Italian state a sort of charity organization, while those in its employ largely work as volunteers.” Once past their six-month trial period, they don’t have to work unless they want to. Nobody on the state payroll can be fired unless he is jailed for committing a crime. Officially, gross inefficiency is a cause for dismissal also. But such is the state’s fear of tangling with its own bureaucracy should an aggrieved employee appeal his dismissal that, for a century, hardly anyone has been fired on these grounds.

The resulting bottlenecks are incredible. Not only does it take at least three years for a projected new school or workers’ housing development to get ministerial approval, but many projects never get through the ministries at all. Time and again they simply vanish into a baffling category of state bookkeeping known as the *residui passivi*: money allocated for public investment but never spent because all trace is hopelessly lost in some ministerial bog. To date, well over \$15 billion in public funds have backed up, unused, in that way. Although Italian Cabinets always include a minister whose sole task is to study bureaucratic reform, not one has

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Tornadoes, Rockets and Sonja Heine

So far, 1973 has been a banner year for tornadoes. By mid-year, more than 750 of these violent storms had swept down on the United States, killing 59 people and causing millions of dollars in property damage. Scientists expect the existing tornado record of 928 (set in 1967) to be easily shattered before the year is over.

Recently, tornado research has received help from an unexpected source — namely, studies made by TRW scientists of flow patterns in the propellant tanks in ICBM missiles. When you pump fuel out of a liquid rocket tank, much the same thing happens as when you pull the stopper out of your bathtub — a radial flow pattern develops (the particles move in spiral paths toward the center) and a vortex appears. To find out how swirling fluids behaved in propellant tanks, TRW scientists made some fundamental studies of the formation and behavior of vortexes. Further research has extended their analyses to the behavior of the large vortical patterns in the atmosphere we know as tornadoes, waterspouts, dust devils, and fire whirls.

A tornado begins with a thermal instability in the atmosphere, e.g., large mass of warm moist air under a layer of cold dry air. Under such conditions, violent up-drafts may begin, around which the surrounding air begins to flow radially inward, in a swirling, spiral pattern. As particles get closer to the center of the flow pattern, their velocity increases. Some readers will recall the startling rotational speeds Sonja Heine achieved as she drew her extended arms closer to her body. Particles of air experience this same increase in rotational velocity as they get closer to the center of the system.

Ordinarily, turbulent diffusion opposes the swirling, and relaxes the disturbance — i.e., friction prevents Sonja from bringing her arms inward. However, in rare circumstances the radial inflow overwhelms turbulent diffusion, and a tornado develops. Actually, in a killer tornado much of the radial inflow is eventually confined to a layer near the ground, because at greater heights the increase of swirling ultimately creates a large centrifugal force that counteracts further radial inflow.

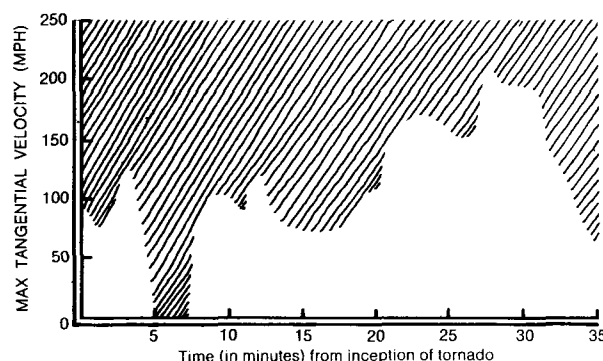
While dust and debris are being swept upward, the funnel of the tornado appears to descend. The latter occurs because the faster the air swirls, the more its temperature drops and the less moisture the air can contain. The resulting condensation of water vapor is seen as the funnel of

the tornado, snaking down from the ominous cloud deck. Using these facts, TRW scientists have developed a formula which enables them to calculate the maximum velocity of winds in a tornado.*

TRW scientists have estimated the maximum wind speed in the funnel of a major tornado at around 225 m.p.h. Much of a tornado's destructiveness, however, stems not from the speed of the swirling wind, but from the radically low pressures inside the funnel. As a tornado engulfs a building, air trapped inside the building causes it to explode.

While much remains to be learned about large vortical storms, TRW's work with swirling liquid rocket propellants has lead to an important meteorological understanding of the behavior of destructive rotational storms.

*Maximum velocity, $V = (hgb)^{1/2}$, where h is the altitude of the cloud deck, b the fraction of the distance between cloud and ground the funnel cloud tip has descended, and g the acceleration of gravity.



Using Weather Bureau data from the tornado of April 2, 1957, TRW scientists calculated the above time-history of estimated maximum wind speeds.

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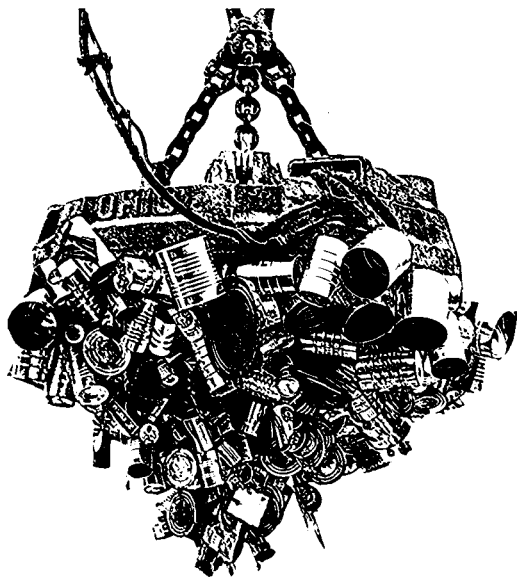
ITALY

made so much as a dent. Yet until they do, they are not likely to get very far in any other direction.

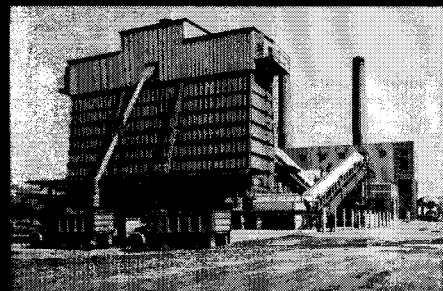
Italy's school system is a case in point. Although education is compulsory here until the age of fourteen, going to school does not necessarily mean getting educated. First of all, schools have no room for nearly one student in eight. Secondly, teachers often lack even a smattering of professional training. Italy has no teachers' training colleges, and a new after-school program to "teach teachers how to teach" has proved such a time-waster that its drastic overhaul was a primary demand in the teachers' strikes which continued on and off throughout last winter. Another major demand was for an overhaul of the standard curriculum, retouched here and there but essentially unchanged for the better part of a century.

It is hardly surprising, then, that one out of seven Italian children—and four out of five peasant children—flunks out before the fifth grade, and only one in four makes it as far as a high school diploma. Those who do, and go on to a university, are worse off still. Though university enrollments have more than tripled since 1969, practically no new classrooms have been built. The University of Rome, with eighty-seven thousand on its rolls, has only one seat for every eleven students. Few students bother to show up. Nine out of ten simply study at home, often hundreds of miles away, nailed to a curriculum dating back to World War I. What with such conditions and the resulting student *contestazione* (riots), the country's educational currency is so debased that job offers in the classified ad columns specifically ask for graduates with diplomas predating 1968.

Of course, the bureaucracy is partly to blame for this. Of the \$600 million appropriated to build classrooms in 1967, barely a third had gotten through the necessary ministries to be spent by 1970. But even improvements costing little seem to get nowhere. From 1963 to 1972, two major education reform bills died in parliamentary committee.



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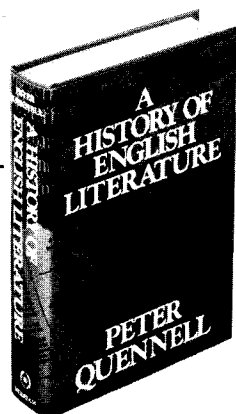
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ITALY

Though yet another was promised by the incoming Education Minister Oscar Scalfaro after the May, 1972, elections, he did not get around to presenting more than limited patchwork proposals for the universities by the following spring.

Nudging Rome

Wherever Italians turn, it is the same sad story. With the highest social welfare costs in Europe, for instance, Italy is losing a billion dollars a year through bureaucratic inefficiency in the hospital and public health sector alone. Yet a series of health care reform bills, pending since 1963, has yet to reach the floor of Parliament. One emergency measure, rushed through just before the last legislature expired, did provide substantial wage hikes for hospital personnel. As a result, a hospital bed can cost upwards of fifty dollars a day even in the poorest southern regions, but patients sometimes have to provide their own clean sheets and send out to the corner trattoria for edible food. Yet another reform bill has been prepared for the incumbent Parliament, but the Minister of Health who drafted it admitted to me without blinking an eye that he had no hopes for its passage before 1975, if then. In low-cost housing, Italy has dropped behind all Western Europe. There is no end to the list of such government failures, or the human dramas they cause.

It is mostly because such things happen that about one in every four Italians votes Communist. They have no better, or no other, weapon (a blunt instrument, the only useful kind) to punish the wicked, frighten the powerful, jolt Rome. In this sense the Communists' many defects hardly matter. However watered its revolutionary wine, stale its slogans, disingenuous its leaders, and questionable their severance from Moscow, the Italian Communist Party is still a magnificent Ministry of Protest. What it might be like in a different capacity is getting to be more and more an intriguing question as Communist strength grows in direct proportion to the democrats' decline.

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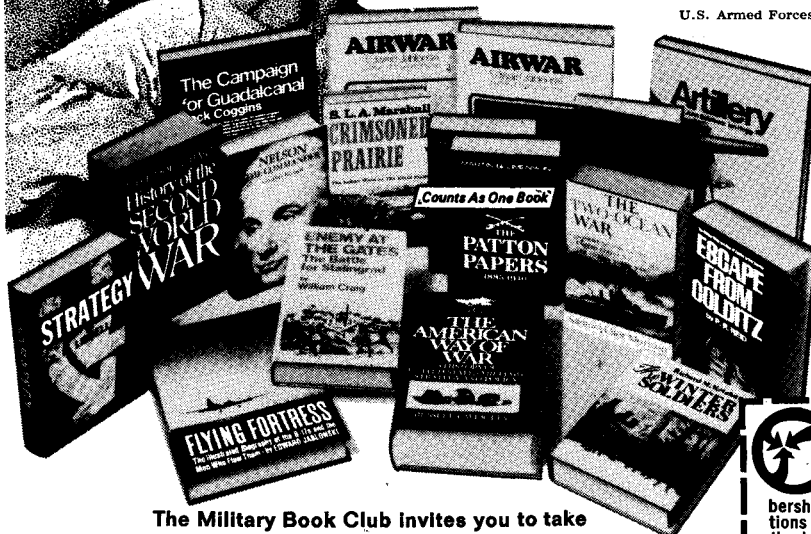
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ITALY

The steady disintegration of Italy's democratic forces defies understanding. Emerging from the ruins of Mussolini's dictatorship and the war, Italian democrats had a lot of headaches. Who didn't? Yet they were more privileged than most in the remarkable qualities of their hardworking, ingenious, and timelessly patient population. With that, as well as generous Marshall Plan aid, solid American backing (when it still counted), and the colossal machinery of the Church mobilized to head off a Communist advance, they won the first free elections, in 1948, in a walk. The Christian Democrats alone came very close to an absolute majority (48.5 percent); with their smaller democratic allies, they controlled two-thirds of Parliament.

Working in reasonable harmony, and even allowing for the frailties of politicians the world over, they might have renovated the nation from top to bottom. But what little harmony prevailed, especially in Christian Democratic ranks, died with Alcide de Gasperi, their one true statesman. Since his death in the fifties, the ruling Catholic party has been wracked by power struggles of unimaginable ferocity. Conceived from the start as an all-purpose governing party representing every kind of voter from pious, illiterate peasants and hotly militant industrial workers to captains of industry and Catholic philosophers, it has always been divided into a dozen-odd perpetually shifting and intractably hostile factions of the Right, Left, and center. On any but supreme issues affecting the Church, such as divorce or abortion, anywhere from a handful to a hundred parliamentary "snipers" from one or another of these factions might vote against their own Prime Minister (providing the balloting is secret, of course). On most other issues, the last party a Christian Democratic Prime Minister might count on for solidarity in Parliament is his own.

Since Italy's fragmented system of multiparty proportional representation imposes the need for political alliances, the ruling Christian Democrats' alternating courtship and betrayal of their smaller democratic

allies has become a fixture of Italian political life. Whether because or in spite of this, none of the smaller democratic parties has been altogether free from the sin of factionalism either, the Hamletic Socialists least of all. Bound to the Communists by an iron alliance in the early postwar years, the Socialists have long been torn between a century-old tradition of working-class unity (with the Communists, that is) and increasingly urgent distress signals from the centrists. In 1963, when electoral slippage left the Christian Democrats no choice, they lured the Socialists into the government. The idea of this "opening to the left" was to isolate a Communist Party thriving on governmental immobility, its share of the national vote having by then risen from 18 percent to 25 percent. The enticement for the irresolute Socialists was an elaborate program of reforms as well as the fleshpots of patronage.

Proxy power

The patronage helped—on one memorable occasion, the Socialist Party's General Secretary was named along with a Christian Democratic Cabinet Minister in a billion-dollar state road-building scandal—but the reforms never got off the ground. From start to finish, propositions dearest to Socialist hearts were systematically blackballed by conservative Christian Democratic "snipers" representing a good third of their party's deputies in Parliament. The circle grew increasingly vicious as the Socialists, frustrated and fearful of losing their electoral followers to the Communists, made new demands further irritating conservative Christian Democrats. After a decade of alternating schisms and reconciliations, perpetual demands for "clarification," and repeated Cabinet reshuffles, the Socialists wound up in the improbably acrobatic position of belonging to the government while demanding a "more advanced equilibrium" with the government's main enemy: the Communist Party. When the coalition collapsed, the Communists' share of the national vote had risen from 25 percent to 27 percent.

The absence of authentic government has made for curious deformations in the body politic whereby, in

effect, it is the trade unions, the Catholic Church, and the Communists who are running the country by proxy.

The three trade union federations, coordinating their strategy since 1969—and committed now to merge eventually into a single giant confederation—have not so much sought as drifted into a position of extraordinary strength. Since almost 20 percent of Italian industry and public services is controlled by the state, their chief interlocutor has often been the government, or more exactly a succession of nongovernments each feebler than the last. Whatever their private judgments about how much the economy might bear, it has been next to impossible of late for labor leaders here to exercise restraint. Such demands as they might refuse to make would in the end be made anyhow by wildcatters. Official or not, and however excessive, practically any demand made on a nerveless government has had excellent prospects of success. The latest example was last spring's month-long postal strike. The longest on record and, in this fourth year of recession, surely the most damaging, it was stretched out by wildcatters despite the open disapproval of all trade union leaders from Catholic to Communist. Predictably, it ended with a government cave-in that might come close to doubling labor costs in this sector.

There is no question that trade union officials are acutely aware of the strains put on the economy by such victories. The Communists themselves have been warning their members lately that it might be for their own good to work more and strike less. But unless and until Italian workers can get something tangibly better than just more swiftly devaluing money—more houses, say, or schools, hospitals, pensions, price controls—the argument is unlikely to win them over.

The Vatican's influence is exercised through the local clergy, whose powers, in a nation that is 99 percent Catholic, are immense. On national politics, however, the Vatican's posture has changed almost beyond recognition since the first postwar years, when Pope Pius XII formally excommunicated all members of the Italian Communist Party.

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lion Catholics living under Communist rule, renewed by a fresh ecumenical spirit, and caught up in the complexities of a vast *aggiornamento* since the reign of Pope John XXIII, the Vatican has taken a growing if still oblique interest in reaching some sort of *modus vivendi* with the Communists at home and abroad. It was surely no historical accident that Pope Paul VI collaborated secretly with Italian Communist leaders from 1969 onward to communicate with Hanoi and thus help bring about peace in Vietnam.

Going respectable

The Vatican is not alone. For several years now, a Communist movement once hopelessly beyond the political pale here has become the center of absorbing debate. How long can a party claiming to speak for the working class, and in any case polling close to ten million votes, be kept out of the government? Is it ethical, feasible, even desirable, to go on doing so forever? Until fairly recently, nobody of influence in Rome actually contemplated a change, least of all the Communists. "We do very well in the opposition: we grow bigger and fatter," observes a top man in their Central Committee, Giorgio Amendola. "What, besides headaches, could a place in the government give us that we don't have already?" asks another.

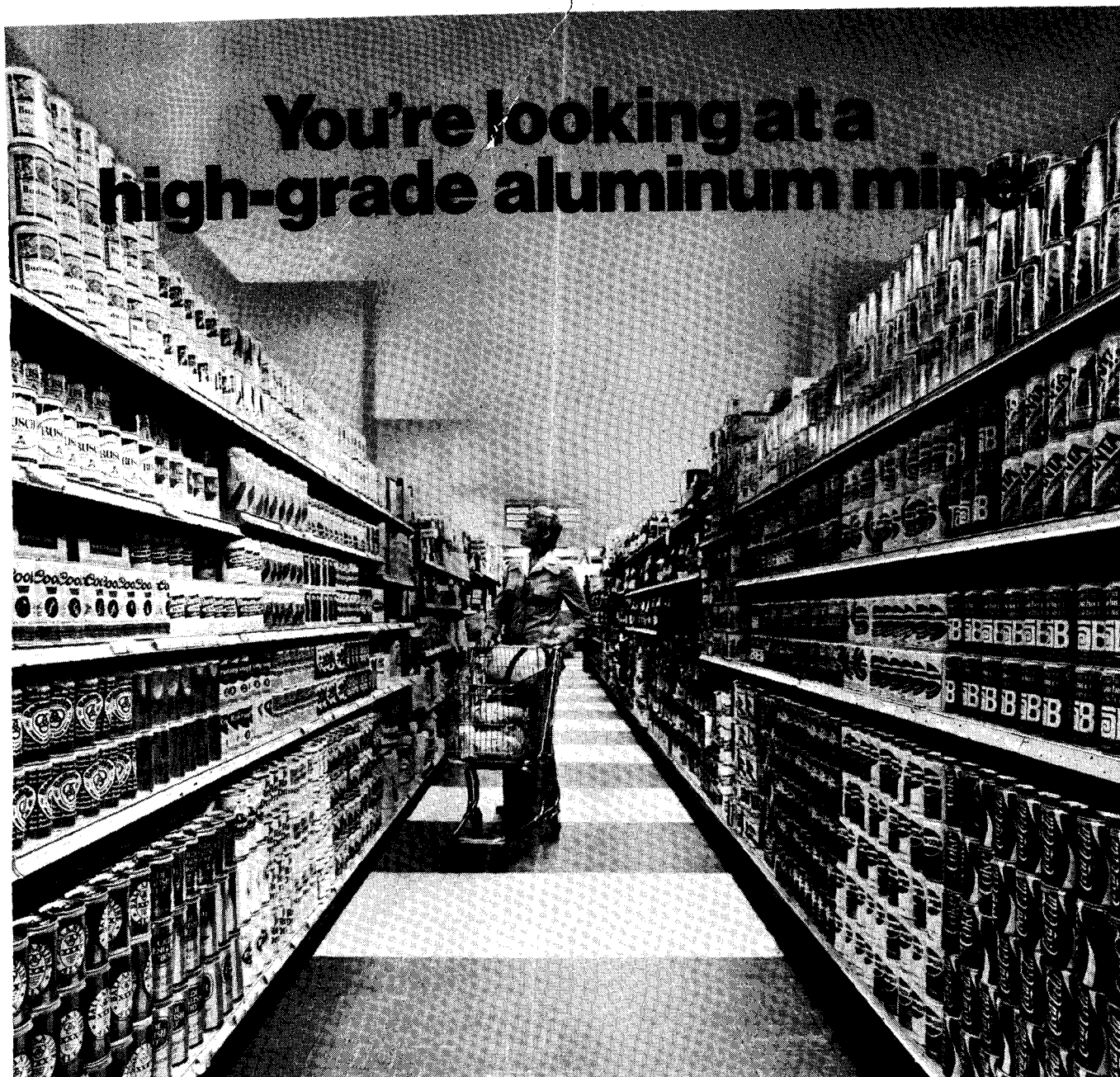
There is hardly much joy for these Communists in the idea of leaving their safe haven for a seat in the government where, as one party among many, they would have weightier responsibilities but scarcely more power than they have now. Nor do they imagine that they could make their way in as anything but one party among many. No Italian Communist of substance has thought seriously of seizing power by force since Stalin, Churchill, and FDR agreed on the division of Europe at Yalta during World War II. No sensible Communist here would dream of peaceful conquest by the ballot, either. Whatever their ability to pick up more votes at every election, the Communists are the first to concede that they could never win

an absolute majority in this country.

Yet, for all the reasons given here, the question is no longer so remote. In the last couple of years, a number of Catholic as well as Socialist leaders have been making advances to the Communists. Their courtship, though assiduous, is somewhat less than hearty. Few are actually prepared to propose honorable marriage: a government ministry or two, the presidency of a big bank or state enterprise, a voice in inner councils. What they would like is more along the lines of a *mariage de convenance*, in which a hundred and seventy-five discreetly kept Communist deputies would help them pass laws which—what with their snipers, factions, and endless intramural quarrels—they have been incapable of passing themselves.

Obviously, the democrats would have to make a more tempting offer. As time goes by with no change in the dismal outlook, they seem bound to. The greater their need, the less inclined they are to dwell on the Communist Party's distasteful features. The Italian Communists have renounced armed conquest, rejected Soviet Russia as a guide-state, challenged its right to interfere in their affairs. They sharply condemned the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia, begrudged Russia their backing in its ideological conflict with China, refused to endorse many decisions made at the Moscow summit conference of world Communists in 1969. They have even hinted that they would settle for appreciably less than a neutralist foreign policy.

At the Party's thirteenth congress last year, its incoming General Secretary, Enrico Berlinguer, stated baldly that the issue of NATO could no longer be approached with the Party's simple slogan: "NATO out of Italy; Italy out of NATO." The question now was not "simply one of pronouncing for or against this military pact" but of working gradually toward liquidating all military pacts, he said. Furthermore, the other terms on which he offered the country social peace would scarcely cause a ripple in America's Republican National Committee. They include practically all the reforms promised but unrealized by every government since 1963, from schools, health, and housing to the



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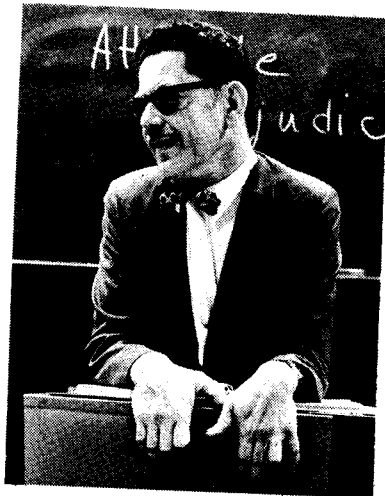
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national bureaucracy, prisons, and the penal code. No more nationalization would be necessary, he went on, since more than half the economy was under state control already; and the institution of the family would be not only preserved but strengthened. "We are not for a society where everything is permitted," said this chaste Party official.

Plainly, he was speaking for many of his followers. By now, more than a quarter of the Communist Party's million and a half members are shopkeepers and tradesmen, housewives, notaries and lawyers, doctors, journalists. Questioned in a public opinion poll recently, only 5.1 percent of the Party's militants said they wanted a revolution, while 32 percent favored gradual reforms. In an earlier poll, only 27 percent had considered the Soviet Union to be the best example of true Socialism. For 15.8 percent, the exemplary Socialist model was Sweden.

All this has given the Italian Communists a respectable image, magnified by competent propaganda and effective use of the three Communist-controlled regions as a national showcase. No other city of comparable size in Italy is remotely as well-run as Bologna, under a Communist mayor for over twenty-five years. Its schools, hospitals, and health services are the last word in modernity, its parks and green belts impeccable, its historic center is being restored with meticulous care and forethought unique in the country. Even (or especially) its solution of the urban traffic problem, including an efficient free public transport system, is the envy of all Italy.

Nobody knows how genuine the Communists' apparent conversion to democratic ways really is. It is hard to believe that present-day Italian Communists would revert to primitive Russian methods when and if they got the chance. But that is far from saying that their presumably subtler methods reflect a strong faith in parliamentary democracy. For all the Party's dislike of the Czechoslovak invasion and the Brezhnev Doctrine of limited sovereignty that came with it, Berlinguer

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has said flatly that the Party would never dream of breaking with the Russians over this or anything else. He has yet to explain how that might affect the Communists' posture here if the Brezhnev Doctrine should be applied to Italy someday. "What guarantees can I give you?" was his reply to the question not long ago. "Strictly speaking, none."

Accordingly, a grain of caution still keeps most Italian democrats from being ready for a deal with this seemingly domesticated Communist Party. Even if they could be sure of its democratic credentials, they could not be sure whether, once a bargain were made, the Communists could deliver the goods. In fact, the Communists are none too sure themselves.

There is no telling what the Italian working class would do as soon as the Communists' backs were turned. Already the fact that they speak and think of themselves as a "government party" has compromised them hopelessly in the eyes of many workers influenced by the intransigent extra-parliamentary leftists. Certainly, they could not dream of carrying all ten million of their electoral followers with them if they should actually join a government alliance—the extra-parliamentary Left would automatically pick up much of the anti-Establishment support that now goes to the Communists. The problem is all too familiar to their former Socialist allies, who, upon joining the first center-left government in 1963, lost half their former voters.

Furthermore, joining the government might also provoke a reaction that could well end in calamitous defeat and/or civil war. The Italian Communist Party has no foothold in industry or the banks, no crucial keys to financial power, no influence in the armed forces, no leverage in the police force or in key levels of the bureaucracy.

For all these considerations, the Communists here may not really *want* to take power, however peacefully, at least right now. "The time has not yet come for that," one of their Central Committee members observed recently, "and frankly, it would not be in our interest." But



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power could be thrust upon them, for either of two reasons, or both: through simple default on the part of democratic politicians incapable of pulling their own socks up; or through panic at the prospect of a rightist take-over.

Memories of Mussolini

Two years ago, a middle class, frightened of the Left and exasperated by strikes, seemed to be drifting toward a rightist solution. Until then, the neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement (MSI) had remained beyond the pale for all but a small (5 percent) fringe of Italian voters. For all the efforts of its wily leader, Giorgio Almirante, to present a front of respectability, the brutality of his goon squads and the presence in top MSI councils of the most unregenerate racists and Fascist diehards who had served Mussolini to the bitter end awakened too many harsh memories.

In June, 1971, however, the MSI suddenly surged forward in partial administrative elections, more than doubling its vote. When Parliament was dissolved in an atmosphere of electric tension the following year, there were fears that the neo-Fascists would move into the next Parliament with a hundred deputies, a sixth of the total, enough to condition if not control succeeding governments.

Evidently, the time had not yet come for them either. A solid core of the Italian electorate saw the risk of toying with a party whose leaders could ask nothing better for Italy than a replica of the Greek colonels' military junta. Some voters were repelled simply because they retained too acrid a taste of totalitarian rule to stomach more; others realized that a large vote for the neo-Fascist MSI would almost certainly push a great many decent anti-Fascists into the Communists' arms and, more likely than not, provoke civil war. Whatever their reasoning, the MSI vote increased only from 5.8 percent to 8.6 percent (including 1 or 2 percent inherited from the defunct Monarchist Party); it returned to the Chamber in less than glorious triumph with only fifty deputies.

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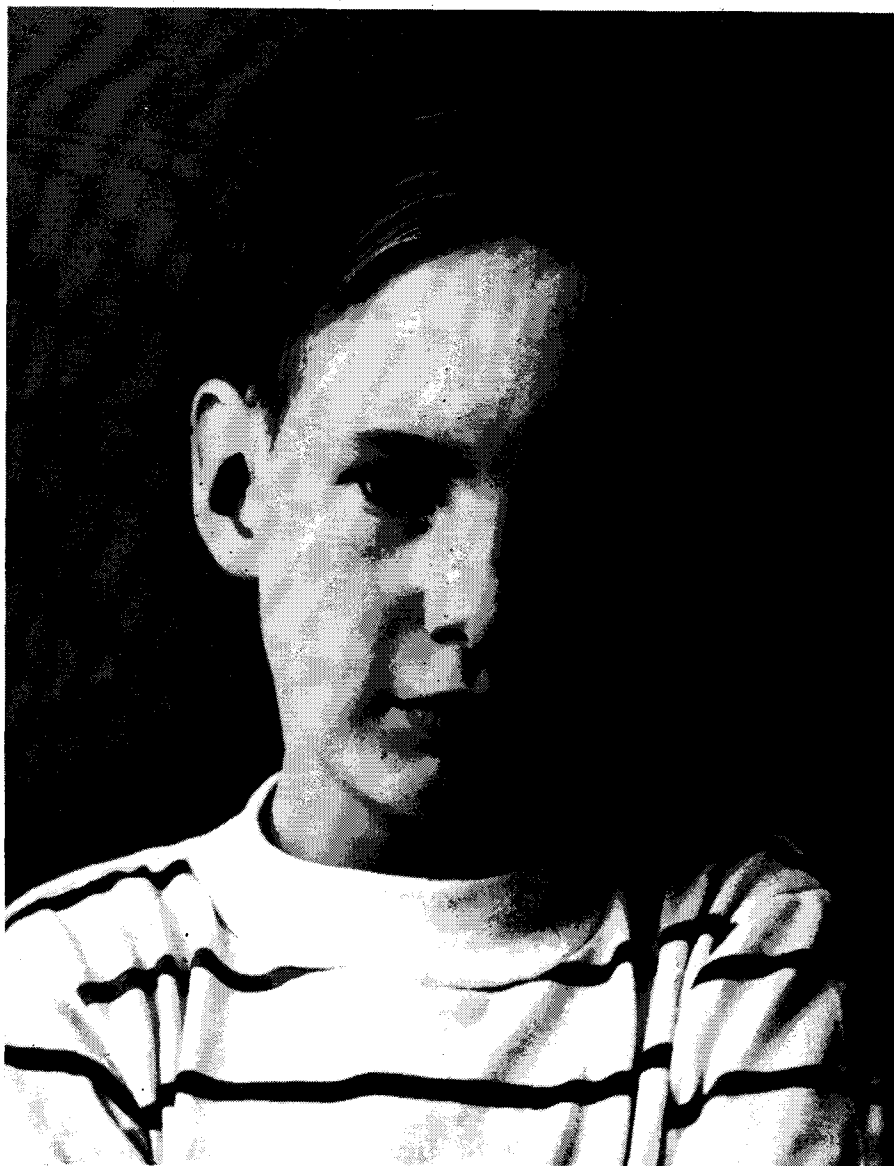
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that no amount of maddening governmental incompetence can push Italy off the democratic rails. The amazing stability of the Italian electorate, which rarely shifts allegiances more than a few decimal points under whatever provocation, is the true Italian miracle, they say. Since very little actually happens in Italian politics, whatever the frequency, length, and depth of ministerial crises, they may be right. But it is just possible that this country's governing parties are crowding their luck. For more than two decades, Italy's patient and enterprising people have managed somehow to shift for themselves, finding their own way around formidable obstacles, not least their own government. But the democratic parties' squalid performance has made the Communists and Fascists both look a good deal more glamorous than they are. Ten years ago, even five years ago, a man with as lurid a Fascist record as Giorgio Almirante could never have conned three million Italians into voting for him; nor would it have been conceivable that the Communists might be regarded as even potentially acceptable government partners by so many impeccable Italian democrats, not to mention members of the Vatican hierarchy.

If it is true that all peoples have the governments they deserve—despite so much evidence to the contrary here—the Italians may be rewarded for their miraculous patience with a better one, by and by. If not, though, they might well be heading for disaster. Totalitarian rule may look ugly—indeed, appalling—to many or most Italians, especially because they have already been through it. The point is, though, that they have indeed been through it, that it has happened before in this country when the state broke down utterly, and could happen again.

—CLAIRE STERLING

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Don Cook reports from Europe for the *Los Angeles Times*.

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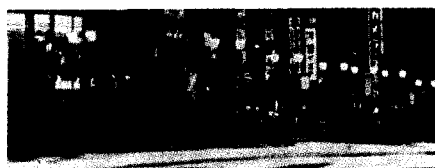


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Missing the Forties

by L. E. Sissman

A great deal of inscrutable nonsense has been written lately about that dull and sinister decade, the fifties. We are treated to musicals like *Grease* that celebrate the icky teenage mores of the time, to tuneless rehashes of the ugly, awkward early days of rock, and even to lumpish memoirs of growing up in the placid, turbid Age of Eisenhower.

To anyone who recalls the fifties from anything like a mature viewpoint, though, it was a period of stagnation in our national life—stagnation under which a crop of abominations, to be harvested in the next unhappy decade, malignly grew. Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, the blacklist, and brinkmanship were only the tip of an iceberg of unease—racial, moral, corporate, political—which was to surface in the series of civil commotions which occupied so much of the sixties. The fifties, I think it's fair to say, really represented a regression to the free-booting, laissez-faire social contract of the twenties, when anything went, and went unquestioned—for a while.

The fifties were also a regression, specifically, from the forties, that relatively free and noble decade of which I sing today. In the forties, we had hope, hope strengthened by human efficacy: right was seen to triumph. The sad ebb of a free world which, in the depression and isolation of the thirties, had left Hitler alone too long was overnight replaced by a surge of restitution of our gumption. First, France having fallen with a tragic and farcical crash, England rallied around itself against all expectations, and, by

what now seems almost an effort of sheer will, stood off the Germans for a vital eighteen months. In the beginning, the *longueurs* of the Phony War had seemed more of the drifting, helpless do-nothingism of the thirties; when France fell, we were amply prepared for a quick, meek English debacle to match. But Dunkirk—made possible equally, as we now know, by Hitler's blunder of stopping the Panzers on the Aa and by British pertinacity—came, and brought a miracle that changed our minds. Suddenly Churchill, in what Evelyn Waugh was later to call "sham-Augustan prose," had united Britain behind him—one still remembers Low's emblematic cartoon of the period, "Very Well, Then, Alone"—and a time for cynics had been transformed by some magic of desperation into a time for heroes.

There were plenty of those, and it was with an almost hangdog delight that we followed their exploits day by day. (Though I might say, in extenuation of my enthusiasm, that I was a schoolboy at the time, plenty of adults quite unashamedly celebrated the gallantry of British arms—and, in the Blitz, of the British people, too.) The Battle of Britain was the first great set piece and perhaps the last flowering of single combat as a decisive weapon in history. The young men who beat the Germans off and destroyed the cream of the Luftwaffe were authentic heroes; nobody could gainsay the fact that they had triumphed in a just cause against forbidding odds. There was something touching and heartening in the fragility of their weapons and their lives; war had not quite reached the stage at which man is simply the actuator of a complex electronic weapons system.

Hope for justice on a human scale flowed from the deeds of men like these, as it did from the deeds of many ordinary British men and women, from the unconquerable people of London to the members of many oddly named military cadres—Special Operations Executive, Long Range Desert Group, Special Air Service—who carried out hair-raisingly risky forays in the field. Add the scientists and specialists who made brains take the place of matériel in the manufacture of

new weapons and new intelligence stratagems, the peacetime magnates who, like Beaverbrook, placed their talents for corporate tyranny at the service of the war effort, and the nearly Quixotic escapers who dug and tunneled out of Colditz and Stalag Luft III, and you have a picture of an entire nation in the grip of a common struggle—and a common ideal. I gasp at the rarity of such a spectacle in our doubt-ridden century; I consider myself lucky to have been a distant witness.

The British example was not only anomalous and inspiring; it was also contagious. When Pearl Harbor came, we Americans, who had been itching to get into the war, got into it with the kind of patriotic fervor that would strike us as naïve today. It seems to me, though, that this was both commendable and wholesome; after the awful, helpless lethargy of the Depression, in which we found unity only in despair, America needed a common cause like Britain's. And the men who rushed to enlist were, for the most part, not betrayed by the country they wished to serve. The Second World War, unlike the First, was not a bungled butchery (with the exception, of course, of Hitler's Russian adventure); most troops were used with sparing care.

From the beginning, we had our heroes, too. The Bataan march was futile but heroic; the brilliant self-sacrifice of the Navy dive-bomber pilots at Midway was both heroic and effective; thereafter, we never looked back. Of course we made military blunders like the Kasserine Pass and the Anzio-Nettuno beachhead. But these were far outnumbered by successes, both in Europe and the Pacific. For all that the war and its minor discomforts seemed endless and trying to the people at home, there was a genuine pride in the Allied effort. It was, in its way, a *popular* war. We trusted our civilian and military leaders and—strange as it seems today—actually believed what they told us; we would no sooner have questioned the military communiqués in the newspapers or Edward R. Morrow's broadcasts from London than we would have cursed the

L. E. Sissman is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

President. We sang the few—mostly commercial—war songs like “Rodger Young.” We flocked to war movies like *Action in the North Atlantic*. It was our war, as the “A” sticker on our car windshield, the ration tokens in our wallet, and the blue star in our window would attest; it was also the war of our gallant allies, the British, the Free French, the Anzacs, the Canadians, the Russians (who had been hastily rehabilitated by the Office of War Information and, quite willingly, by the press), and the underground movements in Occupied Europe. We sat through many toshy movies about these allies, too, but I’m sure we never doubted the bona fides of our Grand Alliance.

There was doubt, to be sure, but it was focused not on the system itself but on individual villains who transgressed against the system: the profiteer, the black-market baron, the unfeeling commander of dog-faces like Bill Mauldin’s Willie and Joe, an officer who apparently believed that Rank Has Its Privileges even in wartime. Our faith, our patience, and our tolerance were great; our unity as a people, though less stringently enforced than that of the British, was patent and wonderful.

In this euphoric, purposeful state of mind, it’s not surprising that we failed to be stirred to protest by the nearly genocidal bombings of German civilians toward the end of the war, or by the unleashing of the atom bomb itself upon Japan. Today, both acts seem heinous; without wishing to minimize them in any way, though, I should point out that they seemed more than justified at the time. To a people both weary of war and utterly persuaded of the corporate evil of its enemies, these acts seemed almost temperate—a kind of euthanasia to kill the war. Perhaps that’s why Harry Truman, surely the least arrogant of our recent wielders of power, consented to the use of atomic weapons without an apparent qualm.

But the war at last was over; we had won, I think it’s still fair to say, a peace with honor; and a half decade of great creative potential lay ahead. I feel that we realized much of that potential before the dull, iron fifties clamped down. In Europe, the Marshall Plan showed early promise of reversing the mis-

takes of Versailles. In the world at large, the United Nations seemed a viable court for the settlement of national grievances. At home, America began the production of consumer goods that would retrieve the losses of the Depression and the war in a new standard of comfort and affluence for virtually the entire population. More: the late forties saw an American resurgence in the arts, no longer a weak echo of the European academy but a new and influential voice in the world. By 1950, to cite a few examples at random, New York had become the world’s art capital; the New York school of painters had become internationally important; and, in Robert Lowell, we had produced an indigenous poet who had no need to cross the Atlantic in order to establish his credentials.

I wax too serious. Surely one of the pervading joys of the forties, early and late, was joy itself—a sense of pleasure and adventure in moving forward together toward some measurable, and soon attainable, goal. We laughed, at the end of the war, in a kind of earned and

deserved giddiness, with the whole coruscating future before us, and only the cloud of nuclear weaponry to blemish our clear sky. We thought we could do anything, since so many among us had done almost everything; we were heirs to a smiling and victorious confidence.

Looking about me now at the waste of the fifties and sixties, at the shriveled institutions, shattered credibilities, and shrunken influence of our nation, moving forward haltingly into a new era of utter uncertainty, I can’t help humming a bar or two of “As Time Goes By” and missing the forties. More than just a little bit, I fear.

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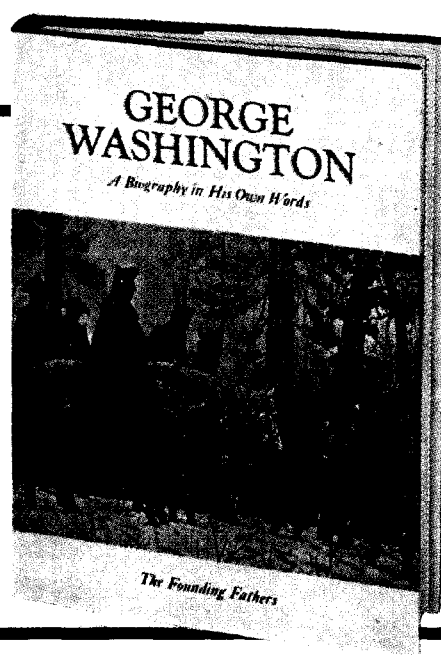


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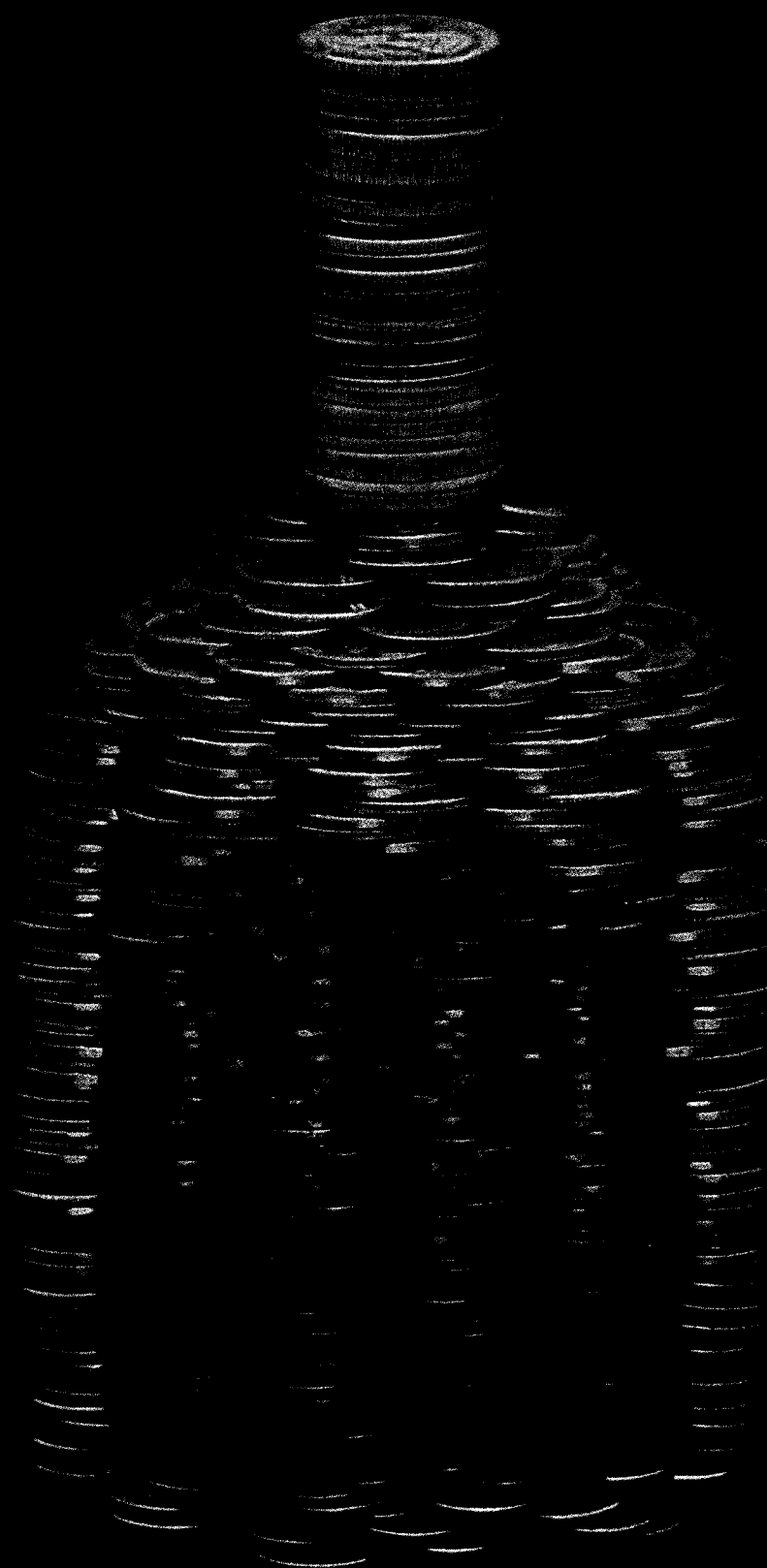
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THE MAIL

SURPLUS LABOR?

SIR: I am sorry to see John Kenneth Galbraith ("The Economics of the American Housewife," August *Atlantic*) join the unimaginative and uninformed cry for "professional care for children," particularly on the rationale that it will be somehow better for the children.

Day care as it is commonly conceived today is almost exclusively considered for the benefit of the mother. His suggestion that, because children of emotionally sick parents might be better off with professional care, such provisions will be helpful (or even adequate) for other children is preposterous. It is like saying that because hospitals are good places for people with pneumonia, perhaps we should all consider moving in.

Most of us plan to be around still twenty years from now when our current crop of obstacles to the liberated housewife become adult participants in the economic system about which Professor Galbraith is so rightly concerned. I think it is vital to our well-being as a community, both economic and social, that we tend to the needs of all members of the community.

If people as thoughtful and intelligent as Professor Galbraith will devote their considerable brainpower to the *whole* picture, it should be possible to make available on a large scale what many "wives of independent purpose in life" have already achieved on their own. Women, especially those in the so-called professions, have enjoyed an exciting and demanding career and freedom from the local "good housekeeping contest," while still

taking a "maternity leave" that lasts for the months or years during which each child needs one-to-one parenting. It should be possible to make this kind of career available to women in other parts of the economy, too.

NORMA JANE BUMGARNER
Norman, Okla.

SIR: How grossly Mr. Galbraith underestimates the intelligence of women! These "crypto-servants of the economic system" have it made. It is their husbands—who fight commuter traffic, punch time clocks, and work like mad for promotions (things a professor wouldn't be expected to understand) in order to bring home paychecks sufficient to meet the consumption demands of their families—these husbands are the real "slaves" of our economy.

Every culture has its "convenient virtues." Frankly, administering a household appeals to me much more than does belonging to a harem—or shouldering a rifle in the "People's Army."

Ultimately it is not "society" that determines what a woman (or a man) is to be. Granted, it exerts strong pressures, but there remains within the individual the ability to achieve his or her potential regardless of these pressures. To assume that cultural indoctrination will nullify this is to deny that intelligence exists—even that of Mr. Galbraith.

MARY A. BOWLEY
Durham, N.H.

SIR: By what stretch of the imagination does John K. Galbraith claim that women are the chief menials in the American family, when it is the men who are suffering the cardiac

failure and high blood pressure? Why does he feel that energy put into the arts, objects displayed to the impersonal public, in which only a few can win great acclaim, is more productive of happiness to the user than that used to prepare a meal with love?

Professional care of children? Is he not aware that psychiatrists seeing the wave of children coming out of child-rearing practices where a surrogate has cared for children up until age four or five are opting for birth control for any woman who is not prepared to stay home for those years, vital in her child's growth?

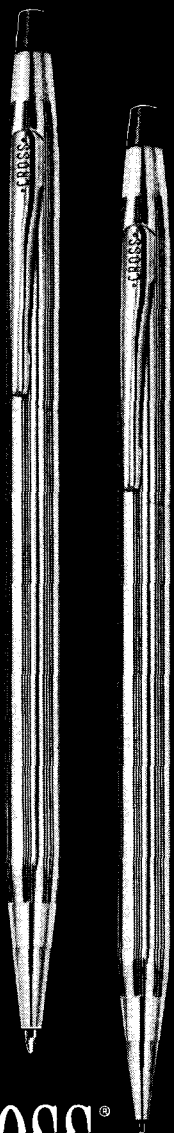
Professor Galbraith, like 'Enry 'Iggins, is saying, "Why can't a woman be more like a man?" Bless him, I hope he is a happily married man who shares responsibilities for purchases and cleaning and grandchild care, and that his wife smiles when he talks of liberating her.

MARGARET KLAER HUNT
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Galbraith's solution for the emancipation of women is day care centers. Nobody questions that women who want to work would gain the necessary freedom. The only question is whether the solution might damage children emotionally.

Kibbutz children now grown to maturity have problems that can be traced back to their day care upbringing. Melford Spiro states that the turnover in nurses affected kibbutz children's ability to trust people and enter into open relationships, and the distrust persists into maturity. Upper-class Englishmen, raised by nannies, exhibit similar

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characteristics, according to Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy. They are uptight with women from their own class and comfortable only with those from the lower class.

It's too bad there is this conflict. But we really don't know whether there are better ways of raising children than in the family.

GERTRUDE SCHWARTZMAN
New York City

SIR: Curious that Dr. Galbraith should now start to worry about me, the American housewife. If I am a crypto-servant, it doesn't bother me. Jesus washed the disciples' feet at the Last Supper to show us we should serve others.

MRS. Y. V. D. ENGEL
Montreal, Quebec

SIR: John Kenneth Galbraith's article in your August issue is the finest contribution I have read from either man or woman to an understanding of the issues involved in woman's share of human liberation.

MARGARET TORGENSEN
Rochester, N.Y.

John Kenneth Galbraith replies:

All fair comment, Ms. Margaret Torgersen's fairest of all.

MAILER ON MONROE

SIR: In "The Jewish Princess" (August *Atlantic*), Norman Mailer's greatest interest seems to be in the sexual facility—or lack of it—in Miller's and Monroe's relationship: "If she has known the best sexual athletes of Hollywood (that capital of sex) and Miller at his worst has to be an inhibited householder from Brooklyn, nonetheless she loves him." "Nonetheless"!

How can Mailer comment on Miller's ability in bed? If he has grounds for his statement, I don't believe he is using the information in good conscience, and if he has no basis for it, it is presumptuous and arrogant of him to say it.

Marilyn, as seen by Mailer, is no more a tragic figure than Arthur Miller. Says Mailer: "Poor Miller! His head had to be overloaded with the most subtle literary equations while his life with Monroe was reduced to one livid state: hideous tension!" Mailer views Marilyn's struggle in the filming of *The Mis-*

fits as the shenanigans of an unbearable bitch (which she probably was), but he does not realize her position. He knows the history but not what it means. He portrays Monroe as others saw her, not as he might have seen her had he looked deep into that history and its hideous consequences and felt something.

SUSAN NEWMAN
New York City

SIR: I deeply resent the title "A Jewish Princess." I do not feel that Miss Monroe's two hours of instruction before conversion to our religion (to please a temporary husband) would qualify her as a typical Jewish woman, princess or otherwise.

We pride ourselves on the high quality of the moral and ethical teachings of Judaism and would hardly brag about the obviously insincere conversion of an actress of Miss Monroe's background.

MRS. LORRAINE BERENSON
San Antonio, Tex.

SIR: Re: Norman Mailer's "The Jewish Princess." After zigging and zagging through Norman Mailer's manic-depressive fantasy, one cannot doubt that he has indeed turned out a veritable tome, a super-pot-boiler.

The factual sections are twice-told tales, familiar to readers everywhere. All else is the fantasizing of a male writer reeling from the impact.

Mr. Mailer may be at least as difficult to pin down as poor Norma Jean Baker was!

DOROTHY DE WITT NEAL
Redding, Calif.

SIR: Mailer, as usual, has painted an accurate portrait of an aspect of American life. If he has not contributed to *The Atlantic* since 1962, he is long overdue for an encore.

DAVID TRAUTMAN
Satellite Beach, Fla.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

SIR: Mr. Hower's "First"—"Miriamu and the King" (August *Atlantic*)—turned me around. Can't wait for the appearance of *Adija*, Edouard. Beautiful.

MANDEL GOODKIN
Champaign, Ill.

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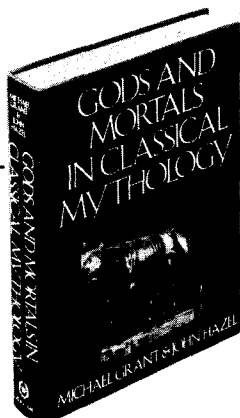
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SIR: Please cancel my subscription. "Miriamu and the King" is pornographic.

STEVEN R. LIEWER
Osmond, Nebr.

SIR: I hope that when *The Atlantic* published Elizabeth Drew's "Watergate Diary" in August, it did not do so to demonstrate its objectivity, for all it accomplished was to confirm that whatever the issue, *The Atlantic* will pimp for the unliberal Left.

ALBERT C. MOORE
Normal, Ill.

SIR: I trust that Elizabeth Drew's "Month That Was" in diary form will be continued in your next issue, same place, same space. Had such an article appeared a year ago as fiction, it would have been considered the figment of a sick imagination. Now it is capsulated history.

BEATRICE HENSHAW
Ann Arbor, Mich.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: It was very good indeed to find L. E. Sissman coming to the vigorous defense of the short story in his August Innocent Bystander column.

However, I do wish he'd been accurate in his description of the field. He wrote: "... today, *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Playboy*, and *McCall's*, which among them can accommodate a mere two hundred and fifty stories a year, remain the only important mass media for short fiction."

To have omitted *Redbook* from his list was inexcusable. For a good many years now we have been publishing more short fiction—fifty to sixty short stories a year—than any other monthly magazine, and have probably come close to the weekly *New Yorker* in total annual purchases.

We are one of the very, very few mass magazines left that actually values and encourages the unpublished, unheard-of author, and actually reads every piece of unsolicited mail addressed to us. Last year we published sixteen stories by previously unpublished authors—about par for our annual course. We doubt if any other mass magazine can make such a claim.

MS. NEAL G. THORPE
*Fiction Editor, Redbook
New York City*

SIR: The article "Tito's New Balancing Act" by Claire Sterling in your June issue is excellent. I hope, however, that you will permit me to add a couple of footnotes. First, some Yugoslavs are quoted as suggesting that Yugoslavia was a Versailles creation. This is a false notion, but it has been a Communist line from before World War II. Aside from an older advocacy of such a state, the Government of Serbia in December, 1914, under the premiership of Nikola Pasich, declared as a major war aim the unification of all Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes in one state. In the course of the war, Pasich's government and the Yugoslav Committee concluded an agreement concerning the creation of the new state, and on December 1, 1918, the state was proclaimed and established, *before* the peace conference met at Versailles.

Secondly, the article is absolutely right about the deliberate massacre of Serbs during World War II by the Croatian Ustashi. Most authorities place the number of victims at over 500,000.

It is unfortunate that the tag line of the paragraph that discusses these massacres mentions Serbian Chetnik atrocities as a repayment, but without any indication of their extent or the circumstances. Every objective historian that I have read makes a sharp distinction between the Ustashi genocide acts and occasional Chetnik retribution against known or suspected participants in the Ustashi atrocities. Moreover, the number of victims in the case of the Chetnik actions, even by the most outlandish estimates, is a drop in the bucket compared to the premeditated Ustashi massacres.

These observations aside, the Sterling piece is the best article on Yugoslavia that I have read in a long time.

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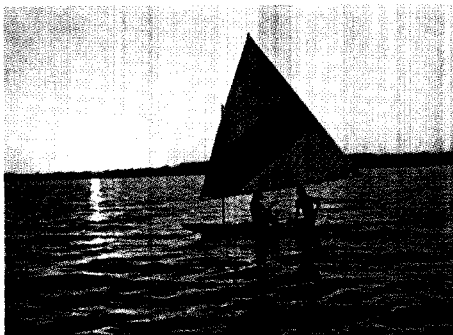
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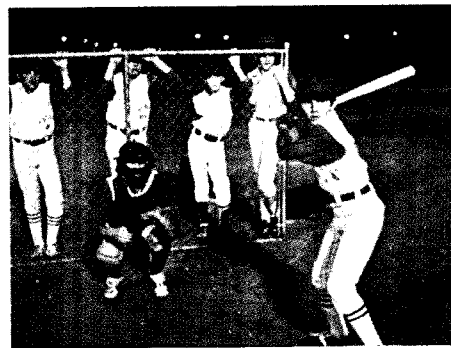
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THE POLITICS OF AMERICAN HEALTH CARE

What is it costing you?

by Godfrey Hodgson

The health care crisis is upon us. In response to soaring costs, a jumbled patchwork of insurance programs, and critical problems in delivering medical care, some kind of national health insurance has seemed in recent years to be an idea whose time has finally come in America. For those not protected by insurance—and often for those who are partially protected—illness means financial disaster. The quality of American medical care is at issue too. After twenty years of unprecedentedly high spending for research, our public health standards have fallen far behind some countries with fewer resources. We rank seventeenth in infant mortality, according to a United Nations study; thirtieth in life expectancy for males, behind Spain, Greece, and five Communist nations in Eastern Europe. And yet, writes reporter Godfrey Hodgson, for all our troubles, an opportunity to reform American health care has slipped by. How could this be? And where do we go from here?

“If someone had asked me five years ago,” said Dr. Rashi Fein, “to estimate when the United States would have some clearly universal and comprehensive system of national health insurance, I might have answered: in fifteen years.”

“Three years ago,” he went on, “my estimate would have been fifteen minus eight, or minus ten, or even minus twelve. But if someone were to ask me today when we will have national health insurance, my answer would be: many years more.”

Dr. Fein, of the Harvard Medical School, is one of the most highly respected authorities on health policy in the country; the fact that both the Nixon Administration and Senator Edward Kennedy have consulted him gives some index of his standing. But he is not alone in his judgment. “A few years ago,” I was told by Dr. John Hogness, president of the Institute of Medicine at the National Academy of Sciences, “the feeling among experts was that we would have national health insurance by 1973. Now the feeling among experts is that it will take three to five years.”

“Not in this Congress,” said Bill Fullerton, top staff aide on health to Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee. “Not in the next Congress. With the confrontation politics we have now, I don’t see the Democrats giving the Republicans something to crow about, and I don’t see the Republicans giving the Democrats something to crow about either. My personal view is

that the earliest it could come would be the second year of the next Administration."

A simple way of stating what has happened is that after the passage of Medicare in 1965, just about everybody in the world of health policy was persuaded that the United States needed something called national health insurance—even if there was little agreement on what that should mean. Then, rather suddenly in the early 1970s, the mood changed. More cautious views reasserted themselves, both among experts and among politicians. The same reversal of mood which dampened optimism about the possibility of social change through political action generally—in the field of education, for example, or in dealing with poverty and urban problems—has now also begun to shape the debate about health care.

It is not just that congressional enactment of any kind of national health insurance, which only a few years ago seemed to be getting closer and closer, is now becoming more and more remote. Any form of national health insurance enacted in the late 1970s is now likely to be a milder measure, involving less drastic change, than seemed inevitable so recently.

One Democrat the Republicans will be especially anxious not to present with anything to crow about before 1976 is Senator Kennedy. But the strongest push in Congress for a truly radical overhaul of the health care system has come from Kennedy, as chairman of the subcommittee on health of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee. Both liberals and organized labor—through the Committee for National Health Insurance, set up by the late Walter Reuther and backed by George Meany and the AFL-CIO as well—have supported Kennedy's "health security" approach. S.3, the Kennedy-Griffiths bill (it is sponsored in the House by Representative Martha Griffiths, Democrat of Michigan) is the most radical of the half dozen or more health insurance bills now before Congress (see box, p. 48). It offers the fullest range of benefits with the fewest co-insurances, deductibles, and other snags. It is also the firmest on the principle that if government financing is to be made available to the health care system, it must be used as leverage to secure government control: leverage to keep down rising costs

Godfrey Hodgson, former American correspondent for the London *Observer* and the London *Sunday Times*, is at work on a new book about U.S. politics and society. His "Do Schools Make a Difference?" appeared in the March, 1973, *Atlantic*.

and to make the health system more accountable to government in other respects. And with this intent, one of its key proposals has been that, as Kennedy put it in his book *In Critical Condition* in 1972, "The Federal government would become the health insurance carrier for the entire nation." "Only the government," he wrote, "can operate such an insurance program in the best interest of all the people. We can no longer afford the health insurance industry in America, and we should not waste vast funds bailing it out."

That is a plain enough position, and little more than a year old. Yet Kennedy will almost certainly have to retreat from that position, and—whatever precise form national health insurance eventually takes—insurance companies will almost certainly have an important share of the pie.

This is not because of any change of heart on Kennedy's part. It is a consequence of the facts of life in Congress. Senator Kennedy has emerged as the leading Democratic spokesman on health issues, but he does not have the votes to pass his health security bill, even in the Senate. The question is academic, in any case, since he cannot bring it to the floor for a vote. That prerogative lies with the Senate Finance Committee, headed by Senator Russell Long, Democrat of Louisiana. And Long has his own bill, artfully contrived to sap the strength of Kennedy's proposals.

Senator Long is in favor of what is called "catastrophic insurance," that is, insurance against catastrophically heavy medical bills. Long proposes that the federal government insure people only against being hospitalized for sixty days and for other medical bills over \$2000. Kennedy—unwisely, perhaps, from a tactical point of view—has emphasized, in his book and in hearings, the havoc caused by "medical catastrophes."

"Catastrophic insurance" would be inflationary in its effect. This is because, as things stand now, many people go without treatment that costs more than the upper limit imposed by their conventional insurance policy; with a federal insurance program footing the bill, more expensive treatment would be prescribed and paid for. Moreover, a federal insurance scheme limited to the "catastrophic" end of the scale would do nothing to meet Kennedy's central concern that the public establish control over the costs and procedures of a system that would absorb billions of dollars of public money.

"It calms down the flame," Senator Kennedy told me, "but it really doesn't meet the need. You're going to be bankrupting people anyway. It adds up to an inflationary trend. And I have a philosophic belief that you have to use the lever of financing to do something about quality, and something about control."

Just about everybody in the world of health policy was persuaded that the United States needed something called national health insurance. Then, suddenly in the early 1970s, the mood changed.

Yet the appeal of “catastrophic insurance,” as the lesser of evils for politicians and organized medicine if the alternative is a fully federalized system, could be very damaging to hopes of more comprehensive reform. In 1972, the Senate Finance Committee was already deadlocked on Senator Russell Long’s “catastrophic insurance” legislation. The coalition against it was maintained by Senator Kennedy and his allies, who insisted that, if passed, the Long bill meant good-bye to any broader national health insurance measure for five years. If Long’s bill had been reported out of committee, it would almost certainly have passed on the Senate floor. “There just aren’t enough souls in the Senate hardy enough to vote against it,” one Kennedy aide said bitterly. And if it had passed the Senate, then all would have depended, as it so often does when the shape of major legislation is at stake, on one man: Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee.

And so, in the summer of 1972, Arkansas Democrat Mills and Massachusetts Democrat Kennedy issued a joint statement. They said they would work together to draft joint legislation on national health insurance. Officially, the line from both the Senator’s and the Chairman’s staff people is non-committal: “Work is continuing.” But in early 1973 Kennedy and Mills met several times, and they now hope to introduce a joint bill this fall, a bill which would in one major respect be weaker than the Kennedy-Griffiths bill.

Kennedy is trying earnestly to find a compromise he can accept without betraying what he regards as the essential features of S.3. And Mills is trying just as hard to find a bill he can pass. Two main issues remain to be resolved.

One is the method of financing. Realistically, national health insurance can be financed in only three ways: through the federal budget; through Social Security, like Medicare; or through what is known as “mandated” coverage. This last approach, favored by the Nixon Administration, would have the great bulk of premiums paid by individuals and their employers to private insurance companies, so that public funds would be needed only for those who could not obtain coverage through their jobs, or for other special reasons. On financing, Mills and Kennedy have not yet made up their minds. “If we had the key to this problem,” Senator Kennedy told me, “we’d have the legislation.”

The second major issue—the role of insurance companies—has now been resolved. But Kennedy has made an important concession. He is wary of the danger that, whatever regulatory controls Congress sets up over the health insurance industry,

“in all too short a time the controlled end up controlling.” That is why he favored eliminating the role of the private health insurance industry completely. He now believes, however, that “there may be some role, actuarial or procedural, some arrangement that could be worked out that would give them some role.” One point, in short, is now clear. In order to get a version of national health insurance that Mills would report out of committee, Kennedy will have to accommodate, in some way, the commercial health insurance industry. America, one might say with Senator Kennedy, may not be able to *afford* the health insurance industry; but Senator Kennedy cannot afford to do *without* the health insurance industry.

The prospect of Senator Kennedy’s crusade for national health insurance being transformed into a canny Kennedy-Mills compromise with Aetna, Connecticut General, or even W. Clement Stone (the Chicago insurance man with the “positive mental attitude” who was, so far as we know, Mr. Nixon’s biggest campaign contributor in both 1968 and 1972), is distressing for those who believe that the American health care system needs radical reform.

There are other indications, too, that the middle ground both of academic debate and practical politics has taken a step back toward the cautious center. But this recent shift should be seen in perspective: it comes after some startlingly rapid strides to the left.

Between 1968 and 1970—which is to say almost overnight, as major shifts in political attitudes are measured—certain ideas about health policy that had been considered daring even on the liberal Left suddenly became widely acceptable. There were two in particular: the idea that the federal government should guarantee the availability of health care to all citizens through a national health insurance system, and the idea that government should actively encourage the replacement of at least some fee-for-service practice by prepaid group health arrangements. As late as 1965, even liberal reformers limited themselves to the complaint that not enough health care was available to enough people. But by 1970, to say that the American health care system was in crisis had indeed become something of a cliché.

In early 1970, President Nixon announced to a press conference that “we face a massive crisis in this [health] area. Unless action is taken within the next two or three years . . . we will have a breakdown in our medical system.” That was well over three years ago and to date there has been no leg-

islative action commensurate with such a prophecy. But neither has there been anything that could truly be called a breakdown.

No doubt at the time the President believed exactly what he said. His assessment was supported by the somber report sent to him by Robert Finch, his first Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and Roger Egeberg, his first Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs. The report posed the alternatives in the starkest terms. "What is at stake," it concluded, "is the pluralistic, independent, voluntary nature of our health care system. We will lose it to pressures for monolithic, government-dominated medical care unless we can make the system work for everyone." And this was no idiosyncratic view of Finch's. Two years later his successor at HEW, Elliot Richardson, produced a White Paper which, he insisted, "seeks to modify the entire *system* of health care" (his italics).

The Nixon Administration's policies, even more than its rhetoric, showed its conversion at that time to the argument that the system needed fundamental change. Each of its two main proposals marked a clear breach with the shibboleths of organized medicine. One official who had worked at HEW for a decade said to me with awe in his voice: "The atmosphere around here changed so much in three or four years that you had a Republican President saying, and a Republican Administration doing, things that would have raised the roof if Kennedy or Johnson had done them."

One of the two main thrusts of the Administration's strategy was to encourage the spread of Health Maintenance Organizations (HMO's). The HMO concept was co-opted from the prepaid group health idea, of which the California-based Kaiser-Permanente plan is the best-known example. The essence of the group health idea is that, instead of paying medical bills when they fall due, you pay a flat annual sum to join a group which contracts to provide all the medical care you may need. Typically, the group either maintains its own hospitals, or makes arrangements with particular hospitals to provide services; it also employs physicians and other staff. The whole idea has long been anathema to organized medicine. For one thing, it turns the rugged, individualist, fee-for-service, small-businessman physician into an employee. Secondly, with the specific incentive of fee-for-service removed, group health schemes have shown consistently lower rates of utilization of advanced medical technology, thus stimulating a passionate debate among medical academics as to whether group health did too little, or fee-for-service doctors did too much.

The notion that Health Maintenance Organizations "might provide a check on the provision of unnecessary services, inflation and inequitable distribution" of doctors received a boost from the work of Dr. Paul Ellwood, Jr., of the American Rehabilitation Foundation in Minneapolis, on the grounds that HMO's would "align [the physician's]

Four Proposals for Legislation to Reform American Health Care

1. Kennedy-Griffiths Health Security

(S.3; H.R. 22-23)

Sponsors: Sen. Edward Kennedy (D.—Mass.)

Rep. Martha Griffiths (D.—Mich.)

Supporters: Committee of 100, AFL-CIO, Teamsters, UAW.

Benefits: Covers the entire range of personal health care, including prevention and early detection of disease, care, treatment, and rehabilitation; but excludes psychiatric care, nursing homes, dental care for adults, and some prescription drugs. No cut-off dates, co-insurance, or deductibles.

Financing: A Health Security Trust Fund, raised 50% from general tax revenues, 36% from a 3.5% tax on employers' payrolls, and 14% from a special tax on individual income.

2. Senator Long's "catastrophic health insurance." (No bill as yet formally introduced: description

is taken from Long's speeches.)

Sponsor: Sen. Russell Long (D.—La.)

Supporter: Senate Finance Committee.

Benefits: Would provide same benefits as Medicare, therefore excluding drugs, dental and psychiatric and nursing home care. No upper limit on hospitalization: benefits would begin after 60 days of hospitalization and \$2000 of other medical expenses. Patient to pay 20% of hospital bills thereafter and 25% of medical costs.

Financing: Social Security financing with a 0.3% tax on the first \$9000 of employees' wages, the matching 0.3% to be paid by employer.

3. Medigredit (S.444; H.R. 2222): AMA's proposal.

Sponsors: Sen. Clifford Hansen (R.—Wyo.)

Rep. Joel Broyhill (D.—Va.)

Rep. Richard Fulton (D.—Tenn.)

and a total of 200 members of the House of Representatives.

Supporter: American Medical Association.

The group health idea is anathema to organized medicine. For one thing, it turns the rugged, individualist, fee-for-service, small-businessman physician into an employee.

economic interests with those of the consumer." In a paper called "The Health Maintenance Strategy," first drafted in March, 1970, and revised in June and October that year, Ellwood and his colleagues seemed to be consciously selling HMO's as an *alternative* to national health insurance. "The Nixon Administration must make a major decision on its strategy for dealing with the much-proclaimed health crisis in America. It can either rely on continued or increased Federal intervention . . . or promote a health maintenance industry . . . the health maintenance strategy offers . . . a feasible alternative to a nationalized health system."

This argument was apparently persuasive, for in a speech early in 1971, Mrs. Beverlee Myers, an assistant administrator at HEW, laid down the prerequisites for the types of HMO the federal government would encourage. Significantly, Mrs. Myers defined HMO's more widely than liberals would have liked: besides the Kaiser-Permanente model, with its own hospitals and other specialized facilities, she included organizations modeled on the San Joaquin Medical Care Foundation in California, that is to say, group practice arrangements, set up by doctors, which *retained* fee-for-service.

One can get the flavor of some of the organizations which qualify as HMO's under the Administration's definition by reading a long article published by *Fortune* this spring in which the profit-making possibilities of HMO's are glowingly discussed. Their profit ratio, the article argues, could

be as high as that of oil companies, and one doctor who successfully sold stock in his HMO received the highest accolade *Fortune* has to bestow: "a fast-moving entrepreneur." "The most blatant forms of entrepreneurial practice qualify as HMO's under the Administration's proposals," comments Dr. Victor Sidel, of Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, New York. And Dr. Max Fine, of the Committee for National Health Insurance, described to me with horror the style of some of the HMO's that flourish in Southern California. "They send loudspeaker trucks round the streets," he said. "They offer fried chicken to anyone who joins the group. And they send solicitors round door to door, and pay them three dollars a head for every patient they sign up." One such group health outfit advertises in medical journals, offering free use of a company-owned Mercedes to any doctor who will join. Sports cars for the doctors, and fried chicken for the patients: that was hardly the vision of group health pioneers.

Both with HMO's and with national health insurance, the Republicans borrowed a liberal idea and made something very different out of it. National health insurance, in fact, has become one of those phrases, like the word "liberal," whose meaning has exploded, so that little pieces of it are littered all over the political landscape. There is a world of difference between the health scheme Labor and Senator Kennedy had in mind, and what Republicans have proposed.

Benefits: This is a plan for giving tax credits for those who voluntarily bought private health insurance policies. In order to qualify, policies would have to offer comprehensive coverage against both ordinary and catastrophic medical costs. Basic care would include physical examinations, well-baby care, child dental services, inoculations, and X-ray and lab costs. Catastrophic coverage would cover hospital, extended care, in-patient drugs, and all expenses in excess of basic coverage.

Financing: The government would pay all premiums for those with incomes too low to be liable for income tax. For others, the government would pay 10-99% depending on family or individual income, and would pay everybody's premium for catastrophic coverage. Premiums would be paid to private health insurance or to prepaid group health plans.

4. The Health Insurance Association's Health Care plan.

Sponsors: Sen. Thomas McIntyre (D.-N.H.)
Rep. Omar Burleson (D.-Tex.)

Supporter: Health Insurance Association of America.

Benefits: Benefits would include physician services, lab and X-ray expenses, and general and psychiatric hospital care; benefits would be phased in, but most would be subject to substantial deductibles and co-insurances.

Financing: There would be tax incentives to employers and individuals to buy standard coverage from private insurance companies. The government would subsidize private health insurance coverage for the poor and uninsurables through state pools: 100% for the poor, with federal and state governments paying decreasing proportion as income rises. Money to come from general revenues and Social Security.

Medicare and Medicaid went into effect in 1966. Within two years, cost inflation had reached the proportions of a crisis. And that steep, sudden inflation exposed other weaknesses in the health system.

There is the matter of the insurance companies. When Elliot Richardson was Secretary of HEW, he admitted in congressional testimony that his version of national health insurance would have the effect of swelling the premium income of private health insurance companies from \$23 billion to \$30 billion in the first year, or by some 30 percent. Dr. Fine calculates that even this is a substantial underestimate, and that the Administration's plan would have produced a windfall for the insurance companies (including Blue Cross and Blue Shield) of no less than \$12 billion—more than 50 percent above its current premium income. The fact that in spite of these remarkable expectations the insurance industry opposes any form of national health insurance as an entering wedge of federal regulation, gives some idea of how ideological, and how profitable, the insurance business may be taken to be.

But liberals' objections to the Administration's proposals are not limited to the observation that they would enrich the insurance industry lavishly. The National Health Insurance Partnership, as the Administration called its national health insurance proposals, would limit the government's role to a minimum. It would merely require that the carrying of a stipulated minimum employer-employee health insurance coverage be made a mandatory condition of all employment. Those who were not covered in this way would be picked up either by a family health insurance plan, replacing Medicaid for the poor; or by "pool coverage," arranged in some not too clearly specified way for the unemployed, the self-employed, and the employees of small businesses. The government would also, under the Administration's plan, set national health insurance standards. And here the contrast between coverage proposed in the Kennedy-Griffiths bill and the modest benefits (and thickets of exceptions) promised by the Administration's bill is so great as to be ludicrous.

The principle of national health insurance dates back to the 1930s. It was temporarily interred when congressional efforts to enact the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill (first proposed in 1943 after Senator Robert Wagner had sponsored a similar bill in 1939) ended in 1950, in the face of fierce opposition from the American Medical Association. The AMA assessed its members twenty-five dollars a head that year to fight "the enslavement of the medical profession."

For nearly two decades the idea lay dormant. Public attention to the problem during the 1950s and the early 1960s focused on two efforts, one

congressional, the other undertaken by private enterprise. Politicians abandoned any attempt to involve the government in making medical care available to the general population, and concentrated instead on taking care of the special problems of the old and the very poor. Ideologically, the thrust for the two programs eventually enacted in 1965 came from different directions. Medicare—free medical care for the aged under Social Security—was a liberal program. But Medicaid—federal assistance to the states to provide medical care for the indigent—was attractive to conservatives and states-righters, concerned about the growing burden of providing medical care for welfare recipients.

One important reason for political indifference to the medical needs of working- and middle-class people in those years was the rapid spread of private health insurance, both with commercial insurance companies and with the "nonprofit" Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans. By 1971, more than 76 million Americans were covered by Blue Cross hospitalization insurance; and of these about 66 million had Blue Shield policies for doctors' and surgeons' bills. (By contrast, only some 8 million people belonged to group health plans organized by the Group Health Association of America, of whom some 2 million belonged to the largest plan, Kaiser-Permanente.) Spread of health insurance came about largely because hospitals, and, to a lesser extent, the doctors, wanted to be assured of payment. Nevertheless the proportion of private hospital expenditure paid by insurance (excluding all government payments) rose from 34.6 percent in 1950 to 73.7 percent in 1968. Inadequate as it was, the spread of private health insurance for years precluded any clamorous demand for national health insurance.

Walter Reuther, shortly before his death, revived public discussion of national health insurance. In the Bronfman lecture to the American Public Health Association in Detroit on November 14, 1968, less than two weeks after President Nixon was elected, he called for "an appropriate system of national health insurance that will provide an adequate and workable financial mechanism to make high quality comprehensive health care available to every American." In January, 1969, Senator Kennedy announced that he intended to sponsor a measure to enact such a system. And then, abruptly, everybody was talking about national health insurance again. As Dr. William McKissick reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine*:

The year 1969 witnessed advocacy of universal health insurance from political quarters that ranged from Representative John Dingell . . . to the Amer-

ican Medical Association . . . Governor Rockefeller, the Aetna Life Insurance Company, Senator Javits, Senator Kennedy . . . Walter Reuther . . .

and, he might have added, Reuther's adversaries in the AFL-CIO. When President Nixon was converted to the cause, it seemed truly an idea whose time had come.

A bureaucratic detail pinpoints the change in official Administration attitudes toward health care reform better than all the volumes of congressional testimony and the task force reports of the time. For years, every draft of health legislation ritually included boiler-plate language which, it was believed by congressmen and federal officials, had to be inserted to placate the AMA. Section 1801 of the Social Security Act of 1965, which enacted Medicare, is an example: "Nothing in this title," it proclaimed a trifle disingenuously, "shall be construed to authorize any Federal officer or employee to exercise any control over the practice of medicine or the manner in which medical services are provided."

Suddenly, in the changed climate of 1968 and subsequent years, nobody felt the need to write in clauses like that anymore. And not only that. Robert Ball, who quit this year as commissioner of the Social Security Administration, made the point to me that, after 1968 or 1969, most experts would have regarded it as a grave deficiency in legislation if it did not attempt to exercise some control over "the manner in which medical services are provided."

Why did the field of debate about national health policy and the role of the federal government shift so sharply to the left after 1968?

In a single word, the answer given by all the experts I talked to was: Medicare. The impact of the enactment of Medicare and Medicaid in 1965 was both financial and psychological.

The fact that hospitals and doctors were reimbursed on a cost basis, under both programs, accelerated the inflation of medical costs. Medicare and Medicaid went into effect in 1966. Within two years, cost inflation had reached the proportions of a crisis. And that steep, sudden inflation exposed other weaknesses in the health system, and triggered a general reassessment of long-accepted assumptions and values.

At the same time, once the federal government was involved in paying for health care, essentially for the first time, it became both possible and necessary to ask how much further it should be involved. As Wilbur Cohen, Secretary of HEW at

the time Medicare was enacted in 1965, put it to me: "The passage of Medicare broke the back of the ideological controversy over the government's role, and opened up the possibility of discussing changes in the delivery system." Robert Ball agrees:

There has been a most remarkable change in atmosphere. I went all through the fight for Medicare, and it would have been unthinkable at that time to get stronger legislation in terms of affecting the delivery of health care. When Medicare came in it was accepted as an economic measure, as something that would protect people against the costs of medical care. It was considered as part of the pension system. The great change which began fairly soon was that people began to feel that there was a real responsibility to do something about cost; to do something about quality; and to do something about organization. Medicare was a terrific catalyst.

It wasn't long before it became plain that the cost overruns on Medicare were going to be spectacular.

Between 1966 and 1968, everything went up: hospital bills, doctors' fees, laboratory charges, insurance premiums, and even—though more modestly—nurses' and orderlies' wages. (At Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, for example, nurses' wages went up 100 percent between 1959 and 1969; but over the same period interns' salaries went up 1650 percent!) Over the decade of the 1960s, hospital charges rose four times as fast as all other items in the Consumer Price Index; physicians' fees rose twice as fast. And that increase was heavily concentrated in the brief period after the introduction of Medicare. The rate of inflation of hospital costs, for example, increased from an average of 6.9 percent between 1950 and 1960 to an annual average of 14.8 percent between March, 1966, and March, 1970.

Some economists¹ have argued that the primary reason for inflation was increased demand from patients. But the Nixon Administration's own White Paper in 1971 commented that "while undoubtedly there were improvements in the quality of care for at least some of the population, more than 75% of the increase in expenditures for hospital care, and nearly 70% of the increase for physician services, were the consequence of inflation."

By 1969, some hospitals were charging as much as \$150 a day for basic care—in effect for little more than a bed, food, and attention from a nurse when she had a moment. John de Lury, of the New York sanitation workers' union, gave a state legislative hearing a harrowing illustration of what the full cost could come to:

¹For example, Dr. Martin Feldstein, in *The Rising Cost of Hospital Care*, National Center for Health Services Research and Development, 1971.

A ten-year-old boy was admitted to the hospital at 3:20 A.M. The boy died at 10:34 the same night. The family of this child was charged \$105.80 for drugs, \$184.80 for X-rays, \$220.00 for inhalation therapy, \$655.50 for laboratory work. The total bill for the child was \$1717.80.

With the government reimbursing whatever hospitals and doctors charged, the cost of both Medicare and Medicaid spiraled out of control. Less than *one year* after Medicare came into operation, Congress had to increase by 25 percent the Social Security tax budgeted to pay for it. The actuarial estimates of both utilization and cost presented to Congress by the Administration when the program was under construction proved to be hopelessly understated. Cost overruns, projected over the next twenty-five years, added up to a stupendous \$131 billion.

Medicaid was soon in worse trouble than Medicare. Two reporters, generally sympathetic to the program, wrote that "starting in late 1966 Medicaid hit New York's medical marketplace like a flash-flood." In January, 1967, the federal budget, assuming that Medicaid would be in operation in forty-eight states by the end of the year, predicted that it would cost \$2.25 billion. A year later, however, although only thirty-seven states were receiving Medicaid, the actual cost came to \$3.54 billion.

In human terms, there is no question that both Medicare and Medicaid have done incalculable good. Medicare, covering about 21 million people, paid portions of bills for roughly half of them last year; allowing for various overlaps among programs, Medicaid paid a part of the bills last year for about 16 million of the many more people who were eligible. No one can put a cash value on the lives that have been prolonged and the suffering saved as a result. But there is no denying that by pouring money into the medical system on a cost reimbursement basis, Medicare and Medicaid set off a wild inflation in costs.

The rise, however, had begun long before Medicare was enacted. The rapid spread of health insurance, both with commercial companies and with Blue Cross/Blue Shield, had been triggering an inflationary effect since the middle 1950s. Private insurance policies worked on a cost reimbursement basis, like Medicare, and far from having any deflationary control over medical practice, often encouraged *expensive* treatment. Many policies, for example, would pay for certain kinds of treatment only in a hospital, a proviso that naturally encouraged needless hospitalization.

Secondly, the acceleration of Medicare-induced inflation coincided with the general inflation of the late 1960s. Half of the inflation of medical costs, Wilbur

Cohen believes, is due to the general inflation, which in turn he blames on the Vietnam War.

In any case, a flood of new money—Medicare and Medicaid are now paying for well over a third of all health care—was poured into the system at a moment when medical costs had been rising more quickly than most other costs. No serious attempt was made either to increase the number of providers or to hold down costs by imposing controls. The result was predictable.

The inflationary effect worked differently in the two cases of doctors' fees and hospital bills. In the case of physicians' fees, what happened was what economists call a "demand-pull" inflation. Since the supply of doctors remained virtually stable, greatly increased demand meant that doctors could increase their fees (sometimes directly, sometimes by splitting procedures and thereby charging more for what would have been one appointment) and still be sure of the same volume of patients.

Some have argued that hospital costs, too, rose mainly in response to demand-pull, as an army of new users descended on overstressed resources. The argument is attractive to hospital administrators, because, if accepted, its logical corollary is that even more money should be spent on hospitals—something administrators approve of for various reasons. But while admissions to hospitals rose by 21 percent over the period from 1961 to 1969, the supply of hospital beds rose even faster, by 25 percent. Medicare and Medicaid did indeed drive hospital costs up, but not by stimulating an excess of demand over supply. In the hospitals, there was cost-push inflation.

In October, 1968, two economists, Paul S. Feldstein and Saul Waldman, correctly summarized what had happened in the *Social Security Bulletin*:

In Medicare's first year, the financial position of the hospitals improved considerably, possibly as the result of the following factors:

- (a) increases in occupancy rates;
- (b) reimbursement to hospitals for the cost of services to some aged patients, previously provided free or at reduced charges;
- (c) reduction of losses from uncollectibles . . .
- (d) payment to voluntary and government hospitals under Medicare of an allowance amounting to 2% of allowable costs . . .
- (e) receipt of additional revenue from higher charges.

Why did charges go up? Feldstein and Waldman offered two alternative explanations:

1. Hospital management may have miscalculated the effect of Medicare and believed higher charges to non-Medicare patients would be needed because it expected less than adequate reimbursement under Medicare.

It is not too harsh to say that "the hospital people" were given their own ticket to write.

2. Hospital management may have decided that the early Medicare period, which was a period of unusual change in hospital finances and accounting, was a convenient time to adjust their charge schedules.²

That is a gentle way of putting it. Bill Fullerton, in Wilbur Mills's office, spelled it out more bluntly. "After Medicare," he told me, "the hospitals got paid more than before: they got full cost. And that meant that, despite all their protestations to the contrary, for the first time they were really making money. I talk to plenty of hospital administrators, and they say, 'I have a little list of things I want to do for the hospital. When Medicare came along, I could start checking them off.'"

John de Lury put it even less kindly, and still accurately:

The hospitals with the high patient costs are the newer ones, those on the make, with brilliant reputations, with teaching affiliations. Above all they are the ones with programs of vast expansion and edifice complexes. Their rates are high to support their vast ambitions, and they are making us pay through the nose.

The strategic accommodation accepted by the Johnson Administration in 1965, in order to pass Medicare, was with the hospital people: with the American Hospital Association and with Blue Cross. (In most American cities, hospital trustees, senior medical staff, and Blue Cross boards are so intertwined that it can truthfully be said the deal was made with a single interest: "the hospital people.") Two main concessions were made. Medicare was to be financed by reimbursing costs. And the hospitals were to be allowed to choose their own "fiscal intermediaries" to check, audit, and authorize disbursement. Some chose private insurance companies. More chose Blue Cross. Given the coinciding interests, attitudes, and personal contacts of many hospital administrators and of the Blue Cross people who were supposed to be riding herd on them, it is not too harsh to say that "the hospital people" were given their own ticket to write.

They could, and did, expand their buildings, take on new staff, invest in fancy electronic equipment, make generous settlements with the unions—and could be paid whatever the bill came to by the feds, just as long as the friendly fellows at Blue Cross or at the insurance company said it was OK.

The result was a bonanza not only for doctors and hospitals but for insurers, electronic data processors, surgical dressing manufacturers, drug com-

panies, and all the other interests which feed at the \$70-billion trough of the medical-industrial complex. It was no accident that in the years immediately following passage of Medicare, the hottest of the hot stocks on Wall Street were those of profit-making nursing homes for old people. The promoter of the hottest of them all, the tactfully named Four Season Nursing Centers, has just pleaded guilty to the biggest stock fraud in American history: \$200 million.

What made the Medicare bonanza so attractive was this no-loss proposition: the federal government was footing the bill, and the providers were adding it up. As two Tufts Medical School professors wrote in 1970: "Medicare has proved a better mechanism for insuring the providers than the patients."

Government audits have tightened up recently, and have shown how inadequate both sections of the insurance industry, the profit-making companies and Blue Cross/Blue Shield, proved at controlling costs. Massachusetts Blue Cross, for example, was given a 15 percent increase in premiums by the regulatory authority on December 1, 1970, and then filed for a further 33 percent increase on May 10, 1971. In the previous two years, modest investigation revealed the executive payroll had almost doubled. Blue Cross of Chicago was criticized by HEW auditors for using Medicare money to pay for first-class air travel and entertainment for its executives. And so it went in the commercial companies, too. In certain cases, federal auditors found that insurance companies acting as fiscal intermediaries programmed their computers to omit from cost-control checking procedures hospitals in which the companies had invested.

Two particularly baroque tales illustrate just how free and easy the spending was: the episode of the monogrammed golf balls, and the rags-to-riches saga of the Medicare Billionaire.

In Virginia, Blue Cross was named as the "intermediary" for Medicare, Part A (hospital services), and Blue Shield was the "fiscal agent" on behalf of the state for Medicaid. They were charged by the law with deciding which "providers"—mainly hospitals in this case—should be paid how much, on a "reasonable cost basis." They were then to receive, disburse, and account for the money, and apply safeguards against "unnecessary utilization of services." The government auditors' report suggests that this hardly turned out to be the main problem.

The "Virginia Blues" took on staff until the fed-

²They also added a third point: some large hospitals remained in deficit even after increasing charges.

In Virginia, Medicare was charged with one-third of \$2138.50 paid for thirteen dozen golf balls imprinted with the Blue Cross/Blue Shield monogram.

eral auditors found, two years later, that staffing was "about 23% in excess of requirements." They bought two big IBM machines, so that while the workload increased by 22.3 percent, money spent on data-processing jumped 1409.8 percent. Yet, the auditors found, the system remained "basically ineffective." Other expenditures seemed even harder to justify. Soon after getting the Medicare contract, the Virginia Blues built a new office building, and spent more than a million dollars on new furniture for it . . . from the furniture company whose sales manager was chairman of the state Blue Cross board of trustees' building committee. He did not, however, let that position influence him into giving Blue Cross undue bargains. With no competitive bidding, Blue Cross paid \$1750 each for secretaries' desks.

Medicare was also billed for at least part of the cost of entertainment for Blue Cross executives and their "clients"—it would be interesting to know whether "clients" means insurees or doctors—including "cocktails, beer, wine, alcoholic beverages, tickets for stage plays and football games and golf fees." A portion of the cost of a company picnic was charged to Medicare, including 1050 buffet dinners, two bartenders, bingo prizes, and the rental of six ponies.

The Social Security Administration's auditors commented (dryly) that "since alcoholic beverages are not considered stimulants of production and do not help to disseminate technical information, they cannot be considered allowable costs to the Medicare program."

Finally there were the golf balls. Medicare was charged with one-third of \$2138.50 paid for thirteen dozen golf balls imprinted with the Blue Cross/Blue Shield monogram. Teachers and social workers are not the only ones who sometimes benefit more from programs intended to help the poor than the poor themselves do.

Shortly after his first inauguration, President Nixon announced the names of a select group of trustees for the Nixon Foundation. Most of them were either well known to be old friends of the new President, or at least heavy campaign contributors. More than one owed a good deal to the medical-industrial complex; W. Clement Stone, for example, or Elmer Bobst the Vitamin King. But one name was then quite obscure: that of H. Ross Perot.

By the end of 1969, after his elevation to the board of the Nixon Foundation, H. Ross Perot had become a world celebrity by chartering two jets (one of them modestly christened "Peace on

Earth") and flying off to Southeast Asia in a well-publicized attempt to ransom American POW's. By 1970, with stock of the Electronic Data Systems Corporation, which he controlled, selling at over \$150 a share on the New York Stock Exchange, Perot's personal wealth was authoritatively estimated at \$1.5 billion. No American, *Fortune* magazine guessed admiringly, had ever made so much money so quickly. But then neither Henry Ford nor John D. Rockefeller, nor even Paul Getty, had had federal Medicare funds to help him.

Perot, at one time an IBM software salesman, made his big leap in 1965 when Texas Blue Cross and Blue Shield subcontracted the data-processing work arising under their Medicare contract to the company he had founded in 1962, the Electronic Data Systems Corporation (EDS). Perot was at that time, and remained for almost a year afterwards, a part-time employee of Texas Blue Cross; he was manager of their data-processing department at a salary of \$20,000 a year. Until then, EDS had been small beer. Its turnover had never exceeded \$500,000 a year. The Blue Cross contract was worth \$5 million; the contract ran for three years, even though Blue Cross's contract with the government, on which it depended, was for only one year. There was no competitive bidding, and while the contract between the Social Security Administration and the Texas Blues had a provision for the examination of records, the contract between Blue Cross and EDS did not. To get ready to handle this tempting contract, EDS had enjoyed a vital helping hand: a loan of \$8 million from the Republic National Bank of Dallas, whose chief executive officer was the chairman of Blue Cross.

Once into Medicare and Medicaid work, Perot and EDS never had to look back. The corporation's gross revenue rose from \$1.6 million in 1966 to \$47.6 million in 1970. The rate of profit on that revenue rose from 15 percent in 1966 to 41 percent in 1969, and then fell back to a mere 29 percent in 1970. By 1971, EDS was doing the electronic data-processing work for Medicare in nine states, including four out of the biggest five. Two-thirds of its gross revenues have come from Medicare and Medicaid. EDS stoutly maintains that it has processed Medicare and Medicaid claims more cheaply than they would otherwise have been processed, and this may be true. In any case, on its own showing, EDS made profits of up to 41 percent on turnover, two-thirds of which came straight out of public funds which were supposed to be disbursed on a "reasonable cost basis." In other words, in a perfectly legal manner, and in less than five years, Ross Perot was able to make himself a very wealthy man in a way that would be regarded

in many other countries as incredible: by owning stock in a company that helped other private organizations decide whether the government should or should not pay out public funds for the medical care of the old and the poor.

In an atmosphere where such things were possible, it was probably inevitable that attention should turn from the mechanics of the health care system to its ethics. While the escalation of costs forced even conservatives to concede that the system faced crisis, liberals—who had largely confined themselves to quantitative and economic issues in the past—began to make more searching criticisms.

"The cost question turned the spotlight on the other deficiencies of the system," said Karl Yordy of the National Institute of Medicine. "It was not only the increase in costs produced by the fact that Medicare was on a cost-reimbursing basis," thinks Dr. Jack Geiger, the head of the State University of New York's new medical school at Stony Brook, "it was the rise in costs, plus the failure to deliver health care, that revealed the inadequacies of the system. The push for a reassessment of the system came from the fact that the cost of health care, and the difficulty of finding primary sources of health care, were beginning to hit the white middle class."

Whatever the reason, four new, interrelated lines of criticism began to be heard in the late 1960s with increasing force. Each probed more deeply than the last into the substructure of assumptions that underlay the American medical system.

- * A new skepticism appeared about the value of technology in medicine; a new willingness to question an equation that had been virtually unchallenged for a generation: the assumption that good medical care means advanced medical technology.

- * Institutions, and in particular the dominant institution of modern medicine in America, the hospital, became objects of increased suspicion.

- * The physician's professional authority began to be challenged as never before.

- * Ultimately, even the traditional ethics of medicine were called into question on issues of social and political responsibility.

For over twenty years, from 1948 to 1968, Congress had been persuaded to pour money steadily into medical research. Most politicians were aware that "health" was an issue with their constituents. But once the AMA seemed to block any reform of the health care delivery system, the only politically prudent way of showing concern for the health issue was by voting money for research. A formidable coalition pressed the

good work forward. It consisted of lobbyists, led by two indomitable ladies, Mary Lasker and Florence Mahoney, and others less free from self-interest; congressmen and senators, led by Representative John Fogarty of Rhode Island and Senator Lister Hill of Alabama; and research administrators. These lobbyists succeeded in increasing congressional appropriations for medical research, channeled through the National Institutes of Health (NIH), from \$7 million in 1947 to over \$1 billion twenty years later. In sixteen out of those twenty years, Congress actually reversed its normal, stern, budget-cutting inclinations of those years, and appropriated more money than the Administration was asking for.³ Not coincidentally, in the late 1950s and the early 1960s, the public began to read more and more about the wonders of arcane medical technology: about miracle drugs, and magic surgery, and electronic aids to diagnosis, and eventually about "space age medicine."

Dr. Jack Geiger was strategically situated to observe this phenomenon. He had run OEO-funded health centers in Mississippi and Boston before heading up SUNY's new medical school at Stony Brook. But before going to medical school he had been a science reporter for UPI, where it was his job to chronicle the marvels of the new medical technology. As a result of that experience he is convinced that inflated propaganda during those years led eventually to a backlash of skepticism about what technology could achieve in medicine.

"There was endless publicity about the cure for cancer, the cure for heart disease, and so on," Geiger said, putting audible quotation marks around the word "cure." "People began to feel it was only a matter of time before the brilliant, dedicated doctors discovered a cure for death."

He was hardly exaggerating. In 1961, President Kennedy was interviewed on NBC's *Today* show by Dave Garroway, who asked him: "Will we eventually cure everybody? Will the health of the nation approach perfection someday, by care and research?" And it wasn't only gushing television interviewers who seemed in the early 1960s to assume that research would "cure everybody" someday. For Mary Lasker, Stephen Strickland has written, "the conquest of disease was . . . an ob-

³The operation of the medical research lobby was analyzed by Elizabeth Drew in *The Atlantic* of December, 1967. Mrs. Drew pointed out that cancer, heart disease, and stroke, which received the lion's share of congressional attention, happen to be the major medical threats to elderly, middle-class males, the demographic category to which all the key congressional figures belonged. The story has also been well told in detail by Stephen P. Strickland in *Politics, Science and Dread Disease* (Harvard University Press, 1972).

tainable goal," while many senators thought that conquest was "assured, if not imminent."

And yet, after twenty years of these unprecedentedly high expenditures on research, American medicine, far from "curing everybody," was unable to prevent public health standards from slipping *behind* those of many other countries with far smaller resources. By the time the 1970 United Nations *Demographic Yearbook* was published, the United States was seventeenth in the international league table in infant mortality, behind Hong Kong, Western Samoa, and Fiji as well as most countries of Western Europe. Twelve countries, plus two of the constituent republics of the Soviet Union, the Ukraine and Byelorussia, claimed a higher life expectancy for females, and another six came within one year of the U.S. figure of seventy-four years; while in life expectancy for males, in spite of all the money spent on research into cancer, heart disease, and stroke, the United States ranked *thirtieth*, behind Spain, Greece, and five countries in Communist Eastern Europe.⁴

A reaction against the prevailing faith in technology was to be expected, and it came. Doctors and laymen began to wonder whether American medicine was not placing too heavy an emphasis on drugs, surgery, and research, at the expense of primary and preventive health care. Medical academics began to show a new interest in foreign medical practice. The National Health Service in Britain, once beyond the American pale because it was "socialized medicine," has probably been more comprehensively studied in the last five years by American than by British scholars. Scandinavian public health has attracted almost as much attention.

These comparative studies came back with some disturbing information. One study⁵ found, for example, that twice as much surgery was performed in proportion to population in the United States as in England and Wales. This might have been taken as comforting proof of the old-fashioned reluctance of British surgeons to operate—except for the awkward fact that rates of surgery in American group health plans also turned out to be half those reported for Blue Shield fee-for-service practice. In other words, those American surgeons who earn a fee every time they operate perform twice as many

operations as British surgeons. And worse, when American surgeons had a financial incentive to operate, they did so twice as often as when they had none. Another study showed that the incidence of tonsillectomies in California was twice as high as it was in Sweden, a country with outstandingly high standards of health care for children. Numerous other studies, not on an international comparative basis (a study of New York teamsters' and their families' health, for example), supported the suggestion that a disturbingly high proportion of elective surgery was unnecessarily performed.

Another trend fed the new skepticism: a galloping increase in specialization within the health professions. "Virtually all the attributes and the attending problems of modern American medicine," the medical sociologist Rosemary Stevens wrote in 1970, "spring from the gigantic technological achievements . . . which both precipitated and were facilitated by functional specialization." The general practitioner was becoming extinct. By 1970, there were twice as many men and women training for a single surgical specialty—orthopedic surgery—as for general practice. By 1968, 70 percent of all the physicians in the country claimed to be specialists. A majority of doctors, perhaps, continued to equate increased specialization with increased skill. And yet there was a growing awareness that while specialization, like research, had undoubtedly raised the standard of the best treatment—in the sense that sophisticated diagnosis, medication, and surgery were available—progress in these fields had failed to bring a commensurate improvement in standards of overall care, in contrast to those of other countries.

In 1969, for only the second time in two decades, Congress slashed the NIH budget. The cuts were a consequence of two unrelated events: the Vietnam squeeze on domestic spending, and stinging criticisms of NIH's financial management by a House subcommittee headed by Representative L. H. Fountain, Democrat of North Carolina. The cuts, while not very large, signaled a change of mood. By the end of the 1960s, the prevailing disposition in Congress, and among those in the general public who thought about medical policy, was to concede that research remained important, but to insist that improving the delivery, and reducing the cost, of health care must have priority over the litany of "cancer, heart disease, and stroke."

A similar sequence can be traced in attitudes toward the hospital as an institution. Most of the

⁴These international rankings are not absolutely precise, for two reasons. National statistics do not all date from the same year. And not all territories included in the U.N. data are sovereign nations. I have, for example, excluded Northern Ireland and the Ukraine (both of which have higher life expectancy than the United States). Interestingly, two U.S. dependencies, Puerto Rico and the Ryuku Islands, also have higher male life expectancy than the United States.

⁵By Dr. John Bunker, *New England Journal of Medicine*, 1970.

The charge was that at best hospitals were unresponsive to community needs, and, at worst, arrogant and racist.

high technology medicine is practiced in hospitals, so that for a time they, and their fund-raising efforts, benefited from the prestige of the new miracles that were being performed in them. Moreover, with the proliferation of specialists, many thoughtful analysts envisioned a greatly expanded role for hospitals as medical centers, coordinating the diagnosis and treatment of both in-patients and out-patients.

But by the end of the decade, attitudes toward hospitals were changing. Too many people were being hospitalized, partly because of technological trends, but even more because of the way insurance policies were being written. The average cost of hospitalization increased by 75 percent between 1966 and 1969.

Just at this moment, for largely professional reasons, a new wave of liberal and radical medical academics (many of them students of "social medicine," a new discipline for which universities and medical schools were setting up departments during these very years) wanted to see the hospitals' role diminished. "The principle of the hospital as the center of care, including ambulatory care, is being challenged," wrote Dr. Jack Geiger at about this time. "People shouldn't go to the hospital unless they have to," said Dr. Victor Sidel of Montefiore in the Bronx. "Why not?" I asked. "Because hospitals are dangerous places." He went on to explain that hospitalization may serve as a depressant where patient morale is concerned, and that the danger of infection persists in even the best-run modern hospital.

Hospitals were also being assailed from without. They were being attacked by poor people, especially poor black people, and by their radical allies, black and white. The charge was that at best they were unresponsive to community needs, and, at worst, arrogant and racist. The attack was made at many levels: in sophisticated academic argument; as part of radical confrontation tactics; and in the heat of spontaneous outbursts of anger and despair.

In 1970, Barbara and John Ehrenreich, who had been associated with a group of radical medical reformers called the Health Policy Advisory Center (Health-PAC), distilled the radical critique into a forceful and provocative book, *The American Health Empire*. Their thesis is one of alluring simplicity. Liberals, they say, are always lamenting the lack of system in the American health industry, or complaining that "the system doesn't work." They are wrong, say the Ehrenreichs. There is indeed a health system in America, and it works efficiently enough. The catch is that its primary objective is *not* to provide good health care for the American

people. The *first* priority of the system, say the Ehrenreichs, is to make money; and this the health industry does in a highly efficient manner, for doctors, drug manufacturers, insurance companies, and the rest of the medical-industrial complex, including "nonprofit hospitals, which take their profits in power, in salaries for administrators and medical staff, and in real estate."

The second priority, the book goes on to argue, is research, which the industry needs to make profits, and which requires the clinical data provided by patients, especially in hospitals. The third priority is training more doctors, to perpetuate the system. Here, too, a supply of patients, preferably poor patients with "interesting" conditions, is required.⁶ Some doctors will go on to do research. Some will teach. Most will make money, for themselves and for the medical-industrial complex. And, incidentally, they will have to provide health care for the American people.

This cynical but compelling analysis is supported by a historical interpretation. The Ehrenreichs argue that a three-stage revolution of scale has occurred in American medicine, analogous to the development from small business to corporation to giant multinational conglomerate. First, the individual doctor in private practice began to give way to the hospital: by 1969 less than 29 percent of the nation's health expenditures went to individual doctors. Then, even before this process had run its course, individual hospitals became dependent on the medical schools and teaching hospitals. In the last twenty years, almost all hospitals and health centers in New York, and a very large number of doctors in practice, have come under the medical and organizational influence of Columbia-Presbyterian, Einstein-Montefiore, and the city's five other major teaching hospital complexes. The same process has occurred in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Houston, Los Angeles, and other major cities. The resulting networks of affiliated institutions the Ehrenreichs call "health empires," and they argue that these empires have an institutional compulsion to expand, in order to attract the talent and the money—both from the federal government and from private foundations and bequests—they need to stay on top.

Radicals like the Ehrenreichs generally argue that these newly emerging giant medical institutions carry within them the seeds of their own

⁶The revelation in 1972 that a federally sponsored research project in Tuskegee, Alabama, had been paying black syphilis patients to forgo treatment in the interests of research illustrated how far medical researchers were prepared to go. It also stimulated debate among civil libertarians and on Capitol Hill about defining new canons of research ethics.

destruction. Almost all of them are located in the inner city—Columbia-Presbyterian, for example, on the fringes of Harlem—where the contrast between their wealth and privilege and conditions in the surrounding community will inevitably lead to dialectical contradictions and ultimately to conflict.

To a limited extent, the people of the ghettos began to verify this prediction. However, just as in ghetto rioting between 1964 and 1968, small, local businesses were attacked while major symbols of social and economic power—like the General Motors building, an oasis in the flames of Detroit—were left untouched, old, poor hospitals bore the brunt of the trouble, not the rich, expanding medical complexes. Confrontations have occurred between administrators and insurgents in several big-city hospitals: Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx, Cook County in Chicago, San Francisco General, and D.C. General in Washington, for example. The insurgents in each case were young, mainly white, middle-class radical doctors; or community militants; or some combination of these.

The suspicion that, for all its technical achievement, American medicine was falling away from both professional ethics and the concept of social responsibility was not confined to radicals or to the young. Consider, for example, the following harsh judgment on the quality of treatment dispensed to recipients of Medicaid:

The task force, along with what is possibly a majority in the health profession and certainly a majority of the population, interprets the recent Federal enactments [those, that is, establishing Medicaid] as intending that access to basic medical care shall be a right or entitlement. . . . That right or entitlement is not fulfilled when millions in the population . . . are given a kind of service that is woefully inferior by every standard known to man or doctor.

That statement is taken from no radical diatribe. It is a quotation from the official report of a task force set up by the Nixon Administration to study Medicaid, with staff support from HEW, and chaired by the president of the Blue Cross Association of Chicago, Walter McNerney. In a paper written in 1972, Dr. Victor Sidel summed up the anguished reassessment that had been taking place in a thousand lectures, papers, and medical conferences: "Everything that we have learned about how clever we are, how important we are, how relevant we are, how trusted we are, how self-sacrificing we are, will have to be re-examined."

Besides speeches, reports, and articles, the wave of dissatisfaction with medical practice manifested

itself in a variety of ways, on the part of both doctors and their patients. Doctors demanded peer review of each other's professional performance. Many medical experts argued for the development of a paraprofessional class, to relieve doctors of some part of their medical monopoly. Most significantly, malpractice suits against doctors rose sharply, and courts increasingly had a tendency to find for the plaintiffs, the patients.

Writing in the Spring, 1973, issue of *The Public Interest*, sociologist Nathan Glazer discussed this last phenomenon and expressed a concern felt by many Americans in the years of the great medical bonanza. He pointed out that the incidence of malpractice suits in England or in Sweden had not greatly increased, and asked

why the best-paid doctors in the world—at least some of them—seem to find it necessary to engage in barely legal or illegal practices in order to force their incomes higher? Or is it indeed because they are the best-paid doctors in the world that so many have engaged in profiteering at the public expense? . . . Is it possible that the somewhat greater distance between healing and monetary payment that generally prevails in England and Sweden contributes to a morally healthier medical profession?

In that same article, reviewing recent academic studies of the American health system, Professor Glazer reports a "recent backlash of defense for the American health system."

If, in the late 1960s, congressional faith in unlimited research expenditure wavered under the influence of a new concern with the human problems of health care delivery, and a new skepticism about technology, that skepticism was rather short-lived. The "dread disease lobby" soon reasserted itself. In January, 1971, President Nixon proposed (with the support, incidentally, of Senator Kennedy) to set up a new, separate National Cancer Institute. He advocated it with the old can-do rhetoric about the need for the kind of effort "that split the atom and took man to the moon." The rest of the medical research community was strong enough to prevent this dismemberment of NIH. But by the end of 1971, Congress enacted, and the President signed, a new Cancer Act, authorizing \$1.6 billion over three years for a new "assault" on cancer. At the medical schools, the high tide of radicalism is said to have crested.

Even before its attention was distracted and its energies paralyzed by Watergate, the Administration had lost any sense of urgency about national health insurance. Indeed it had all but abandoned its plans in their original

Even before its attention and energies were paralyzed by Watergate, the Administration had clearly lost any sense of urgency about its plans for national health insurance.

form. Before he left HEW on his way to the Justice Department via the Pentagon, Elliot Richardson had his staff prepare what came to be called the Mega proposal. This was a secret plan for comprehensive "simplification and reform" of the more than 300 HEW categorical social programs. In general, the plan followed the lines of the Administration's general philosophy of revenue-sharing and "the New Federalism"—not to mention its desire to cut back domestic spending.

The health section, which soon leaked out, proved of special interest. For one thing, it contained a harshly explicit critique of the Administration's own national health insurance proposals. "Many billions," it said, would be needed to convert these into a "true universal entitlement plan with a comprehensive benefit plan." In its place, the Mega paper suggested a new concept: Maximum Liability Health Insurance. In effect this was a much liberalized version of the concept of "catastrophic insurance." The government would provide cover from the "catastrophic" end of the scale down to a maximum liability fixed for each individual according to his income. Below that level he would be on his own, at liberty either to pay his own bills or to insure himself in the market.

This scheme derived largely from the theories of Dr. Martin Feldstein, the Harvard economist who worked as a consultant on the Mega proposal. Feldstein has now spelled out the maximum liability concept under another name ("major risk insurance," or MRI) in an article in the June, 1973, issue of the AMA magazine, *Prism*.

Every family would receive a comprehensive insurance policy with an annual direct expense limit . . . scaled so that families with higher incomes would be responsible for larger amounts of their medical bills . . . the expense limit might start at \$300 per year for a family with an income below \$3,000. It might be ten percent of the income of persons earning between \$3,000 and \$10,000 and \$1,000 for incomes above that level. MRI could be improved by introducing a coinsurance feature above that basic deductible. . . .⁷

Feldstein argues that his scheme would not only

prevent financial hardship for individuals but would also save billions of dollars in public money, both by removing the existing tax deductions for medical expenses (though of course these could be removed in conjunction with any other reform) and by making people "more cost conscious in spending their own money and this in turn would help to check inflation."

Feldstein is an economist, but his analysis seems almost oblivious to noneconomic factors. In one of his papers, he attributes rising costs primarily to rising demand on the part of patients, brushing aside the degree to which it is doctors, and not patients, who make the effective decisions about the demand for treatment. He argues that the best way to measure the benefits of hospital care is in dollars! In short, he, and others of his school, analyze the medical system as if it were a marketplace like any other. They advocate "deductibles," "coinsurance," and other devices to make the patient spend his own money when he needs medical care precisely because such devices help to turn medical decisions into economic ones.

The revival of respect for essentially economic prescriptions for the health care crisis was to be expected. But it marked the end of a period in which economic problems caused a revaluation of the noneconomic deficiencies of the medical system.

Both the shift to the left in the late 1960s and the subsequent reaction can be explained by factors intrinsic to the health care system—up to a point. There is, as I have tried to show, a great deal of evidence that the way Medicare and Medicaid were introduced led to a rapid rise in medical inflation, and that inflation led to reassessment, to a sense of crisis, and to a change in the whole climate for reform of the system. The reaction can also be explained in terms of developments within the world of medicine. If rapidly rising costs led to a sense of crisis, then it can hardly be irrelevant that inflation of health costs has slowed down. Harry Schwartz, in his spirited 1972 book called *The Case for American Medicine*, claims that "between August 1971 and August 1972, the medical price index rose only 2.2%, substantially less than the cost of living rose in the same period." Checking with other health economists, I found that there is some dispute about the extent to which government policy from Phase I to Phase IV braked the inflation of medical costs, but it is not disputed that the sharp rise of the late 1960s is now over. Indeed, to the extent that the sharp inflation was caused by fee increases that would not be repeated for some time to come, it

⁷*The Rising Cost of Hospital Care*, National Center for Health Services Research and Development, 1971. Feldstein complains that "the role of increasing demand as the primary cause" of cost increases "is not generally understood," in spite of the fact that he has taken the trouble to demonstrate it with "a formal mathematical model." Yet at times he seems a little confused on this point himself: he concludes his paper by saying that "our current methods of hospital insurance have encouraged hospitals . . . to increase the sophistication and expensiveness of their product more rapidly than the public actually wants." The trouble, in fact, has come from a special type of "demand," usually known to those unfamiliar with Feldstein's formal mathematical model as "supply."

The important weakness in American health care which the crisis of the late 1960s revealed was the entrepreneurial concept of the doctor's social role, the intimate relationship between healing and monetary reward.

would be odd if the rate of inflation had not slackened off. And again, to the extent that the rise in costs created a new propensity to ask fundamental questions about the system, the passing of the wave in medical costs would naturally be expected to presage some calming of the clamor for reform.

But I suspect that something larger is also involved. The striking thing is how closely the changes in political and intellectual attitudes to the health care system have mirrored the changes in other areas of American life.

A parallel from the history of higher education may illustrate what I mean. In August, 1967, Christopher Jencks and David Riesman finished writing a book about American universities, which they called *The Academic Revolution*. In January, 1969, they sat down to write a preface to the second edition. In the intervening seventeen months, all hell had broken loose on American campuses. The "revolution" of their title, to the extent that it was more than merely metaphorical, had been a slow, gradual affair, transforming universities over a couple of decades. Now, to the embarrassment of Jencks and Riesman, people were rushing out to buy their book in the hope of getting some understanding of what looked like an all-too-literal academic revolution.

This experience set Jencks and Riesman to measuring, in their second preface, the sheer speed of change in American attitudes to higher education since they had started studying it at the end of the 1950s. Then, they recalled,

both educators and laymen seemed appallingly complacent about American higher education . . . the only widespread complaints about higher education were that Americans needed more of it. . . . Almost all educators accepted the legitimacy and authority of the academic profession a few years ago, even when they criticized specific aspects of its operation. Today all this has changed . . . the public is becoming more skeptical about educators' claims . . . educators are far less sure than they were that their traditions and values are worth defending . . . a small but growing minority seems convinced that the academic system . . . is not just blemished but fundamentally rotten.

Change only a few words—"educators" into "doctors," "academic" into "medical," and so on—and this could stand as a summary of what happened in American medicine in the late 1960s. It was as true of American medicine as of higher education in the 1950s and the early 1960s—probably more true—that "the only widespread complaints were that Americans needed more of it."

The crisis of confidence of the late 1960s, in short, seems to have followed the same course in

the universities as it did in medicine, and in fact as it did in the life of other social institutions as well. Doubt, criticism, crisis, radical challenges to old assumptions and established structures of authority, and a willingness even on the part of conservatives to move out of entrenched positions and accept a surprising degree of change: these were the characteristics of the years from 1966 to 1970. Then the old assumptions, the defenders of the status quo, and the doubts about the doubts began to have their turn once again.

The reasons for this pattern, I am suggesting, lie only partly inside the medical system itself, in the consequences of Medicare, or in the operation of demand-pull and cost-push. For, much as some of its leaders would like it to, the medical system does not in the end operate in isolation from the general mood of American life. In the most specific ways, medical institutions, like other institutions, felt the impact not only of liberal reform but also of the Vietnam War, of inflation, the civil rights movement, feminism, student dissent, and ghetto anger. It also felt the reaction to the great national crisis of the 1960s: the disillusionment with rising federal budgets, the impatience of the white middle class with strident radicalism, the counterattack of organized interest groups, and the stubbornness with which conservative intellectuals have patched up intellectual defenses of the free enterprise status quo.

Yet most of the things that were wrong with American medicine when President Nixon thought the system faced imminent breakdown are wrong with it now. Americans still spend far more on their health than people anywhere else in the world, and live shorter lives than do the inhabitants of many of the countries Americans' ancestors emigrated from in the nineteenth century.

What are the prospects for change at this time? The initiative for health care reform having passed to Congress, the eventual shape of national health insurance will emerge from the *tête-à-têtes* between Senator Kennedy and Chairman Mills. Even if they do succeed in drafting a bill by the fall, it will have to wait in line behind both tax and trade legislation in what have become overcrowded sea-lanes leading to the Ways and Means Committee. Even if legislation is drafted late this year, it is realistic to guess that it would not become law before, say, 1977. Perhaps five years have been lost.

This is not the result of any obstructionist desire on the part of Wilbur Mills. The chairman may be an old gray fox, a pragmatist who keeps his cards

up against his chest until he plays them. But he is also a positive man, a master craftsman of consensus. He personally wants to pass a historic—which means a substantial—national health insurance bill before he retires. He has steered thousands of pieces of legislation through Congress. But Medicare was to have been his monument. He sees that monument as slightly tarnished, by inflation and by the suggestion of incompleteness. National health insurance would be a fitting crown for one of the great congressional careers.

Mills does not think such a bill can be passed unless it includes a role—*some* role, however limited—for the insurance industry. On the other great issue, the method of financing, the evidence is that neither Kennedy nor Mills has yet committed himself. And there are good reasons why they should not commit themselves yet. The deficit is so high that it would be hard to finance a major measure through the budget. Social Security is so high that it would be hard to increase that for a while. And the “mandated” employer-employee approach has several disadvantages—not least that it belongs to the Republicans. No wonder many experts are turning toward some gradualist approach to national health insurance. They want to crawl up to it unobserved, and wave the flag only when there is a victory to announce.

One such gradualist tactic would start with the catastrophic approach and transform it bit by bit. If the Long bill took effect, not at \$2000 and sixty days, but at \$100 and a week, we would wake up one morning to find that Congress had amended it into national health insurance. In theory, Martin Feldstein’s idea of starting at the top and working down could be extended piecemeal even more effectively. A third approach, which both Mills’s and Kennedy’s staff have examined, would be to start with mothers and children—for example, with federal coverage of prenatal care, delivery, and postnatal care up to the age of five. That would have numerous advantages. Good health care in the first five years of life is cheap—it need cost no more than \$5-7 billion a year, Dr. Rashi Fein calculates. It also reduces the need for more expensive care later in life. And motherhood is notoriously hard to oppose politically.

Senator Kennedy admits the attraction of such gradualist ideas. But for him they all suffer from the same philosophic weakness. They give the government no leverage to reform the health care system as a whole and they therefore risk repeating the experience of Medicare. His personal preference is for Social Security as a method of financing, and for an interesting reason. His thinking goes back to what was perhaps the most important

single cause of the mood of reaction we have been witnessing recently: the feeling on the part of many middle-class people that they were left out by the liberal reforms of the 1960s. Again, it is worth noticing that the argument is in no way specific to the medical field; it applies to social policy as a whole. Kennedy told me:

I think there’s one lesson we learned in the 1960s, and that is that programs which are directed toward alleviating social needs ought to be targeted in a universal way. What is the most successful social program we have in this country? Social Security. And why? Because it’s universal. A policeman in Boston, for example, isn’t going to be against a particular program that helps the blacks, so long as he’s being helped too. Once he feels the pressures on him are being taken care of, I think he’s enormously tolerant of doing something for the disadvantaged—so long as he feels that things are moving along for him too.

That is the language of consensus politics. It is, interestingly, identical with the view of Irving Kristol, who, through his editorship of the journal *The Public Interest* and friendship with Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan, had a considerable influence on the social policies of the first Nixon Administration. And it may well be true that it will take a return to consensus politics, on Capitol Hill and perhaps in the White House too, if the Democrats can recapture it, before a major national health insurance measure is passed.

But the important weakness in the American health care system which the crisis of the late 1960s revealed was not the organizational and financial crisis which a cautious, compromise brand of national health insurance would deal with. It was the entrepreneurial concept of the doctor’s social role, the intimate relationship, in Nathan Glazer’s formulation, between healing and monetary reward, which has prevented a real, indeed a brilliant, improvement in medical technique from being translated into commensurate improvement in medical care. Cleansed of the entrepreneurial temptations which the Administration’s interpretation has allowed, the Health Maintenance Organization could develop into the key institution in a transformation of the economic structure of medicine which would diminish the conflict between the doctor’s and the patient’s interests. Probably the best hope of spreading the HMO system would be by linking it with a national health insurance system; and there are certainly ways in which this could be done. But it is clear that in the crisis of the 1960s an opportunity for reforming one of the least attractive aspects of American life arrived, and was lost. □



FEEDING ON DREAMS IN A BUBBLE GUM CULTURE

by Sara Davidson

In the film Head, four boys who have become idols of pre-teen girls around the world run on stage dressed in white suits, and play, or pretend to play, white guitars. Screaming fans surge up from the audience, surround them, and tear at their clothes. On the soundtrack, a manic, double-time chorus begins:

*Hello we are the Monkees,
You know we aim to please,
A manufactured image,
With no philosophies . . .*

Somehow in the shuffle around amps, cords, and microphones, the bodies of the four boys turn into plastic mannequins. The girls keep stripping them and finally yank off their heads. When the dust clears, four decapitated dummies roll about the empty stage.

"Here they come. There's Donny!" shrieks a ten-year-old with blond braids. A pack of girls streaks toward the backstage elevator at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas, in a vain but magnificent attempt to ambush the Osmonds. The Osmonds are five brothers ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-four, currently one of the most beloved singing groups in the culture of subteen rock. Donny Osmond, the youngest and the object of greatest passion, is slender, with large eyes, dark hair, and an expression of studied innocence. He speaks to his fans through the lyrics of pop hits from the fifties such as "Puppy Love" and "Too Young," which celebrate the pining of the misunderstood teen-ager.

For two weeks, since the Osmonds have been

Photo above: The Osmonds in Las Vegas.

performing in the Circus Maximus, all lobbies and corridors of the hotel have been under siege by girls from six to fifteen. The girls' minds are so focused on trying to get near the stars that they do not register the bizarre sensory details: the clatter of balls, dice, and slot machine bells; the keno runners dressed in togas, with names like Princess Fatima; the hysterical, lewd cackles of people hitting jackpots.

Most of the girls spend their hours on the floor, obviously writing notes and trading rumors.

"I met Donny in the hallway this morning and he kissed me on the lips," says a nine-year-old dreamily.

"Liar!"

"I'm not a liar. It's true."

"Prove it."

Silence. The girls go back to their task—composing notes to Donny that promise their undying love. What they want in return is, in rising order of preference: to receive an autograph; to have their picture taken with the Osmonds; to kiss Donny Osmond on the cheek.

So that the girls need not go home empty-handed, the Caesar's Palace gift shop has replaced its ordinary stock of souvenirs with Osmond products: albums, posters, T-shirts, hats, songbooks, pillowcases, watches and clocks. The parents of these girls seem to be easy hits, and don't balk at tipping forty dollars for front-row seats at the dinner show. One woman from San Diego, Eleanor Williams, stationed herself, with her daughter and a Polaroid camera, at the stage elevator for nine hours. When the Osmonds were finally hustled by, Mrs. Williams shoved the girl forward, yelled "Grab Donny!" and snapped a picture. "Every child needs an idol," she announced to no one in particular. "As long as you don't get mental about it."

Before I went to Las Vegas, I had never seen or heard the Osmonds, nor did I know much about the Jackson 5, David Cassidy, Bobby Sherman, Marc Bolan, Rick Springfield, Andy and David Williams, the Raspberries, or the Carpenters. I do not have a young daughter and I rarely listen to Top 40 radio. None of the subteen groups are heard on FM rock stations, and their existence is largely ignored by the general media. This has created a situation in which it is possible for performers to sell millions of records, amass fortunes, and acquire large constituencies of fans, and yet be virtually unknown outside of a specific subgroup.

Within this group, though, there is an unquestioned value system, a common language, and a gallery of heroes and heroines. The subculture even has its own means of communication—a network of fan magazines with names like *16*, *Fave*,

Star, and *Tiger Beat*. The magazines discover young boys on television programs or in recording groups, and publish their pictures and biographies (often with more elements of fiction than truth). Fans write in to these magazines reporting their opinions and requesting more "news" about their favorite stars. The magazines then print bigger pictures and more details: lists of hobbies, habits, likes and dislikes.

What the girls value, what makes them feel safe, are: goodness, purity, family loyalty, kindness, and simplicity. One nine-year-old from Atlanta made Donny a scroll that read, "D is for docile, O is for obedient, N is for not naughty, N is for nice, Y is for You're so sweet and innocent!" At the bottom she wrote, "I hope you'll marry me when we both grow up." A seven-year-old named Patricia who lives in my apartment building tells me, with gravity, that she has loved Donny Osmond for six months. "I want to marry him when I'm twenty." "Why?" I ask. She smiles and looks away. "I think he's a sweet person and I like his records. I want to live with him in a big white house with a swimming pool and have lots of babies. But I *don't* want all the babies to come at once."

Most of the subteen heroes of the seventies first caught the attention of fans on television. David Cassidy, twenty-two, was an obscure actor when he was cast as Keith Partridge in *The Partridge Family* four seasons ago. The passion with which young girls responded to him reached such proportions that Cassidy nearly cracked from his utter inability to comprehend it.

Bobby Sherman, who is thirty-two, the oldest of the current crop, was seen on *Shindig*, *Here Come the Brides*, and later *The Bobby Sherman Show*. He catered to the subteens by recording sappy love tunes and having his picture imprinted on franchised lunch boxes.

The Osmonds began their professional career as regulars on *The Andy Williams Show*. But they couldn't get a recording contract of their own until they were featured in fan magazines and reader enthusiasm persuaded record executives that their potential with pre-teens might be lucrative.

A few groups have come up primarily through their music: the Carpenters, a brother and sister team with personalities so bland they make Tricia Nixon Cox seem mysterious; and the Jackson 5, shiny-faced, Afro-haired brothers from Gary, Indiana.

The most successful subteen heroes represent a happy, loyal, tight-knit family with which their fans can identify. The Osmonds, the Jacksons, and the Carpenters are members of actual families, and David Cassidy is visualized less as Cassidy the actor—the only child of separated parents—than as Keith Partridge, who lives in a family with lots of other children. All the families appear to be a kind of kids' nation. The parents are benevolent or behave in childlike ways, and the fun they have is al-

ways kids' fun. My seven-year-old neighbor told me the most wonderful dream she ever had was about the Partridge Family, because in the dream, she said, "I was singing with the family. I was *in it*."

The image constructed around subteen stars is that they are unsophisticated, unjaded, shy homebodies. The fan magazines write stories about how Donny Osmond believes in God, old-fashioned courtship, and four-leaf clovers; how David Cassidy sips Cokes and "talks on the phone a lot," and likes to sit in the den watching television with his girlfriends; how the Jackson brothers love to while away an evening playing hide-and-seek with their younger cousins. Ward Sylvester, who manages Bobby Sherman, says: "All the publicity is intended to show how normal they are, so the girls will feel comfortable with them. The worst thing you can do is to suggest you're too hip for your fans. If you live in a fabulous house, drive a Rolls, and have a kooky or debauched life-style, a girl won't be able to dream that she might meet you on the street and you would ask her out for a soda."

The songs recorded by subteen stars are simple, repetitive, with naïve lyrics, easy to remember and, mercifully, easy to forget. Older rock fans dismiss the stuff as "bubble gum music," but Micky Dolenz, one of the Monkees, the prepackaged group who capitalized on subteens in the sixties, defends the genre as "first-grade music for kids in first grade." Micky says: "An eight- or a nine-year-old isn't going to understand a fifteen-minute guitar lick in six-thirteen time. When the Beatles started getting more heavy and experimental, thousands of kids were left out there dying for something they could understand. It's like they were crying, 'Relate to me! Play for me! I don't want to just tag along and watch somebody else having a good time. I want to have fun too!'"

Gloria Stavers, who has edited *16* magazine for almost that many years, explains: "It's very simple. Years ago in rural societies, people told stories about Prince Charming, and girls dreamed of riding off on a white horse and living in a castle. Now young girls can see a Donny Osmond on television, buy his records, read about him in magazines, and dream of going off with him to Las Vegas." Gloria, a tall, fair-skinned woman originally from North Carolina, seems surprised that the subteen idol business even needs to be explained. "It's a natural part of the growing-up process," she says matter-of-factly. "A girl at the age of eleven or twelve needs a safe, distant object for her budding and rather intense awakening to feelings of love for the opposite sex." The intensity with which girls attach themselves to idols varies,

though, and those who become superfans, Gloria says, tend to be shy and self-critical. "That's why there's always a girl in the '16' syndrome, a female figure close to the star whom the fans can emulate and look to for advice. There was Annette Funicello, Connie Francis, Cher, and now people like Susan Dey in the Partridge Family and Marie Osmond." Marie, who is thirteen, the only daughter in the Osmond family, peddles a cosmetics line to fans and runs a pen-pal club. Gloria points out: "Marie is not a sexual rival, she's an *entrée* into the Osmond family. She represents the supportive female a young girl needs as she starts to look for sustenance outside the nest."

Ward Sylvester, who built a fortune by being canny about subadolescent reverie (he was associate producer of *The Monkees* show before he came to manage Bobby Sherman), speculates that girls need a romantic dream life because they have so little control over relationships in actual life. "A boy can decide when he wants to start dating, and how fast things will progress," says Sylvester, a bachelor in his early thirties. "A girl is much less in control, and there are more pressures on her. She can't initiate relationships or structure them, unless she wants to fantasize her ideal dates."

*Hey hey we are the Monkees,
We've said it all before,
The money's in, we're made of tin,
We're here to give you more!*

What a trip! You board a plane in Hollywood, get off in St. Louis, and find walls of girls roaring at the sight of you from behind chicken-wire barricades. From airplane to limousine, then up the garbage elevator into a hotel room, where you'll be caged for the next twenty-four hours except for a weird thirty minutes when you are shot out on a stage and exposed. Your eyes are blinded by the lights and you can't hear from the screaming, but there comes a point in some city, some season, when in the midst of the holocaust, you say: Why me?

Answer: The world knows something I don't. They've discovered another Christ?

Answer: There is something special and powerful about me. I may not have known it before, but I suspected!

Answer: This is wrong—there must have been a clerical error in the sky. Tomorrow or the next day, everything could vanish.

Answer: Nothing personal. That's show biz.

A man who was involved with the Monkees from their conception to demise, but who is media-shy and insists on remaining anonymous, tells me he has seen it happen to every person he's known who becomes the object of mass worship. "It goes to their heads, there's no way it can't. They lose touch with reality and forget it's going to end, which it always does."

Sara Davidson is a free-lance writer who is currently at work on a book about women coming of age in the 1960s.



Donny Osmond and fans.

When Bert Schneider and Bob Rafelson conceived of a television series based on a zany rock group called the Monkees, they hired four zany young guys, only two of them with professional experience and all of them broke. The idea was that they would not act so much as be themselves, and would use their own names. But they were to act as if they were really a musical group who lived together in a beach house. The layers of ambiguity grew from there.

At first, most of the Monkees' singing and playing was faked, and their hit records, modeled after the Beatles' sound, were produced mainly by studio musicians. Before long, the four boys wanted to create and play the music themselves. To be brief: the Monkees became millionaires, idols, the hottest group in the sub-Beatles market. According to Anonymous, "They all did get a little crazed. Eventually they began to believe the Beatles were imitating them. When they filmed *Head*, they decided they were as important to a movie and as talented as Marlon Brando, and they should get credit for writing and directing as well. They were all quite sure that they could make it on their own, and decided they would quit and go solo." Within months, one of them was broke again, one was in a mental hospital, and none had an easy time finding work.

It is not unusual for teen idols to be forgotten—

or worse—figures of ridicule by the time they hit thirty. Knowing this, even subliminally, increases the strain of giving endless concerts and photograph and autograph sessions. David Cassidy, while on a tour of Europe last year, rolled up his eyes and mouthed an obscenity when a lady photographer asked him for one more "jump for joy." According to a report in the London *Sunday Times*, David "collapsed in tears" at the Amsterdam airport when he stepped down the ramp to face yet another battery of newsmen and another swarm of mewling girls. David protested that he is not "the white knight the teen magazines make me out to be. . . . I get depressed and occasionally I stop smiling. It's a drag to keep on living a fiction created by other people." As a show of independence he posed nude for *Rolling Stone*.

The Osmonds and the Jackson 5 seem to have an easier time of it, probably because they are shielded by their family structure from pressures, doubts, and the tendency to develop a case of runaway hubris. I spent two weeks with the Osmonds recently in Las Vegas and Provo, Utah, and was struck by how little they even think about their status in the subteen subculture. The brothers enjoy the screaming crowds and sometimes like to "play with them," but they don't seem to take it personally. Having fans is just part of show business, they say, and having masses of fans means

the Osmond act is, for the moment, doing OK. They are devout Mormons and trust that their work, however unusual, is part of God's plan.

Many reporters who meet the Osmonds come away feeling they have had an overdose of saccharine and banality. Their notes are filled with lines from the Osmonds like: "We have the greatest parents in the world." "We have the greatest fans." "We love our parents." "We love our fans." But I am fascinated with the Osmonds, because they seem the most ambitious, energetic, and congenitally happy group of people I have ever seen living together. Their evolution from amateurs in rural Utah to international pop stars represents a virtual feat of positive thinking. In 1962, the Osmonds, a family with nine children, arrived in Hollywood with no connections. They made a list of their goals and set about systematically checking them off. First, get our singing together; next, learn to dance and move; next, master our instruments; next, a hit record. By mid-1972, they had achieved something unprecedented in the music industry: eleven gold records (each representing one million sales) during a twelve-month period. They had also earned more than \$4 million.

You will probably not be able to keep them straight, but for the record, the Osmonds are:

Father, George. A former insurance broker, tall, gray, compulsively cheerful. He directs operations and worries about pleasing everyone. "I haven't an enemy in the world, I don't think."

Mother, Olive, the family's driving force. She is bright, shrewd, and super-organized. She writes notes on her palms to remind herself of appointments, and to be extra safe, sets her alarm wristwatch. She has a heavy frame, a round face that is duplicated in all her offspring, pitch black hair, and a penchant for wearing black that lends her a severe, somewhat menacing air. The appearance is deceiving, for she is warm and optimistic, constantly giving affection and advice.

Viril and Tom, the two oldest sons, both deaf. Although Olive spent hours teaching them to talk as if they were not handicapped, the whole family learned deaf-mute sign language. They are married and work on Osmond projects.

The five brothers who comprise the rock group known as the Osmonds, always referred to in chronological order: "Alan-Wayne-Merrill-Jay-and-Donny." They are, respectively, twenty-four, twenty-two, twenty, eighteen, and fifteen. To help people connect their names and faces, they differentiate themselves by hobby and taste: Alan likes photography, Wayne "thinks deep," Merrill paints, Jay plays football, Donny collects key chains and wears purple. Not one is a physical beauty. There is a certain, shall we say, pudginess about their

faces. But there is also an aliveness, a joyous exuberance that sparkles through, giving each that unmistakable electric aura of a star.

Marie, thirteen. She sings, dances, and has recently cut two single records, but her real ambition, she says, is to be a secretary.

Jimmy, ten, being groomed as a future subteen idol. He is called on stage for novelty numbers, and is featured in a television cartoon series.

Except for the two married sons, the entire Osmond family goes on the road together. In Las Vegas before the show, the five performing brothers huddle in their dressing room for a warm-up. Dressed alike in white jump-suit tuxedos, they run in place, sing scales in harmony, breathe, and stretch their mouths. Olive tells them to change a line in the act. Then there is a prayer. Someone who works closely with the Osmonds says the prayer goes, roughly: Dear God, Thank you for letting us appear before so many people. We pray that they will like us and come see us again and again, and that Caesar's Palace will renew our contract. Amen.

Finally their manager gives a pep talk. The boys come out cheering, yelping, and clapping. "I feel like a show, guys!"

"I feel like fighting!"

Their father yells, "Go guys."

"C'mon guys, c'mon!"

Slapping ribs, arms, and behinds, they run through the wings onto the stage.

"The fantastic Osmonds!"

Having worked themselves up, they start at a peak of high energy and race, literally race, through the show. The sheer professionalism of the group is awesome, as is the range of their talent. Since their purpose in Las Vegas is to broaden their audience, so they'll be able to survive once the pre-teen fad has passed, they throw something for everyone in their act. The brothers tap-dance; play saxophones, banjos, and electric instruments; do circus acts; juggle; sing show tunes like "Fiddler on the Roof," barbershop numbers like "I Want a Girl," rock hits, jazz, and Motown soul. In one part of the program, they enact scenes from their scrapbook. We see the Osmonds starting as a children's barbershop quintet at weddings and church suppers. Their lucky break comes—an offer to sing on the streets of Disneyland, where they are discovered by Andy Williams' father. While on television, they sing "Moon River" with Andy, but on their own they start learning to play rock. In 1970 they release their first single, "One Bad Apple," which flies to the top of the charts. Donny records some flowery ballads in his girlish soprano, and at the age of twelve becomes king of teeny hearts.

Donny's voice has dropped an octave since then, but it still has an ingenuous sweetness that spurs girls to shriek and vault on stage, tripping over their long dresses. When the show ends, security

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that was
there**



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guards hurry the Osmonds to their suite. They peel off to their rooms, where they sleep in threes and fours, and flick on the television sets. George Osmond, stretched on a couch in the oval sitting room, has been reading bags of fan mail. "There are a couple nasty letters. Girls are saying the Osmonds have become snobs. So I think we'll sign more autographs," he says.

The phone rings—a ten-year-old from Waco, Texas, who has somehow managed to bluff her way through the Caesar's Palace switchboard. George summons Merrill, "Come take this call, so she won't feel she's wasted her money." Then he calls Donny.

"Sir?" Donny looks up.

"Let's go out and sign some autographs. Comb your hair a little first."

Donny eagerly slips out the door to the hall, where about fifty girls are keeping vigil. Marie is holding court in a corner, giving advice on how to cure acne and how to convert to the Mormon Church. Donny lets the girls squeeze him and kiss his cheeks—pop pop pop—like a succession of tiny flashbulbs. He is visibly disappointed when his father calls him inside.

At 3:00 A.M., dinner arrives from room service: twenty cartons of milk, five pitchers of hot pink lemonade (Donny likes it for his throat), roast beef, fried shrimp, and french fried potatoes. There is no dessert on the trays, because the suite is overflowing with confections made by fans—cookies, cakes, brownies, fudge, taffy, cupcakes, and pies. The constant stream of such gifts bears elements of black comedy, for the one problem shared by everyone in this family, with the exception of Donny, is weight. "I was born heavy," Marie complains. Merrill dieted so severely to lose fifteen pounds that he once blacked out during a concert, and Alan has rationed himself to one meal a day. "Weight has been the trial of my life," Olive Osmond says. "It's the one area where I've been defeated."

After dinner, it takes the Osmonds hours to unwind enough so that they can go to sleep. One night, the brothers start playing on the floor with ten-year-old Jimmy's toy helicopter, and the game dissolves into a wrestling spree. Their religion prohibits sex before marriage, and much of their sexual energy seems sublimated into physical activity. After being in their midst a few days, I found the force of all that pure, pent-up male libido so overpowering that I began to have fantasies of ravishing them all. The Osmonds will be shocked to learn this, because the whole matter is so unconscious with them. But they do engage in a lot of roughhousing: fights with water, eggs, and snowballs; prank-playing; tickling; throwing people in pools. Alan, who is twenty-four, says simply, "It's a way of letting off steam."

During their second week in Las Vegas, the Os-

monds take karate lessons in the afternoon from experts imported from Los Angeles. "That's our next goal," Merrill says. "We're all gonna be black belts." The Osmonds are all so teachable, such eager learners. George hires professionals to go on the road and tutor them in everything from math to acrobatics. They learned to paint from an artist who accompanied them to Sweden. In Las Vegas, Marie takes lessons from one of the dancers, and studies dressmaking and shorthand with her mother. Jimmy works on his tennis. Wayne memorizes the Bible. Alan learns arranging from their conductor, Don Costa.

This is all traceable to Olive Osmond, who says, "I'll read the ads on a cereal box just to be learning something." She attended college only briefly, but has continued to teach herself and her family through books and correspondence courses. When the Osmonds lived in a small town in northern Utah before their professional career began, Olive made the most prominent room in the house a schoolroom, with a wall of blackboard and rows of little desks. Every day after public school, she conducted her own school. She taught the children to read music, play the piano and saxophone, and sing in harmony.

Once a week, the children put on programs for their "family night," a Mormon tradition. They ate dinner by candlelight, read from the Scriptures, and sang. George reported how his insurance business was going, and asked each person what he needed for the next week. No one received an allowance. George says, "I think that teaches a guy to throw money away."

Although they have earned millions from records, concerts, and royalties on franchised merchandise, the Osmonds have not lost the habit of frugality. Ten percent of their earnings is paid to the Church as "tithing," and most of the rest is invested, "put right back to work." Olive cannot bear household help, and does the laundry and ironing herself. "It would cost a fortune to have it done outside. I can't see wasting money." At gas stations, George jumps out and starts the pumps. "It rushes the attendant along a little."

The Osmonds' common enemy is idleness. They rehearse incessantly, and the answer to every problem is the same: "Work harder." They do not tolerate moodiness, worry, depression, gossip, negative thinking, arguments, or temper. Jay, eighteen, says, "I can't stand moods. Some of the people in show business are moody. I like one personality all the way—happy." The children have never heard their parents quarrel, and have always been treated with meticulous equality.

Apparently there has never been an Osmond child who refused to study, follow directions, or go along with the group. There has been no adolescent rebellion. All the children say they hope to marry a Mormon, have nine children, and live ex-

actly like their parents. Their religious conviction seems to be the cement holding the entire structure in place. Mormon teachings specify each person's role in the family, society, and eternity. Being around the Osmonds reminded me of accounts I had read of Brahmin families in India, whose lives are defined and ordered by religious law. With the Osmonds, there is so much positive reward in their system—fame, love and warmth, worldly success—that although they live in something of a cocoon, why risk losing everything they have together, on the slim chance that something better is outside?

Sunday in Las Vegas. Donny and assorted relatives are watching church services on television in their suite. The subject of the sermon is smut. Suddenly there is pounding on the door. A girl cries, "Donny, I love you! Let me in!"

Donny laughs without blushing.

"What do you think of that, Donny?"

He laughs again. "It's far out."

Donny is a fairly uncomplicated young man, quiet, accommodating, not assertive. When the family is not working, he tends to keep company with ten-year-old Jimmy, or he retreats to his room to play the piano or experiment with electronics.

Although he sings about nothing else, Donny has never been in love. He is not old enough to go out alone on dates (the family rule is that one must be sixteen). This evening in Las Vegas, however, he is scheduled to have a "dream date" with Diane Kramer, an eleven-year-old from Houston, Texas, who won a contest sponsored by *16* magazine. Diane's letter requesting a date with Donny was picked from 25,000 entries. Diane wrote to Donny: "We've got so much in common. Our birthdays are in December. Our names begin with D. You collect key chains. Well, guess what, I collect keys!"

Diane and her father, an Air Force master sergeant, have been flown to Las Vegas and given prime seats for the dinner show. Diane is too nervous to eat, so she stares at the stage curtains. She is slender, with green eyes and straight blond hair,

and is wearing a dress with flowers of purple—Donny's favorite color. Around her are hundreds of girls in purple dresses. Diane says she doesn't mind the crowd being there. "I know how the other girls feel."

Diane has her moment at the climax of the show, when Donny wades into the audience to sing "Why?"

*I'll never let you go,
Why? Because I love you . . .*

Having been cued, he heads straight for Diane, sings to her, kisses her cheek, and gives her one of his purple hats. Afterwards in the dressing room, he sits with his arm around her for pictures. They exchange about two sentences, both admirably banal.

"I hope you enjoyed the show."

"Oh, I did."

Then Diane, beaming, leaves with her father. Donny goes to watch television in his room.

Is the commercial exploitation of an infatuation like Diane's harmful? Is the question even relevant? It's a bit like debating whether letting children play with guns encourages them to be violent. If you don't buy them guns, chances are they'll pick up a stick and pretend.

What does seem clear, though, is that all the feminist consciousness-raising conducted so earnestly in recent years has not yet affected the earliest aspirations of vast numbers of young girls. Diane's dream date seemed pathetic to me, but when I described it to my seven-year-old friend Patricia—"All Donny did was sing to her, kiss her cheek, and give her a hat"—she blanched. Then she hurried to her desk.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm writing Donny."

"But that contest is over."

"I'll pretend I don't know."

With lips moving silently, she began printing in big letters: "Dear Donny, I am a girl who likes your records. I like purple too. We have a lot to talk about. Can I come to Las Vegas?" □

TRULY TO LOVE YOU

by Robert Graves

Truly to love you
I must become you,
And to become you
I must leave behind
All that is not you,
These passionate monsters,
The imaginations
Of my jealous mind.

Deyá, July 7, 1971

CHINA THROUGH ROSE-TINTED GLASSES

by Stanley Karnow

After being *terra incognita* to most Americans for more than twenty years, the People's Republic of China is currently opening up to U.S. newsmen and other visitors. The result has been an outpouring of newspaper dispatches, magazine articles, television shows, and books on China and the Chinese, and there seems to be no end to the accounts on the subject we can expect in the future. Quantity, however, has not visibly improved quality. Having frequently magnified the Communist regime's shortcomings in the past as they assessed China from afar, on-the-spot American observers now appear to be leaping to the other extreme of portraying the country in nothing but euphoric prose. Thus we may be substituting one set of illusions for another, without coming substantially closer to any plausible understanding of a land whose realities are difficult enough for even disinterested scholars to fathom. The potential danger in this, I fear, is that the pendulum may swing back again to jeopardize a stable relationship unless both Chinese and Americans seek a balanced appreciation of one another. At the moment, though, the American view of China is plainly tilted.

Some of our most prominent journalists are responsible for the

tilt. In 1961, for example, the columnist Joseph Alsop was writing that the Chinese diet averaged six hundred calories per day, and that this "methodical and rationed" starvation was a deliberate policy designed by the Peking government to reduce the population and thereby ease the pressure on available resources. But after a recent visit to China, during which he was regally treated, Alsop ecstatically praised Chinese agricultural progress and estimated Chinese farmers to be among the richest in Asia.

The usually perceptive New York *Times* columnist, James Reston, underwent a similar transformation. He asserted a decade ago that the Chinese had "made such a ghastly mess of their revolution" that they were attacking India in order to "halt the more democratic development of that country." Reporting from China in 1971, however, Reston likened the Chinese revolution to an old-fashioned "cooperative barn-raising" that ought to make Americans "outrageously nostalgic and even sentimental."

Even a seasoned correspondent like Harrison Salisbury, also of the *Times*, was carried away during his China tour. Quoting a Chinese official as saying that labor reform had been "the great experience of my

life," Salisbury commented that he knew the man was telling the truth "from the emotion in his voice, the reverence with which he spoke."

The list of other American converts could go on to include, besides newsmen, such diverse celebrities as John Kenneth Galbraith and Shirley MacLaine as well as a distinguished Washington lady I prefer not to identify, who gushed at me over lunch in Peking one day not long ago: "It's so marvelous here I could stay forever."

Predictably, the shrewd Chinese leaders see through such flattery, and some have even voiced disappointment that the U.S. media are not tougher on China. Recalling the coverage during President Nixon's trip to Peking last year, for example, Premier Chou En-lai complained to a group of visiting scholars not long ago that the American television crews on the journey "only took pictures of beautiful things" and ignored China's uglier sights. Chiao Kuan-hua, the deputy foreign minister, made the same point recently. "American journalists are not critical enough," he said. "They used to write that everything in China was wrong. Now they write that everything in China is right."

Writing in *Commentary* a couple of months ago, Sheila K. Johnson

detected a resemblance between the present admiration for China and the enthusiasm shown by American visitors to the Soviet Union in the 1920s and 1930s. But in my opinion, many of those who applauded the Soviet experiment in those days had socialist leanings, while the current crop of China partisans bears no particular ideological stamp. Ironically, in fact, among the most vocal critics of China at present are members of the leftist Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars who have been disappointed by the Chinese rapprochement with Richard Nixon in much the same way that the Old Left became disenchanted with the Kremlin following the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact of 1939. It seems to me, then, that a number of other factors are combining to prompt Americans to look at China through rose-tinted glasses.

The new Maoist man

One of these factors, in the case of the media at least, is simply fashion. Both the Ping-Pong breakthrough in the spring of 1971 and President Nixon's Peking trip less than a year later were carefully stage-managed to create maximum impact, and the media, always hungry for a new story, rediscovered China. But a different China. The monstrous China of the Korean conflict and the Cold War which threatened its neighbors and enslaved its own people now became the China of acupuncture, ancient art treasures, delicious food, purposeful peasants sculpting the countryside, and, of course, the brilliant, handsome, witty Chou En-lai. The *New York Times*, the taste maker of American journalism, no longer called the Chinese government "the most totalitarian regime of the 20th century," as it had in 1959, but instead published pieces affirming that Mao Tse-tung's doctrines had "propelled China into a continuing revolution that is producing a new

society and a new 'Maoist man.'" Going even further, Salisbury in his book contended that this new "Maoist man" presented a spiritual challenge to decadent Americans: "When would the New American Man and the New American Woman walk the earth, proud and confident, making the oceans boil and the continents shake?"

Although the White House cannot easily manipulate reporters to express certain viewpoints, it does set a tone, and, I would submit, the Nixon Administration deliberately contributed to the China vogue in the press. George Kennan once noted that there is a "curious trait of the American political personality which causes it to appear reprehensible to voice anything less than unlimited optimism about the fortunes of another government one has adopted as a friend," and Mr. Nixon's behavior fitted that pattern exactly as he prepared to improve U.S. relations with Peking. Perhaps, with his public relations mentality, he felt that he could not "sell" China to the American voter unless he depicted it in glowing terms. In any case, he ceased referring to the Chinese regime as Communist, and he instructed the U.S. Information Agency to stop producing materials critical of China. He also ordered State Department and Central Intelligence Agency specialists not to reveal details on continuing political tensions inside China, and, when news of Lin Piao's alleged coup attempt against Mao Tse-tung and subsequent death appeared in American newspapers, his aides reportedly considered giving lie-detector tests to U.S. officials suspected of having leaked the intelligence.

Henry Kissinger added to this heady mood by lauding Chou En-lai and praising China's *Weltanschauung*. The climax of the buildup was the President's journey to Peking, which he organized as a television spectacular. Suddenly China was respectable. And the media took their cue from the White House.

In large measure, I think, both the media and the public have swung from extreme hostility to ex-

treme affection—and could swing back again—because they share a peculiarly American passion about China. That feeling has often been described as a "love-hate" syndrome, but I would characterize it as a sense of responsibility toward China. While other Western nations accepted the Chinese as they were, we tried to befriend them and to mold them into our own shape. We set aside the Boxer indemnity as an educational fund. Our missionaries went forth to civilize the Chinese with doses of religion and toothpaste, and, as children, we all collected pennies to save them from famine.

Our emotions rose during the Japanese invasion of China. Chiang Kai-shek became *Time's* Man of the Year, and Harold Isaacs, appraising that period in retrospect, would later write that "the image-makers in their simple-minded enthusiasm had turned China at war into a movie set and had made the Chinese into plaster saints." The American sense of responsibility toward China continued even after the glorious Chiang and his wife began to show serious signs of corruption and ineptitude. Blithely assuming that Americans held the key to China's destiny, *Time* asserted in mid-1946 that if the United States "cannot somehow bring about a liberal revolution within the Kuomintang, then it had better clear out" of the country.

Apart from strategic considerations, the take-over of China by the Communists and their subsequent anti-American posture traumatized Americans. We were disappointed, confused, and incredulous that the Chinese could turn against us. Our illusory trust in them had been betrayed, and we could only explain the phenomenon to ourselves by inventing the new illusion that they were Soviet puppets. Thus Dean Rusk described the infant People's Republic of China as a "Slavic Manchukuo," and a *New York Times* editorial intoned that "it is both our right and our duty to wait for further evidence before we recognize the Communist regime as a genuinely sovereign government." Afterwards, when that

Stanley Karnow, former Far East correspondent for *Time* and diplomatic correspondent for the *Washington Post*, now reports for NBC.

dream had evaporated, we persisted in the notion that the Chinese people were different from their Communist masters and, we hoped, still retained a fondness for us. That notion, oddly enough, is echoed in present efforts by Peking to distinguish the American people from the U.S. government, which, despite the current détente, continues to be labeled "imperialist."

I observed an exaggerated form of the American ambivalence toward China in the late Henry Luce, with whom I traveled around Asia some years ago. Born in China of missionary parents, he was torn between his love for the Chinese and his implacable hatred of Communism, and this schizophrenia prompted him to irrational outbursts. He would explode at the suggestion that the Communist Chinese were successful, with the argument that "Communists can't be successful," and, with equal vehemence, he would explode at the suggestion that the Communist Chinese were failing, with the argument that "Chinese can't fail." Luce found an outlet for his Sinophilia in his veneration of Chiang Kai-shek, and he admitted as much in a memorandum he sent to his editors from Taiwan. He conceded that he "did not probe energetically into the question of what if anything is wrong with Taiwan" because, he wrote, "I was in the home of my friends." He nevertheless went on to portray Chiang as radiating "vitality and confidence," concluding that the Nationalists had done "a wonderful job." It may be interesting to speculate on what he would have written from China, which he hoped to visit before his death. My guess is that he would have sent his editors the same kind of memorandum.

Just as Luce refrained from probing "energetically" in Taiwan, most American newsmen visiting China these days are reluctant to pose tough questions. I have been on two journalistic tours to China within the past year or so, and on neither trip did my colleagues or I delve as deeply as we might have into certain sensitive subjects. For example, we hesitated to ask about China's

defense establishment and its advanced weapons program, and we made no attempt to seek out dissenters opposed to the regime, as reporters almost invariably do in the Soviet Union. Nor did we complain when the Chinese refused to show us such innocuous places as a newspaper office or a television station. Hard as it is to admit, I think that our mildness was partly motivated by the opportunistic concern that we might be blacklisted from getting back to China if we raised a fuss. But more significantly, we were probably sentimental enough to believe that we could not be discourteous. Subliminally perhaps, we still viewed the Chinese as underdogs to whom we owed our sympathy, and thus we bent over backwards to be polite.

China gap

Matching the American passion for China is an abysmal American ignorance of China, especially in the media. This stems in part from the reluctance of media executives to train or employ specialists whose range is limited. As a consequence, there are few American journalists who speak Chinese or know much about modern Chinese history, and even those who do are not secure. In Hong Kong a few years ago, a rare correspondent who was fluent in Chinese and had traveled in China failed to impress his editors because, as one of them put it, "he can't cover anything else." During the President's trip to China last year, most of the publications represented viewed the journey as a prestige exercise and sent along their Washington bureau chiefs or White House correspondents rather than their Asia veterans. Similarly, the television networks regarded the event as a vehicle for their superstars, whose coverage was generally so absurd that *Newsweek* critic Joseph Morgenstern was prompted to comment that they "popped up with hundred-year-old egg on their faces."

The ignorance about China also stems from the short attention span of the men who manage the media.

They are interested, indeed excited, when the Cultural Revolution is convulsing the country or when the President visits Peking. But they quickly turn off as the story loses its drama. After all, accounts of grain production or birth control or esoteric political rivalries among people with unpronounceable names do not thrill newspaper readers or television audiences. The result is a lack of continuity in China coverage. Moreover, the failure to follow the subject leaves the media unprepared to report fully when a major development does occur. The President's trip is a good case in point. I know of no journalist who could have predicted Mr. Nixon's announcement in July, 1971, that he planned to visit China. The project was so secret, in fact, that its disclosure surprised even senior State Department officials. Yet any correspondent who had studiously watched the complex evolution of Sino-American relations since the end of 1968 could have given his clients more than a headline. The number of correspondents in a position to do so, however, was woefully small.

Tourist circuit

The fact that some American reporters are currently getting into China, even for short periods, is certainly an improvement over the days when the country was closed to U.S. media. Now we can at least acquire a sense of China's physical magnitudes and human dimensions instead of relying mainly on information and refugees coming into Hong Kong, as I did for years. Here again, though, the untutored visitor faces serious pitfalls. The foreigner in China is on a guided tour. He is taken to showcase communes, factories, and schools, where the Chinese he sees are carefully selected skills.

On a trip to China a few months ago, our group of seven newsmen was accompanied everywhere by two officials, and the efficiency with which we were handled on a visit to a Peking air-raid shelter suggested that the officials in charge of the underground site did little else than cater to foreign guests. Outside the

capital, at a school for indoctrinating Communist Party cadres, a welcome sign in English also indicated that we were in a showcase installation. In fact, we strayed from our prepared itinerary only once—when our car accidentally hit a cyclist on a road near Peking. With our guide in command, we drove the injured cyclist to a hospital located inside an army camp that would normally have been off limits to us. But we saw nothing of the camp beyond the room in which we were served tea.

Yet despite obvious news management, many journalists who visit

China inevitably operate on the old-fashioned reporter's principle that seeing is believing. Editors reinforce this tendency to equate presence and credibility by attaching enormous importance to datelines. I recall a television debate several years ago in which Han Suyin cut short Joseph Alsop's critical remarks about China with the devastating question: "When was the last time you were there, Mr. Alsop?" Now that Alsop has been to China, we may expect him to use the same line to parry criticism of his observations.

Although every major American wire service, newspaper, and televi-

sion network is bucking to open a bureau in China, I'm inclined to doubt that newsmen stationed permanently in Peking will perform appreciably better than visiting reporters. The foreign correspondents I saw there recently are, like the diplomatic community, restricted to a ghetto inside the city. They travel around the country only with special permission, which is not easily granted, and their only opportunity to observe the Chinese leaders is at banquets, receptions, and airport ceremonies. "The only Chinese I talk to regularly," a correspondent told me, "are my servants and my interpreter. They are provided by the government, so you can imagine how free our conversations are."

The problem of probing realities inside China even baffled Edgar Snow, who knew the country and its leaders better than any other American writer. A glance at his book *The Other Side of the River*, published in 1962, shows that he was unable to penetrate to the core of China's troubles at the time, even though he traveled extensively and had extraordinary access to Chinese officials. Among other things, he failed to perceive the tensions then going on inside the Communist Party, and caught up with them only eight years later in a revised edition of his book entitled *Red China Today*. A comparison of the two editions underlines the extent to which Snow, despite his experience, was very much in the dark. In the original, for example, he describes Liu Shao-chi as Mao's successor and states that Liu "today works as closely with him as formerly." By 1970 Liu had been purged, and the sentence in the original version replaced by a footnote saying that "by 1966 it became clear that Mao by no means did or ever had viewed Liu Shao-chi as his successor."

The tools a reporter needs in China are the same tools he must use everywhere—background knowledge and skepticism. The journalist in China should also fortify himself with the humility to recognize that he can only scratch the surface of a society that has intrigued and puzzled foreigners for centuries. □

THE SECRET WORK

by Irving Feldman

Nadezhda Mandelstam has told the story. In Strunino, after her husband's arrest, working the night shift in a textile factory, she runs, sleepless and distraught, among the machines, chanting his forbidden poems to herself to preserve them. And so for twenty-five years in Perm, in Moscow, in Voronezh, Leningrad, Ulianovsk, Samatikha . . .

A man with chills hugs himself,
rejoicing in his fever. She,
the frozen century's daughter, rejoices
in her secret, hugs to herself
the infant hidden in her breath,
the prophet she keeps close, safe, swaddled,
speaking.

She covers over, makes him
smaller, safer, no bigger than
a seed, a spark—search where they will,
they will not find him here, yet here
he is, a little voice praying,
an enormous voice prophesying,
this live coal held on her tongue
burning behind clenched teeth.

To herself, in herself, over
and over, what must not
be said aloud, not written down,
not whispered in corners, or left
to be smelled out clotting
at the ends of broken phrases
. . . the poems of her husband
going out in Siberia's night.

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LUKE'S SONG

A story by John Bart Gerald

Luke was a stranger, fair-haired, blue-eyed, high cheekbones, and skin like the snow out on the back fields where you could see him mid-winter dragging up wood to the barn. Keep the fires going. Sound of the chain saw ripping up the quiet in the whole lower end of town where the smoke hangs heavy from all the wood fires. Most people had their barns packed up to the hay-loft by mid-November with the wood sectioned and split. For Luke that's what all the long evenings of autumn were for, when the sun keeps hanging on and the dusk takes its own slow time to fade away on the mountainsides bursting reds and oranges and yellows popping right out on the maples and skinny white birches saying to the firs sweeping down off the crests—dark green stately giants, invincible—we are going to shine. And when the maple and birch and beech are all naked out there in the snow the evergreen stands alone with its kind through the silence and cold and darkness of the winter nights. Just as if that was the way it was meant to be.

Luke, in shelter from the wind with the light bulb letting out its hundred-watt glory through the barn window and the space in the sloppy way the doors hung, was making his peace with mother nature. Never did catch on as far as the townspeople were concerned.

Wife was the same way, least that's what he called her, driving up to the Grand Union about five fifty-eight just as they were closing the registers, with baby on hip and the little boy running down the aisles zipping the cans off the shelves, stocking the bags of beans and sugar into the shopping cart, sardines and chocolate like they lived on it. She'd pick up the ham or pounds and pounds of ground chuck. Got to the post office too late. Drove around for days after the registration plates expired until finally one of the officers would pull them over if they were lucky before the state got to them. Wonder the boy ever got to school on time.

Now. There isn't that much to do in a small town. Most every family in town managed to get through the day all right. But Luke and his people left a path through the day and through the town like a man with one snowshoe and that one on the

left foot wandering across a high meadow. Tracks were there for anyone to see, bear-paw and footprint breaking through the crust. We liked him. Liked his skinny wife. Had a body like a young willow keeping well out of his way when the anger was on him, eyeing his shoulders and back with the white light glitter in her eyes, laughing at the way he messed up the boys' hair.

You could see them at church Sunday morning sitting in a row, him with his suit on, she with a dress full of colors and designs, the baby sucking on her tit full sermon with the boy reading the back pages of the hymnal nose running, a little family of saints, apparently. Unless you lived on their street. Heard long about nine-thirty say, them getting into a fight with the windows open—she never pulled the curtains anyway. They'd stomp around, scream and holler, you know—never did catch on, then suddenly it was all quiet and the lights would go off plink pop, then there'd be the cricket music and the rustle of full trees and the soft white glow of the moon up there amid the stars. She'd start cooing like a dove. The kids in houses either side—parents didn't know what to do at first, cooing like the ice breaking in late spring, you'd know the water was moving fast underneath and they'd talk to each other, man, like singers on the old opera. If it wasn't too late, Wellerford would go out and turn on the radio full blast in his pickup truck and tinker with the motor to keep the kids' ears clean, least that's what he did on Saturday afternoon when it happened.

Were some people said they wouldn't last five months in town, not that Old Station didn't encourage young people who kept their curtains drawn, had a stable source of income, saw eye to eye with the townfolk, voted Republican, kept their noses clean, and in effect kept out the kind of men and women used to drive up and spend the day who knows where from—sprouting out of the hills and back farmhouses, or the kind Luke brought home to visit from trips to the city. Or the visitors from out of state who were all of a piece with hair sprouting a foot or so behind their ears and beards and bandannas and babies hanging on their hips or backs and quilts stuffed in the back of their VW vans like gypsies with dogs and cats and darned if

there weren't chickens and rabbits and once in a while a kid goat back there too, be brought out and played with, all the kids running around an animal bag of feed apples.

Never knew what would be in the back of a pickup pulled up at Luke's house, kind of like a discovery bag of prizes for the kiddies, went on like that for two or three years. Never knew what was going to happen, could be right in the middle of Sunday lunch or after everyone had gone to sleep on a Wednesday night, clankety clank some old heap lied through inspection with the grace of God and in at least two or three minor collisions since then sputter up to the house and stop exhausted, and out would tumble three or four raggedy kids and then some grown-up kids three or so, once in a while a couple but you never would know who was married to who if that was the case and in the summer half of them didn't have much luck keeping clothes on their bodies anyway. Moira would come out and start hugging and kissing, don't know how Luke liked that standing on the porch smiling with his arms folded, resting on one leg then the other—never got quite so excited, more likely to hunker down and scratch the ears of his dog.

Every now and then on a weekend there would be in that low-slung farmhouse and buttermilk barn five or six young men in their twenties with a whole hassle of women and children and dogs and animals, so they'd be out digging holes for crappers behind the barn lest the plumbing get stopped up.

What it did to the street was not to be believed. Set everyone right on edge and the drone of the TV sets, six o'clock news, and all the chicken salad sandwiches and barbecued hot dogs, twelve-year-olds working up a two-base game in the cow pasture, couldn't quite take the edge off the men. Nobody knew what they were doing, where they came from or just what they were doing there in Old Station—drinking beer and smoking over at Luke's house. Not to say it wasn't on most people's minds. Sooner or later most everyone who felt the urge would meander by, the Old Station police department, a selectman, representative from the Lions, forest warden, Commander of the Amvets—that's just to start you thinking—would drift by. Tommy Parkins and his brother-in-law would pass with the gun rack slung double in the back window of his pickup. But not so you'd notice anything unordinary about the traffic.

Then when you'd just about be getting used to the visitation, right, they'd all pile back into the VW or Econoline, Corvair or old Dodge pickup, goats and squawking chickens crying laughing children, beards and bandannas and sweat and there Luke would be standing on the purple deck of his front porch with his woman tucked up in his arm-

pit, the baby screaming her head off inside and the boy wrestling the dog while all those people waved good-bye and disappeared.

Once late January state police found a VW bug up against a telephone pole on Cherry Hill Road and pretty soon the church warden dropped by to ask Luke about it. Nobody ever did find who belonged to the car or what happened to them. Out at the roadhouse someone claimed to have followed a bus from Luke's out to the interstate. It was an old school bus and could have been carrying anything but the roads were iced and the bus got up to seventy or so heading north, so it was only a fool would try to keep up with them. Sooner or later the police chief decided Luke was engaged in some kind of illegal traffic and while they were all off visiting family one weekend he took a sample out of a fifty-pound bag of white powder leaned up against the chicken food in the barn to the state police headquarters over at the capitol. Turned out to be grade A lime. Forgot to shut the storeroom door, so the goat got in, ate the chicken food, kicked the shit out of the lime bag, chewed its way through an old harness, and ate a broom. Luke went down told the chief he'd just as soon sue next time, could use the money to get through the winter.

Johnny Hodges, Burt Murchison, and Chambers Hampton came back from the war in boxes, flown up from Washington to the radar station, and the highway department brought them into Old Station on a sander. People wanted them buried at home. It was spring and the apple trees were pushing out white blossoms with the little sprays of pink deep inside smelling like a lady never forgot. The boy scouts were out, kerchiefs and banner, and the World War II vets, the ladies' auxiliary, the fire department, the politicians, and most of the people who belonged in town, they were all there. The flags draped over the coffins like clean sheets. The earth rich, holding to itself, dark brown, not quite ready for planting and the soft breeze of one of those days comes early, reminding you of summer and lilies, the swinging rope down by the river and the great trunk stretched out and slipping under the current. The families were all there. Burt's wife and children. No one cried. The crying was all done. Burt's wife had eyes which looked like the sky had put them out—like she woke up one morning and looked up at the clear sky and her eyes kept opening wider and wider and wider as though she was looking for Burt up there or the warm staff of his body since she had stayed with him, alone, even after they'd said—there was nothing there. Her eyes blinked like a wren on a branch, and blinked as the shovelfuls fell on the casket and the man's words droned on and on. When it was all over they turned back to their cars, and Luke was standing by his pickup truck with his family, waiting. □

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THE BLIND HARPER

At home with the impoverished Anglo-Irish

by Mary Manning

"Before he died the Harper put a curse on the Kilrotherys. The Earl has a wall-eye, and the heir a slight lisp. I think it's dying out. So are the Kilrotherys. So are we all."

I've just been staying in Kilkenny with distant cousins, the Gavin-Wilmots, three stalwart maiden ladies in their late seventies. Their father, the General, died a few years ago at the age of ninety-six, leaving his affairs in dreadful disorder. Only God and their solicitor know how the Miss Gavin-Wilmots manage to keep going. Mount Gavin, their place (please understand that in Irish county parlance a house is not a home or even a house, it's a *place*) is a square Georgian dwelling, three stories, not counting the basement and the hall door slap in the middle. We approach through an avenue of limes; half a mile long, surrounded by disheveled parkland; most of the timber has been sold and the land rented for grazing. The stables are vast and empty. There has not been a horse box occupied for fifty years; even the stable clock is faceless and the weathervane is broken. The bell which used to ring thrice daily for thirty retainers is rusted and silent forever. However, the gardens are very fine and during the summer months are open to the public. Distasteful, but it helps with the upkeep!

The ladies are terrible snobs and would seem to be living still in the world of Somerville and Ross and widespread feudalism. Miss Violet Gavin-Wilmot does the gardening herself—the gardens were laid out by her grandfather—and she is aided by old Jimmy, who lives in the tumbledown lodge, and a procession of small boys from the village who do the weeding. They live in one wing of the house. The rest is given over to spiders, mice, and an occasional invasion of pigeons through broken windows. Miss Marigold, who is a bird watcher, says she has seen some "very rare visitors" in the great drawing room. Mount Gavin is situated one mile from the village of Kilrothery and twenty miles from the Norman city of Kilkenny.

I arrived on a Friday afternoon and was welcomed by the ladies with tea and scones. Later I was brought up to my room by Miss Pansy, who took care of household duties. Even though it was June, the house was strangely cold.

"Dinner at seven, dear. A glass of sherry at six-thirty in the small drawing room off the library. Oh no, don't bother to change, we *never* do. You better close your windows after sunset, if you're afraid of bats. We got rid of the mice several months ago, so pay no attention to the smell in the wardrobe. You haven't a thing to fear." She closed the door, smiling affably. I closed the windows without waiting for sunset, mainly because there was no sun to set—the sky was overcast and lowering. The smell in the wardrobe was hard to analyze. I can only say it revived memories of the unisex washrooms on the New York, New Haven & Hartford RR.

After a dinner of mutton broth, mutton chops, mashed turnip, and red jelly, we adjourned to the small drawing room for our coffee. By lamplight (it was now pouring rain outside and very dark) the room took on a rather dim grandeur. You didn't see the cracks in the china or the sad condition of the upholstery or the threadbare carpets. The Georgian mirror over the fireplace—in between the black spots—reflected the cropped white heads of the ladies, their gnarled red hands engaged in stitching what seemed to be their own shrouds, and the recumbent forms of three smelly old dogs. One of them, a pom called Gertie, seemed to be at point of death. Three lamps were all they would allow themselves and they were designed more for camouflage than reading.

"Now dear." Violet laid down her sewing and addressed me. I could see she was the leader; the younger sisters obeyed, theirs not to reason why. "Tomorrow morning we'll take a trot round the gardens and later Marigold will drive you down to the village. Are you listening, Marigold?"

"Yes, Vi dear."

"You'll probably need to do some shopping. Oh yes, you will. You'll probably need stamps, everyone does. Tomorrow evening you and I are invited to dine at Fox Hall. We take it in turns to attend

social functions, nobody wants three single girls. The General hammered *that* into us. A quiet day Sunday. Church in the evening. Vespers. Supper very informal afterwards at the castle. No need for formality. The Kilrotherys don't care. That makes quite a busy weekend."

"It certainly does," I answered gratefully. "Do tell me about Fox Hall."

"Oh." Violet tittered and tossed her head. "The ironmonger's widow, Lady Fox. Her late husband made a fortune in some kind of vulgar ironware, for which he was knighted. He was up from nothing."

"I'm very fond of Jeannie Fox," said Pansy gently; she was echoed by her sister.

"Of course. She *means* well. The General would have said no, but times have changed. The other guests will include Ollie, Sir Oliver Piper, of Pipers-town. Bad legs. Wheelchair; breeds Siamese cats. Never married. Has male nurses or attendants."

"Favorites, dear, like James the First," said Marigold knowingly.

"His mother was a Butler. Everyone in Kilkenny is a Butler or related to Butlers. We're all cousins—distant or otherwise."

"What *is* a distant cousin?" remarked Pansy. "I've often wondered."

"Someone quite far removed," said Marigold, "usually to Australia."

Violet continued raising her voice to keep the others in their place. "Dr. Macartney is to be there also. He is our local G.P. Now retired. His son has taken over. Only just in time; the pills were getting mixed up."

"Violet dear," Marigold ventured, "there was only *one* pill for everything and he kept them loose in his pocket, mixed up with bits of fluff and breadcrumbs."

"To be perfectly frank," Violet addressed me frowning, "he is dreadfully coarse and outspoken, doesn't believe in God, but basically true blue. Yes, I will say for Dr. Alfie his manners are the same in castle and cabin—straight from the shoulder!"

"His mother was a Butler." Pansy snipped off thread like one of the Fates.

"Then there is to be Colonel Bob Cunningham V.C. retired. Late of the Queen's Own. Our father the *General*, of course, was Seventh Lancers. The Colonel is a widower. Lives alone, tended by a housekeeper who does *not* have his best interests at heart. His place, Cunningham Court, was sold during the war. It is now a Catholic Seminary. Sad!"

There was a brooding silence broken again by Violet.

"I must explain about church, our church. The

rector, Bill Whitehead, has to cover three parishes so we only have a service every three weeks. This time it's Vespers. I hate to shock you, dear, but there are only fifty-two Protestants between the three parishes."

"Where have they all gone?"

"To far-flung outposts of the Empire, one presumes."

"You forget the Empire has gone too, Violet," remarked Pansy.

Violet stabbed at her needlework. "First the Stab In The Back, I allude to the rebellion of 1916 and then the Troubles, when so many of us were burned out. During the reign of Queen Victoria our church was crowded."

"I'm afraid, dear, that was because the Countess handed out food to the starving peasantry persuading them to turn . . ."

"And of course with customary Irish treachery they turned right back when the Famine was over. To be frank, our church service is Low. We can't even have a choir; there don't seem to be any Protestant singers. The organ is operated by the handicapped son of a Protestant plumber. Naturally poor Bill Whitehead is very depressed and angry and his sermons are *not* cheerful."

"Yes," sighed Pansy, "he's much happier at funerals."

"I'm afraid this is a very dull backwater," said Pansy, putting away her shroud. "Except for the Blind Harper."

"The Blind Harper?"

"Yes, during the rebellion of 1798 Darby O'Flynn, a famous Blind Harper, was captured by British troops and hanged from a tree in Kilrothery park. He was supposed to have been a spy for the rebels. The Earl handed him over to the British, in spite of appeals for mercy from the surrounding countryside. Before he died the Harper put a curse on the Kilrotherys."

"Did it work?"

"Yes indeed. Withered arms, deaf-mutes, webbed feet, harelips, cauliflower ears, twisted noses. Just one thing after another."

"Is the present family—er—afflicted?" I asked fearfully.

"Not too bad. The Earl has a wall-eye, and the heir a slight lisp. I think it's dying out. So are the Kilrotherys. No money. So are we all."

"And now to bed," Violet announced decisively. She certainly barked out the orders. I was sure she took after the General—Seventh Lancers of course!

There seemed to be a large animal scampering around my room all night. Toward dawn I fell asleep but my dreams were rather fevered, and centered round the Blind Harper.

"Well, now I'm going to take you on a conducted tour of the gardens," Violet announced the

Mary Manning's previous articles for *The Atlantic* have included a report from Belfast and "The Dublin Social Scene" (February, 1973).

next morning shortly after breakfast. It was raining heavily, and was, the ladies acknowledged, very cold for June. Violet was wearing a sagging tweed suit, a horse blanket over her shoulders, a man's hat on her head, and seven-leagued gumboots on her feet.

"I'll lend you the General's deerstalker." As usual she rapped out the orders. "You must have something to wear on your head. Those are very light shoes you're wearing. Never mind, you can dry them in the kitchen when we get back. Marigold, be ready with the car at eleven, that will give her time to dry off and then you can make for the village. Now, forward men, as the General used to say."

We crossed the badly mown lawn followed very slowly by the dogs. I caught a glimpse of the old gardener asleep in the nearest greenhouse with the *Irish Times* over his face.

"There's old Jimmy." I noticed the adjective "old" was prefixed before everyone's name, including quite rightly the dogs. "Come on Chappy old boy! Here Chummy old girl! To heel! Ah yes, there's old Jimmy. He should be pricking out some seedlings, but he loves a little nap. After all he's eighty-two." Some beech trees were grouped at the farthest end of the lawn. Violet waved what had become to me a mailed fist at them. "You would have loved this in early spring. Sheets of *Eranthis hyemalis* under the *Fagus sylvatica* and white clouds of *Galanthus*."

"This is all Greek to me, cousin Vi."

"Latin, old girl, Latin. We always use the botanical names. The General couldn't bring himself to say snowdrop. It was our dear mother named us, we were all three born in India and she was homesick for our Irish garden. The general used to call us his wallflowers. Term of derision, of course, and it sank in. . . . Men can be brutal!"

I tottered after her; my shoes were squelching. Now yew hedges enclosed us in a square. This was, I gathered, the rose garden. In the beds were quite big bushes some six feet high. The flowers were undoubtedly roses, but their shape was different, flatter faces, and many were strange shades of mauve and crimson. A few were striped.

Violet stood still and surveyed them worshipfully. "Aren't they glorious? We wouldn't have a hybrid tea in the garden. So vulgar. The General called them upstarts. These are the roses of olden days. Elizabethan, Tudor." She moved in amongst the beds snipping here and there with her secateurs and talking to herself: "It's Charles de Mills; he's getting far too close to the Duchesse d'Angoulême and he's so strong." Snip! Charles was put in his place. "Oh and would you look at Alaba Celeste. She's being overpowered in the bed by Fantin de la Tour." My head was spinning; I seemed to be moving in a wonderland of botanical double entendre. My cousin moved on to another



bush. "Now I must introduce you to dear Madame Hardy. We had a little trouble with her at first; she was too near King Arthur, but now all is well." She faced me sternly. "And let me tell you one thing: Rosa Mouschata is hopeless in the bed, but very good against the wall. Remember." I promised to remember. I would have promised anything in return for warmth and shelter.

"We better return to the house; I can see you're rather chilled. You must get to the village before closing. I have two busloads of tourists this afternoon; horticulturists from Scotland. They're the worst; you need half a dozen Sherlock Holmeses to watch them."

"Are you open tomorrow, cousin Vi?"

"Oh no. Never on Sundays."

I was taken down to the kitchen for drying-out purposes. "We'll put your coat and shoes beside the Aga stove; they'll be dry in a jiffy. We've had it since 1932; it's quite a museum piece." I was introduced to old Ellie, a mountainous subhuman female, attached to a kitchen chair. Suffice to say the kitchen was below sea level, vast, stone-floored, and faintly nauseating. Pansy brought me a spoonful of cooking sherry in a cracked Waterford glass and then my wearing apparel was pronounced dry and the call came from above to start for the village. Marigold, booted and spurred with old Gertie, the aged dog, under her arm, was awaiting me in the hall. "You don't mind old Gert: she loves a little outing!"

The village of Kilrothery resembled, it seemed to me, all other Irish villages. It consisted of one straight main street with a very small Protestant church one end and a very large new Catholic church the other end. In between were three public houses boasting "lounges"; several small shops; a

beauty salon, "St. Rita's"; and the hotel, not surprisingly named The Blind Harper, which was smart and up-to-date, and, Marigold told me, noted for its excellent cuisine. "Run by a Swiss, *need* I say." The houses along the street used to be a drab gray, but since the government ordered everyone to think beautiful the villagers had gone mad painting their houses the colors of the rainbow. They also competed with each other with flower-filled window boxes, the hotel being an easy winner.

Marigold obviously loved it all. Every inhabitant, every stick and stone was a familiar old friend. She drove slowly through it like a queen bowing and smiling and waving, calling out greetings.

"Casey the butcher is our first stop. We'll park here." Casey's house, he lived over the shop, was suitably enough painted a blood red. He was chopping away at a sheep's torso when we entered. There was nobody else in the shop and I was introduced as "our cousin; her grandmother was a Butler."

"You'll find this quieter than New York. I had a cousin came here from New York a few years back and he got so frightened by the quiet, he left in a few days." He sank his voice to a conspiratorial whisper and addressed Marigold: "Did you hear what Mr. FitzUrse was took up for?"

"Mr. FitzUrse! Took up? Whatever do you mean?"

"Annoying errand boys they called it."

"Annoying errand boys? Nonsense. He's a member of our congregation. Very old family. His sister is married to a Butler."

"Well ma'am, they said it was boogery pure and simple. Of course they hushed it up, but I got it from the housekeeper and she should know. A lot of gentlemen gets very queer in their old age."

"I want six good-sized lamb chops, Mr. Casey, if you please." Marigold drew herself up with dignity. "Thank God Mrs. FitzUrse is dead."

"Ah indeed, thanks be to God. A nicer lady never drew breath. She loved her bit of calves liver. John, sez she the last time I sees her, John send me a bit of calves liver and I'll be a new woman. Now wasn't that a lovely thing to remember her by—calves liver. That will be sixty-five p., Miss Marigold. God bless . . ."

"He's a terrible gossip. I shouldn't listen to him," murmured Marigold as we emerged into the street. "Now we must go to Gaffney's, the provision merchant. He sells literally everything. Also he's a bad case of arthritis and never stops talking about it."

Gaffney's was very dark and smelled of bad cheese and Mr. G. was very twisted and pallid and also smelled of cheese.

"Half a pound of Blue Band margarine, bottle of tomato chutney, and half a pound of back rashers. How's the arthritis, Joe?"

"Well, I'm rubbin' meself all over with Father James lotion and I gets the wife to put a fresh cowpad between me shoulders every second night. Me nephew brings them to me straight from the fields steamin'."

Marigold shuddered. I listened fascinated. "Cowpads, how odd!"

"'Tis an old cure, they say, comes down from the kings of Ireland. Very dull day."

"Isn't it? Yesterday was lovely though. How's your wife?"

"Well, thank God. The brother was took bad though. Got an awful pain in the pit of his stummick. Of course we thought it was his appendage. The doctor came and felt him all over. That's no appendage, says he, 'tis a windlock. So he gives him three terrible slaps on the stummick and tells him to go to the end of the field and wait. And when it came, Miss Marigold, it was like a bomb goin' off. And he's never felt better."

"Wonderful! That will be all thanks, Joe." We left, followed by the inevitable God Bless.

"He seems to have a very sad life," I murmured.

"Not at all. His son is high up in the government. Now we must go to the chemist. Poor old Ellie has kidney trouble and she wants some Doan's backache cure and salts. We better drive there. It seems to be raining again. Are you sure you don't want stamps? Quiet, Gertie. You'll get your drop of whiskey when we get home." (Gertie has since died of acute alcoholism.)

"No stamps thank you. There won't be time to write; you've planned such a gay weekend for me."

The chemist or Medical Hall, as it was styled, was dazzlingly clean, and rather like entering a Frigidaire. Mr. Gogan the pharmacist had already retired for lunch but Miss Donnelly, his assistant, waited on us.

"Very dull day, Miss Marigold," Miss Donnelly greeted her. The poor girl's teeth were positively chattering. Marigold gave her orders. "You ought to have a stove here, Miss Donnelly."

"Mr. G's always getting one and never gets it. He doesn't feel the cold himself because of his underwear. Two sets of everything down to ankles and wrists. All wool."

"Gracious! No wonder."

"Sure I have to run down to The Blind Harper to get a bit of warmth. Thank you. Good day. God Bless . . ."

"How does she *know* about Mr. Gogan's underwear?" Marigold pondered her thoughts aloud.

"The thought did occur to me."

At six-thirty that evening Violet tapped on my door. "Ready, old girl? I just changed into a low-neck." She was wearing a shapeless gray wool dress, the neckline coming just below the collarbone. "This was run up some years ago

by a little woman in the village. How nice you look. Don't need to wrap up too much. Jeannie Fox has that dreadful central heating blazing away all the year round. Pansy, give Gertie a little whiskey and milk. Marigold, don't forget to stoke the Aga. See you later." Violet's driving could only be described as keep going—smash through at all costs. No quarter given or received. As we approached Fox Hall she kept up a continuous mutter of disgust and disapproval. "The old house was burned down in the Troubles and this red brick suburban horror was erected about twenty years ago by the ironmonger. Look at it! Only needs a bandstand and public urinal to be a People's Park." Just before we entered the house she muttered, "By the way, the doctor's teeth keep falling out if he gets excited. Just look the other way; we all do. And the butler Stanhope toured with a Shakespearean company for years in the provinces. He's almost a gentleman. By the way, I told them you were American."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, they took it in their stride."

Two very shrill, menacing dachshunds flew at us as we entered and were immediately quelled by the butler, who was Falstaffian in girth with a voice and manner to match. Lady Fox, plump, bejeweled, and mauve-haired, received us in what the butler described as the small salon. The carpet was a deep moss green and the slipcovers and curtains were madly floral. Decorating the mantelpiece and occasional tables and a bookcase were silver photograph frames containing the likenesses of the late Sir Gordon Fox and sons Derek and Geoffrey, with their wives and children.

The cast of characters was exactly as Violet had foretold. The doctor was a large old man with a long weatherbeaten face. The Colonel was tall, thin, rather stooped; he wore glasses and his teeth could only be described as intermittent. Sir Oliver, who resembled a very nattily dressed, mean old chimp, radiated malice from his wheelchair.

After I had been asked what I thought about President Nixon and if it was true there were a thousand murders a day in New York, I was taken on a guided tour of the silver photograph frames. Gin and tonic, as well as sherry, was handed out by Stanhope, who I suspected partook freely himself in privacy. Presently dinner was announced and a very beautiful young man called Eric arrived to wheel Ollie into the dining room. I was seated between the doctor and the Colonel. The contrast to Mount Gavin was painful. The dinner table was laden with silver and glass and all things nice and there seemed to be several of what used to be described as noiseless servants. Almost before we had finished the soup course, the doctor had given me his whole philosophy of life. It bore some resemblance to that of Samuel Beckett.

"Only two salient facts, dear lady, birth and death.



The predicament in between, so-called life, is a dirty business; a tale told by forty billion idiots."

"Don't you think we ought to have some form of international population control?" I asked. It was most unfortunate; I had unwittingly laid a time bomb.

"Yes, what's the answer, Alfie?" asked the Colonel, leaning forward, trailing his sleeve in his soup.

The doctor laughed. It was the laugh of Count Dracula on a night flight. "Sterilization is the answer, my friends. Fifty percent of all male children sterilized at birth. Same for the girls. Just to make sure. They can still copulate, of course, but they damn well can't overpopulate the world. The Church has got to fall into line. If I were facing the goddamn Pope at this moment, do you know what I'd say?" It was a time for serious intervention. The Colonel said very loudly: "Ollie, have you read the report of the Irish Wildlife Society on conservation?" The butler shouted "Sherry sir?" as he filled the doctor's glass and Ollie snarled back at the Colonel: "Don't be a fool, Bob, I never read anything except detective fiction." The Colonel continued: "These asinine drainage schemes of the government are destroying the natural habitat of very large numbers of game birds." The moment had passed. Everyone breathed easier. Now the second course had arrived, steak entrecôte, and everyone was busy helping himself, or watching others help themselves.

"And what's going to happen to my fishing rights?" asked the Colonel passionately of nobody in particular. "Ruin stares me in the face!" He turned to me as if I were the nearest personification of ruin. "You see, I rent my fishing stretch to visiting sportsmen in the season. Lord knows I get a wretched price for it—six guineas a day."

"They get fifty pounds a day in Scotland," said dear Ollie, adding fuel to the flames—his favorite pastime, I guessed. "What's *wrong* with us?"

The doctor banged the table; everyone started apprehensively. "Because we don't guard our salmon beds. We don't watch our spawning stock, which any Tom, Dick, and Harry can poach at his leisure. Oh no, we're too busy spawning unwanted children. Mark my words"—he shook a grimy forefinger at the hostess—"in another year there will be no more fishing on the Puddy."

After dinner, over coffee and brandy, country matters were discussed. The conversation was somewhat confused. The guests were all feeling Lady Fox's excellent wines.

"They're rebuilding the Blind Harper's cottage," announced the hostess. "Sugar, Bob?"

"Three please. You mean that old pigsty behind the hotel?"

"Yes, they're going to make it into a tourist attraction and serve Georgian teas in it, with someone harping beside the open fireplace."

"Nothing would ever make me give teas," said Violet decisively. "A tour of the gardens and that's it."

"What do you do about privies, Vi?" asked the doctor. He bit into a chocolate mint. There was an ominous click as his upper dentures descended. Everyone looked away. Click! They were in again. To cover the crisis, the Colonel asked me if Boston was north or south of New York and if any of my husband's ancestors had gone over on the Mayfly. Lady Fox chimed in eagerly with a question about the Boston Strangler. "I adore crime," she exclaimed. "I follow every crime passionately and the Strangler was my favorite."

At that moment a very pretty maidservant appeared wheeling a trolley laden with strong drinks. Stanhope had evidently retired.

"Whiskey anybody?" cried the hostess, waving the ice tongs.

"Frankly no," said Violet sternly. "I have to drive home."

"Chrissie," her ladyship addressed the sexy servant, "have they found that poor girl's body yet?"

"No, my lady, they haven't. It's terrible. Half the village is out looking for the body and the other half doesn't dare take a stroll in case they walk on it." She undulated out of the room all smiles.

"I don't think Chrissie wears anything under her uniform," said Lady Fox when the door had closed.

Ollie tittered. "There's certainly full frontal exposure."

The doctor laughed. "She's just keeping abreast of the times."

"This girl," continued the hostess, mixing death-dealing highballs. "One of the Canavans has disappeared leaving no trace. The worst is feared."

Again the doctor laughed. Everyone froze; something diabolical was coming. We were not disap-

pointed. "One of the Canavans? Well, if I know the Canavans she's off in Liverpool having a cut-rate abortion."

The rescue squad again rushed in. "The Blind Harper's been seen *and* heard, twanging a lament," said the Colonel loudly. "Something's afoot."

"Talking of feet, what will I do about General Burton's head?" cried Lady Fox, topping him. The conversation was now out of hand.

"What do you mean, General Burton's head?" asked Ollie. His face was scarlet; his mean little eyes were popping.

"I mean the stuffed head of a moose my husband's uncle shot in Canada in 1870. We've just been cleaning out the attics and we came across this enormous thing."

"Give it to the museum; they're always glad of a moose there. What sex is it?" asked the Colonel, showing tremendous interest born of alcohol.

"How can I tell, Bob? There's only the head."

"Speaking frankly," barked cousin Vi, "I've always wanted to see a moose. A real live moose in its primeval forest setting. Harmless lordly creatures . . ."

"Not so harmless," broke in the irrepressible doctor. "A bull moose in the mating season would charge an elephant."

Lady Fox ignored this and addressed Violet: "Would you like the moose, dear? You can have him. Say not a word. Fred will bring it over in the morning."

Violet paled. "Oh Jeannie, I couldn't really—it's too much—"

"Not another word; it's all yours."

The next afternoon there was a large crowd outside the Catholic church streaming into evening Mass; adding insult to injury, there was even a guard controlling traffic. Alas, there were no crowds outside the Protestant church. Only a few bicycles, a couple of shabby Minis, and the Fox Hall Rolls.

"But much more dignified, don't you think?" said Pansy proudly as we walked through the graves to the entrance doors. "At least we don't look like bees swarming."

"Frankly," said Violet, casting a contemptuous glance down the street, "I always feel that God is on our side. He is one of us." Many a one, I thought, had said that before—including Cromwell and the more prominent members of the Inquisition.

My cousin's pew was just behind Lady Fox's. The Colonel was seated across the aisle. He was winking away like a lighthouse. The setting sun cast a golden, rather dusty glow over the bald heads and arthritic bodies of the congregation. Lady Fox was dislocating her neck bowing to all and sundry and the snores of Sir Bannister Carey were already audible at the back of the church.

The rector was youngish, beetle-browed, and powerfully built.

"He's very clever," Violet whispered.

"Played rugby football for Ireland," added Pansy.

"Once the idol of the crowd," sighed Marigold.

Poor fellow. He was now playing to the smallest audience outside a flea circus!

"Hymn number 314," he announced angrily. The congregation staggered to its feet. I heard the Colonel's voice tuneless, but undaunted, rise above the quavering sounds around us.

For my comrades see the signal
Waving in the sky,
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.
Hold the fort for I am coming.
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven.
By thy grace we will.

I distinctly heard the Colonel's emendation: "Yes, by *God* we will."

The rector ascended the pulpit; he gripped the lectern with his hands and glared down on his sparse congregation.

"My text this evening," he began on rather a low note, "is taken from St. Paul, revised version by George Orwell." ("George Who?" whispered the sister.) "And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Money and the greatest of these is Money." I couldn't help thinking if he'd taken the text from the Marquis de Sade it would have passed unnoticed. Apart from the stone deaf, those who weren't dozing were thinking of their supper and those who weren't thinking of their supper were wholly incapable of any thought whatsoever. And this, I thought, was the end of Anglo-Ireland, for when all these people were dead, and death seemed imminent, who would take their place? Nobody. "Let us consider *murder*." The rector raised his voice. "Murder of the mind and the spirit. Because of our growing spiritual anemia, murder and money now dominate the world. The greed for money; the greed for power; and above all the greed, which transcends everything else, for oil. My friends, let us face facts. Let us wake out of our evil torpor. Christianity has failed. All religions have failed. Man has now lined up black against white. Red against yellow. Yellow against everything. 'Let us kill' is the international slogan." ("This must be one of those angry letters to the Corinthians," whispered Marigold. "Galatians I *think*," Pansy whispered back.) "Religion has failed to control Man. Because we have ravaged the fruits of the earth, we must now ravage the moon. Capitalism is crumbling. In fifty years Communism has leaped from barbarism to civilization and from civilization back to barbarism. We must act now." He pointed a shaking finger at the soporific form



of Sir Bannister Carey. "The devil that is in our midst we must throw out *now*. Those that would deflower our fair land, those hoggish land speculators, those grubby industrialists who befoul our rivers and massacre our woodlands, those oil fiends who blacken our beaches must Go! Go! Go! The demon Oil will choke *us*, as it has already done in other countries. Christ beat the money changers out of the Temple; he lashed them with words and he lashed them with whips." ("Hear! Hear! Hear!" came from the Colonel, who had now identified with the Messiah.) "And we must do the same. Out with them!" He pounded the edge of the pulpit with his powerful fist, thereby waking up at least five members of the congregation. "I will end with a quotation from William Blake:

Cruelty has a human heart
And jealousy a human face.

"And now"—he turned disgustedly away—"hymn number 543. 'There is a fountain filled with blood.'" He repeated "blood," rather gloatingly I thought. Ah, the Colonel was on his feet again, topping everyone with his off-key baritone.

At the conclusion of the service the rector stood outside the church in his shabby soutane, shabbier than ever in the callous evening sunlight.

"A wonderful sermon. It will hearten us for the rest of the week," said Pansy with heartfelt sincerity.

"Thank you. Your flowers were, as usual, a joy—" The rector almost fractured her hand with his powerful grip. "How are you, Colonel? This new development threat is very serious. Ah, Mrs. Chumley. I suppose you heard we're holding an ecumenical commemoration service in the Cathedral for our Blind Harper? Yes, we must all pull together. What did you say, Colonel? No, I don't

think assassination would solve the development problem. It never solves any problem. Good night."

"Tell me about the Kilrotherys," I asked nervously as we drove hell-for-leather toward the castle, our next engagement. At one point I thought Violet deliberately tried to run down two Christian Brothers who were taking an evening stroll. "Of course they're Butlers?"

"No, oddly enough, the family name is De Burgh. Simon De Burgh granted land by Henry II. Norman. We're all Normans in Kilkenny. I have to laugh when I think of President Kennedy boasting of being Irish. Fitzgerald is a Norman name." Marigold seemed to have local history at her fingertips. "Kilrothery everything in an unbroken line until Charles II and then . . ." She paused. "The Lady Kilrothery of the time, a great beauty, though you wouldn't think it from the portrait was—er—rather close to Charles, I fear. The son resulting bore an unmistakable likeness. However, Kilrothery received a further grant of land and was created Earl of Kilrothery and Inistole."

"For services rendered," said Pansy. "Now, however, what with taxes, death duties, and gambling—the tenth Earl threw away a fortune on horses—they are severely reduced. The present Earl—'Boodle' is his pet name—does make some money with his small stud farm—he rents most of the land for grazing and his cattle have begun to pay—but it has been helpful to open the castle during the summer months."

Violet now took up the music; the sisters conversed like a string trio. "There are two Kilrothery children. The heir finished Eton two years ago, but hasn't been able to get into Oxford, Cambridge, or Trinity, Dublin, and one doesn't recognize any other possibility. The daughter is only interested in horses. Their pet names are Looney and Mooney. Frankly, the heir plays a guitar in some ghastly band. Boodle is heartbroken but what can he do?"

"We are," said Marigold, "distant cousins."

"That brings us very close," said Pansy. "Ah, the castle." We had rounded a bend in the mile-long avenue and there was the castle, gray, stalwart, magnificent, deathless, and expensive.

As we ascended the steps to the enormous entrance, I thought if I'd been a child I would have held on to somebody's hand. Violet, however, pushed open the door without as much as by your leave and walked in as if she owned the place.

"We're now in the great hall," announced Marigold in a stage whisper. "That very fine *Holy Family* over the fireplace is attributed to a Belotti, but we're not quite sure. There is some doubt about the Virgin. Now there is the Kneller portrait of the Lady Kilrothery I mentioned previously."

"There is also some doubt about *her*," whispered

Marigold. "The chandelier acquired by the seventh Earl in Venice fell during the Famine. The starving tenants put it together; for this they were provided with hot soup."

"I may add the Kilrotherys were the first to feed dog meat to their tenants during that awful time. I mean the meat of dogs—except, of course, the hounds."

"Where the devil is everybody?" snapped Violet. The words were hardly out of her mouth before a door at the end of the hall was thrown open and a huge Irish wolfhound limped out and advanced toward us somewhat threateningly. He was followed by the Countess herself.

"Don't mind Finnuola; she has no teeth. Welcome, darlings." The Countess kissed my cousins languidly. She was thin and pale and had once been pretty, but the hard life in the impoverished upper classes had drained her. Her voice was high and choked—the effect being as if she had swallowed a fish bone. She was wearing a very shabby pants suit, a string of pearls, and on her feet a large pair of bedroom slippers.

"We're all exhausted. Four busloads and we stopped counting the cars. I had to weigh in and help the guides. People kept asking for souvenirs. I know I should sell tweed leprechauns but I haven't the energy. Those tahnsome Americans are always asking for something. Oh I say, I'm terribly sorry—I know you're American—but you're different. Follow me. We're all drinking in the library."

The library was roughly the size of Kilrothery Protestant Church and was lined with books handsomely bound and obviously unread. Draped around the massive fireplace, in which I was thankful to see a fire was burning, were various members of the Kilrothery family and entourage.

I was introduced to the company as the American cousin and was immediately questioned as to President Nixon's sanity and if it was true that Ethel Kennedy had shot her husband. At this point I felt I ought to stand up and make a statement. The Earl, who was wearing pea-green tweeds and an orange turtleneck sweater, pushed me into a chair. He had a very red face, long gray hair, and bulbous blue eyes, one of them definitely wandering—the Blind Harper's eye, I guessed.

"American? I knew an American fellow rented Mount Garville for a year for the hunting. You remember, Pam? What will you drink? Irish? Good, when in Rome . . . Yes, he came from—where was it, Pam?"

"Massachusetts, darling."

"Damn stupid name. He had an absolutely stone face; never opened his mouth. You had to quarry a word out of him. Anyway, he bought a couple of yearlings from me. . . ."

Pam introduced me to the rest of the company: "Looney and Mooney, my children." The children were possibly in their early twenties, had long

golden hair to their shoulders, and both were wearing green corduroy pants, loose white shirts, and bare feet. Impossible to discern the sex. "And these are my two darling guides, Persephone Butler-Ponsonby and Me'linda, her sister." Both the darling guides were wearing white dimity Directoire-style gowns to their ankles and cavalry boots. Their hair was long, straight, and black and their faces were deadly pale, the eyes outlined in green. "And this very famous young man, 'Crotch' Smithers of the Weasles. I know you've heard of him?" A figure rose out of the fireplace and extended a limp hand. It was about five feet tall, had a huge bush of red hair and beard to match. Through the hairy curtain one could just discern a pair of brown eyes, tip of a nose, and a few teeth. He was costumed as a gondolier. My cousins were addressed lovingly as Auntie Vee, Auntie Pee, and Auntie Em.

"We took in seventy pounds today," announced Looney. "I made quite a bit in tips as a car parking attendant."

"Trouble is, Mum," said Mooney, "we're amateurs at this game. The only real pro in the business is Altamont at Westport House. He has a first-rate cafe, a gift shoppe, antiques, and howls of tortured prisoners laid on in the dungeons. Now he's getting in a zoo. You simply have to give them their money's worth. You can't do it patronizingly, half and half, holding your nose. It's a business."

"What do you do about public conveniences?" Boodle addressed Violet.

"We're thinking of putting something in the stables."

"Good idea. Incidentally, Pam, when is Goodie Rockingham going to pick up his Jaguar? It's still out there in the stables with the weeds and grass growing up around it."

"I know. Isn't it tahsome?" Pam made signs for her glass to be replenished. "Goodie drove over for lunch with that curious German film star who was wearing a picture hat—a *man*, dear! The Jag wouldn't start when they were going home, so poor Boodle had to drive them. That was about six months ago, and they've never come back for it. I suppose Goodie is so rich he doesn't miss it. He's a demolitionist."

"A what?" Violet stared.

"He knocks down cities all over Europe for speculators to build office blocks. He's made a fortune."

"I'll go after him," said Boodle angrily.

"You can't, Daddy," said Looney. "He's in the Argentine with his polo team."

"If you've had enough to drink we'll go down and eat." Pam rose, languidly carrying her drink. We followed her down a flight of stone stairs and through a labyrinth of dark passages. I noted the rows and rows of bells overhead, planned to summon retainers who had now departed forever. The



kitchen was the size of a minor league cathedral. It was beautifully warm and very smelly. A very old woman was ladling out soup into crested silver bowls which were set out on a long kitchen table.

"Sit down, everybody; sit down," commanded the host. "Well, Nanny, tiddly again I see. What have you got for us tonight?"

"Oxtail, master Simon," croaked the old dame, who was obviously still living in the nursery. "And there's that foreign bread and cheese."

"What was the sermon like?" Boodle turned his wayward gaze on me.

"Angry."

"Poor Bill Whitehead. Nice fellow. Dull wife. Good at stud though, five children. Pass the cheese, Looney."

Crotch, I couldn't help noticing, was now seated in Hogarthian pose (*Rake's Progress*), one hand cupping Persephone's exposed breast while he ate soup with the other.

"Does the castle have a ghost?" I asked Looney.

"We have an elemental. Same as Lep Castle. It comes at two o'clock in the morning. First there's an icy wind and then a frightful smell and then you run for it; otherwise you're found dead. More soup please, Nanny."

"I never heard such tahsome nonsense talked." Pam watched old Nanny apprehensively as she poured half the soup onto the table. "Nanny dear, I think you can go to bed now. We can look after ourselves."

"Good night, Nanny; good night, sweet Nanny," sang Looney and Mooney, aided by Crotch and attendant ladies. "Good night and God speed you."

"Have you heard about the new factory at Begarragh?" Violet addressed the Earl.

He put down his spoon and all the blood in his body rushed to his face.

"Mind your blood pressure, darling," cried Pam warningly.

"You know what I'd do if I were Prime Minister or Teashop, whatever the damn Irish name is, I'd scrap every damn so-called industry and turn the whole economy over to bloodstock and cattle. That's what we understand; that's what we're good at. We are an agrarian nation, always have been, always will be. Those infernal factories and so-called industries are doomed to failure. Who wants disposable plastic underwear? Who wants that awful goddamn crockery? I asked an English fellow what the devil he was going to manufacture up in Begarragh. Parts, he said. Parts of what, I asked. He refused to answer."

"Private parts obviously," said Looney.

"There's English money behind the development," murmured Pansy.

"That's the English," said the Earl bitterly, "always developing on other people's land."

"It's the march of progress," murmured Crotch, who was now being spoon-fed by his mistress with many loving little nudgings and pinches.

"It's no march, it's a goose step," said the Earl morosely. "Pass the wine. Is there any coffee?"

"Times have changed," said Pam resignedly. "We must accept it. So tahsome!"

"I suppose times have changed." Her husband pondered this new idea. "You know even the Catholic Church is changing. Bill Whitehead and the P.P. play golf together and they're both working on a recreation hall!"

"What you need here, folk," Crotch erupted suddenly, "what you need is a drawing together of forces. You need an event. A happening. Something Big. Something to smash them with." He spoke in a Yorkshire dialect which only the Brontës could have transposed to paper.

"What do you suggest?" asked the Earl coldly. "A public hanging?"

"Precisely! Right! Great idea!"

"Of course. Inspiration Crotch." Looney rose from his seat kicking several dogs aside in his excitement. "The Blind Harper. The story of Darby O'Flynn. Like Oberammergau; all the villagers taking part. His arrest by the Redcoats—the appeal to the castle—the wicked Earl refuses—old mother totters out, falls on knees begging for mercy—refused—and then ladies and gentlemen—The Hanging."

"What I mean is a real hanging," said Crotch. "It can look like an accident, but it's for real."

"And who's going to volunteer to be hanged?" asked the Earl.

"Easy. Advertise for a would-be suicide. Think

of it, Pa! Special trains from Dublin. We'd get Michael MacLiammoir down to direct. Grannia Yeats"—her husband's grandfather was a Butler¹—"to play the harp—a wild lament of some kind."

"Make it a harp festival," said Mooney. "Harps from all over the world."

"Oh darling, a hanging, that would be too tahsome!"

"Don't worry Pam, we'd cut him down in time."

At this point Violet rose and said we must be going home. The Earl accompanied us to the front door and we left them all planning further desperate measures.

"I presume, Boodle," said Violet as we stood on the steps, "that bearded young man is going to marry Persephone?"

"Good God no. That's completely platonic, I'm told. He has been married at least twice and has one legal wife somewhere. Besides, she's engaged to a prophet."

"A prophet!" gasped the ladies.

"Yes. An Indian who makes curried yoghurt. The bearded young man, my dear Violet, is a millionaire; he has bought Castle Bellingham."

"Boodle, you're joking."

"That young man has made a million on his records. People pay to hear him bawling out three lines of unspeakable banality. Our day is over, Vi. Unless I become a frightful sort of circus master it is impossible to keep Kilrothery going. The writing is on the wall."

"Never give up, old boy." Violet wiped away a tear. "When the General was dying—as you know he was Seventh Lancers—he asked to be propped up on his pillows. He drew his last breath, raised one arm pointing towards heaven, and said 'Charge' and fell back dead. That's the spirit."

"Rascally developers; speculators, brutish gombeen-men; usurers have taken over our world," sighed the Earl mournfully.

"Never mind," said Pansy stoutly. "There are always the Guinnesses. I sometimes think of the Guinnesses as ambulance men speeding to the rescue with the kiss of culture. If a Georgian roof falls in, phone Desmond."

"That's fine." Marigold was right there with the history. "And the first Guinness was a butler²—small b—so I've been told, which makes it even more symbolic."

And high in the evening air methinks I heard a harp playing a wild lament and sounds of ghostly merriment. And I thought betimes that is the Blind Harper enjoying the last laugh. □

¹William Butler Yeats.

²Mr. Desmond Guinness says there is absolutely no truth in Miss Gavin-Wilmot's extraordinary statement.

THE SICK SIXTIES

Some speculations on the postwar baby boom
and how it grew

by James Q. Wilson and Robert L. DuPont

The decade of the 1960s began in a mood of contentment with domestic affairs and confidence in international ones; it ended in an agony of bitterness and frustration over both.

The history of the change is well known, and the reasons for it are thought to be also. The country discovered poverty, confronted race, entered a war, and endured a series of tragic assassinations. By 1966, it was clear that any one of these issues, *to say nothing of all three in combination*, was sufficient to strain the political capacities and social bonds of the people very nearly to the breaking point. Not only were the problems themselves serious and difficult; in each case the *existence* of the problem was thought to be the consequence of institutional and political failures: poverty the result of neglect, riots the result of racism, and war the result of . . . what? Confusion? Miscalculations? Conspiracy? No small part of the divisiveness of the 1960s stemmed from the widespread belief that our problems could be explained and in part corrected by the assignment of moral blame. It is simple enough to document the "problems," and their remarkable growth.

Crime

In 1946, there were in this country 6.9 murders per one hundred thousand population, the highest since 1937. In the seventeen years that followed the end of World War II, the murder rate declined more or less steadily, so that by 1962 it was 4.5 per one hundred thousand population—less than two-thirds of what it had been in 1946. By 1968, it stood at 6.8, higher than at any time since 1946.

Robbery is perhaps the most feared crime, inasmuch as it so often occurs among strangers, without warning, and involves the use or threat of force. It is not so accurately counted as murder is, but most of the serious offenses probably are called to the attention of the police. In 1946, the robbery rate was 59.4 per one hundred thousand population, higher than it had been at any time since 1935. Then robbery, like murder, began to show a long, slow decline in its incidence until, by 1959, the rate was only 51.2—a drop of 14 percent. The following year it went up suddenly to 59.9, the largest one-year increase during any of the preceding seventeen years. By 1968, it had more than *doubled*, to 131.

Auto theft is also a more or less accurately counted crime: cars are insured, and victims must report the loss to collect their payments. This crime followed, until the 1960s, an opposite pattern to that for murder and robbery: the mid-1940s were a *low* point for auto theft, probably because the production of automobiles for civilian use had ended during World War II, so that by 1946 there were not many cars worth stealing. The low point for auto theft came in 1949, when only 107.7 cars per hundred thousand population were stolen. Then, as the country returned to a peacetime economy and new cars began rolling off the production lines, the auto theft rate began to drift upward. By 1960, it had risen to 181.6, an increase of almost 60 percent. For a year or two, the rate paused at this new high—new, at least, for any period since 1935. Then, from 1963 to 1964, it went up by the largest amount of any year since records were kept: over 30 points. In the language of the stock market

chart-makers, auto theft had "broken out," and from that year on, it showed sharp annual increases.

If the figures are to be believed, the increase in crime assumed epidemic proportions in the first few years of the 1960s. Interestingly, murder was somewhat slower to show this increase than robbery or auto theft. One reason for this may be the continued improvement in the delivery of emergency health care to people who have been assaulted: speedy ambulance drivers and skilled doctors and nurses may have saved the lives of persons who had been shot or stabbed. (In 1933, there were six times as many crimes listed as aggravated assaults as there were homicides. By 1960, the ratio had increased to seventeen to one, a crude measure, perhaps, of the improvements resulting from radio-dispatched ambulances and new medical and surgical techniques.)

Drugs

During most of the 1950s, the number of narcotic-related deaths reported by the Medical Examiner in New York City hovered around one hundred a year. In 1960, it touched two hundred for the first time since at least 1918, and perhaps ever. In 1961, there was a sudden, sharp increase, to over three hundred, and by 1967, the number had passed seven hundred a year and was still climbing. By the end of the decade, more than twelve hundred New Yorkers had died either from a lethal overdose of a narcotic or from some other cause related to being a habitual narcotic user. Furthermore, the proportion of all narcotic-related deaths due to an overdose had increased: less than half of such deaths before 1961, but more than 80 percent after 1971.

Before 1963, Atlanta probably had no more than about five hundred heroin users. By the end of the decade, the number of users had increased tenfold, to five thousand.

In Boston, the estimated number of heroin users never exceeded six hundred in the period between 1960 and 1963. Between 1963 and 1964, there was a sudden estimated increase of more than four hundred users. By the end of the decade, the number of users in Boston had increased tenfold.

Welfare

In March, 1965, Daniel P. Moynihan, then an Assistant Secretary of Labor, published a document entitled *The Negro Family*. The study described the weakness of the family structure among a large minority of blacks and argued for a national policy to correct the causes of that weakness and to support processes that would strengthen such families. The conditions he described were not new: since as early as 1950, about one-fifth of

black married women, as compared to about one-twenty-fifth of white married women, were separated from their husbands. A large and growing number of these women with children but without husbands were on welfare (that is, receiving Aid to Families With Dependent Children).

One fact in the Moynihan report, however, was utterly without precedent. Since 1948, the annual number of new AFDC cases paralleled almost precisely the unemployment rate for nonwhite males. Whenever the nonwhite unemployment rate went up, as it did in 1949, 1954, and 1957, the number of new welfare cases went up. All this was to be expected—indeed, it was exactly what most supporters of the AFDC plan desired. But in 1962-1963, a remarkable thing happened: the number of new persons admitted to AFDC started going up even though the unemployment rate was going down.

From 1961 to 1964, the unemployment rate for nonwhite males fell from 12.9 percent to 9.1 percent, but between 1962 and 1964 the number of new AFDC cases opened each year increased by almost sixty thousand. In short, entry onto the welfare rolls was for the first time being influenced by forces independent of general economic conditions and of unemployment in particular. For decades the line plotting unemployment and the line plotting new AFDC cases were parallel; beginning in about 1960, they moved in opposite directions. From its graphic appearance, the phenomenon might be referred to as the "welfare scissors."

If a second edition of the study had been published in 1969, it would have shown that the scissors continued to open: by then, the nonwhite unemployment rate had fallen to 6.5 percent, but the annual number of new AFDC cases had grown by 222 percent.

The reasons for the increase in welfare applicants at a time when economic conditions were improving remain a matter of conjecture. For some the increase was the result of the increase in illegitimacy, especially among black children, but it is far from clear that this happened (there have probably been important changes in the willingness to report a birth as illegitimate, but whether the number of such births has gone up is uncertain). If it occurred, the change took place in the first five years of the 1960s. From 1955 to 1960, the proportion of nonwhite births that were reported as illegitimate went from 20.2 percent to 21.6 percent, a trifling change; from 1960 to 1965, however, it rose from 21.6 to 26.3 percent, an increase of about one-fifth.

Professor Wilson teaches in Harvard's Department of Government, and is the author of *Varieties of Police Behavior* and other books and articles. Dr. DuPont is head of the Narcotics Treatment Administration in Washington, D.C.

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XEROX

Nor is it clear that the rise in welfare consumption in the early 1960s was the result of increasing proportions of women being deserted by their husbands. In 1960, 11 percent of married nonwhite women were separated from their husbands; by 1966, it was still 11 percent. The proportion divorced remained constant at 5 percent and the percentage of nonwhite female-headed households increased only slightly between 1960 and 1966.

What *is* clear is that a growing percentage of women eligible for AFDC began to apply for it, and to get it. Welfare became either socially more attractive or administratively more accessible or both. While only a minority of illegitimate children receive welfare, and while many women deserted by their husbands never apply for welfare, in the early 1960s more and more of those eligible for such aid sought it and, in many cities, got it.

Unemployment

During only three years between 1947 and 1957 were there as many as one million young persons (aged 16 to 24) unemployed. But since 1958 the number has never dipped below one million, and by 1961, unemployed young adults numbered 1.5 million, almost twice as many as in 1955.

The United States made enormous strides in providing jobs during the 1960s, but adults benefited more than young people. During a decade when the unemployment rate generally declined, the unemployment rate for persons 16 to 19 years of age increased, so that while the young made up only a sixth of the unemployed in 1961, they accounted for more than a quarter of it by 1971. In one year, 1963, the number of unemployed persons aged 16 to 19 alone increased to 17 percent.

The increase in teen-age and young adult unemployment was particularly sharp among nonwhites. Not only was a higher proportion of young nonwhites unemployed, but the increase in youth unemployment was greater for nonwhites than for whites: between 1960 and 1963, the peak year for the decade, the unemployment rate among persons aged 16 to 19 went up by 23 percent for whites but by 28 percent for nonwhites. In 1963, there were 176,000 unemployed young nonwhites, more than twice as many as eight years earlier; they accounted for almost one-third of all the young nonwhites in the labor force.

The early years of the 1960s suffered a sudden and marked deterioration in certain key social indicators that, taken together, was unprecedented during any of the previous twenty or thirty years. Some of these indicators, such as teen-age unemployment, were noticed and believed; others, such as those about crime and families, were noticed but not believed; and still others,

such as those pertaining to heroin addiction, were scarcely noticed. Or more precisely: "informed opinion" did not notice or believe many of these indicators.

The price that we paid for this oversight—in confusion, frustration, and social divisions—was substantial. At the very time when the United States was embarking on the longest period of sustained prosperity since World War II—a period that was to produce major improvements in incomes, educational levels, and housing and health conditions of almost every major segment of our population—the quality of life, especially of life in public places, was rapidly worsening. We were achieving the Great Society without producing the good life, enhancing our prosperity without improving our tranquillity.

The crucial years seem to have been 1962 and 1963. Well before the war in Vietnam had fully engaged us or the ghetto riots had absorbed us, the social bonds—the ties of family, of neighborhood, of mutual forbearance and civility—seem to have come asunder. Why?

There is no single explanation, but one fact is obvious: by 1962 and 1963, there had come of age the persons born during the baby boom of the immediate postwar period. A child born in 1946 would have been 16 in 1962, 17 in 1963.

The numbers involved were very large. In 1950, there were about 24 million persons aged 14 to 24; by 1960 that had increased to just under 27 million. But during the next ten years the number of young people increased by 1.3 million a year. That ten-year increase of 13 million persons was greater than the growth in the young segment of the population for the entire rest of the century. And during the first *two* years of the decade of the 1960s, we added more young persons (about 2.6 million) to our population than in any preceding *ten* years since 1930.

The result of this has been provocatively stated by Professor Norman B. Ryder, the Princeton University demographer: "There is a perennial invasion of barbarians who must somehow be civilized and turned into contributors to fulfillment of the various functions requisite to societal survival." That "invasion" is the coming of age of a new generation of young people. Every society copes with this enormous socialization process more or less successfully, but occasionally that process is almost literally swamped by a quantitative discontinuity in the numbers of persons involved: "The increase in the magnitude of the socialization tasks in the United States during the past decade was completely outside the bounds of previous experience."

If we continue Professor Ryder's metaphor, we note that in 1950 and still in 1960 the "invading army" (those aged 14 to 24) was outnumbered three-to-one by the size of the "defending army"

(those aged 25 to 64). By 1970, the ranks of the former had grown so fast that they were outnumbered by only two-to-one, a state of affairs that had not existed since at least 1890, and may never exist again in our lifetime.

The significance of these numbers is best understood by looking at one city. Take Washington, D.C. It has a large black population, a high crime rate, and is the source of countless stories about popular fears of criminal attack and countless political speeches about the need to get tough. One would think that it is a city the population of which had deteriorated substantially in the last decade or two. In fact, by most measures, quite the opposite is the case.

Consider the black population, which is almost three-fourths of the total. Its median educational level increased from 8.8 years of schooling in 1950 to 11.4 years in 1970. In 1950, there were only ten thousand black adults in the city with a college education; in 1970, there were 22,000. Black median family income, adjusted for inflation, tripled during the two decades. In 1970, when there was substantial unemployment in the country as a whole, the unemployment for black men aged 20 to 59 in Washington was only 4.5 percent and for black women the same age 3.6 percent. Washington has manifold problems of poor housing, poverty, and inadequate schooling, but it is not by any conceivable measure a vast lower-class slum or a city that has lost ground economically or educationally. To a substantial degree, it is a black middle-class or lower-middle-class community.

Yet Washington has for almost a decade been besieged by crime, heroin, and welfare problems due in large part to the change in the age structure of the city's population. In 1960, there were about

65,000 persons aged 16 to 21. Ten years later, as a result of the postwar baby boom, that number had risen to more than 86,000—an increase of more than 30 percent. During the 1930s, there had been only about eight thousand live births each year in the city; by the end of World War II, that number had risen to about twenty thousand per year.

The vast majority of these additional children entered the life of the city and its institutions just the way they had always done—they went to school, took jobs, got married, and had children of their own (though far fewer than the number of children their parents had). A small proportion of them did the things that some young people always do, but this time it was a small proportion of a very large number.

The schools were among the first institutions to notice the change. The number of dropouts from Washington junior high schools began to increase in 1962 and peaked in 1964. Then, as the children got older, the number of dropouts from the senior high schools began to rise, peaking in 1968. When those in school or out of school started looking for jobs, they discovered that the number of new young applicants had increased faster than the number of jobs. In Washington, the unemployment rate for blacks aged 16 to 21 had been around 8 percent during the 1950s, but during the 1960s it rose steadily until it reached 16 percent for males and 20 percent for females by 1970.

The proportion of young males in Washington who became addicted to heroin before the 1960s had been, as best one can estimate it, less than 3 percent. One might have expected that rate to remain the same for the new, larger population of young people coming of age in the 1960s. If it had, the number of addicts would have gone up by at



least a third—a serious problem, but nothing like the epidemic that actually struck. In fact, the addiction rate for males born in the decade following 1945 who grew up in Washington was over ten times the “normal” level. As the epidemic mounted, certain age groups were devastated. Of the 6000 young Washington men born in 1953, over 13 percent became heroin addicts and in some large areas of the city about *one-fourth* the males born in that year became heroin users. In the single year 1969, about 5 percent of 16-year-old males became addicted to heroin.

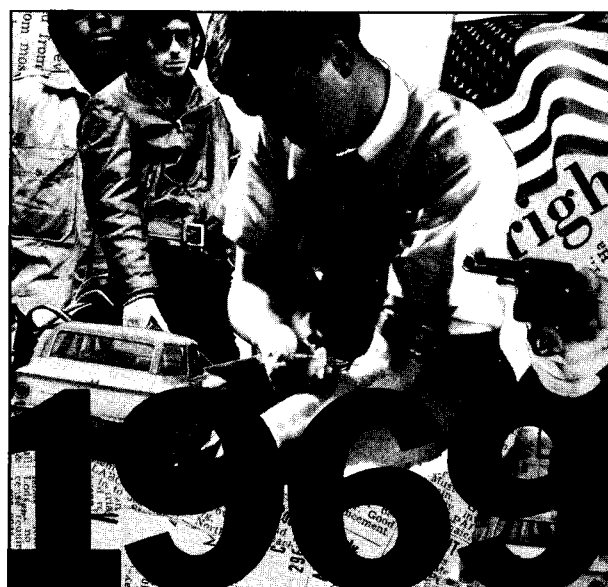
The reason for this increase can be found in the way addicts are recruited: new users are enlisted in peer groups by enthusiastic experimenters. If more than a very small number of addicts exists in a city, and if they are distributed among several different friendship groups, the rate of recruitment of new addicts can increase geometrically. The process may continue until all susceptible persons are recruited, or public countermeasures are taken, or both.

Some women were becoming addicts as well, but there were fewer female than male addicts. Welfare rather than heroin was the women’s problem. For several decades, AFDC had been utilized principally by older women who had lost their husbands. In the 1960s, as large numbers of young women entered childbearing age, there was both an increase in AFDC utilization and a change in the kind of recipient. The women on AFDC in Washington tripled between 1961 and 1971, from 5000 to over 16,000, and the largest growth occurred among young women. The number on AFDC who were over 30 increased by 140 percent, but the number who were under 30 increased by 300 percent and those under 20 increased by 800

percent. In ten years, the age of the typical woman on AFDC fell from 30 to 23.

Crime increased rapidly in this same period. Here, of course, even a crude estimate of the number of young persons involved is difficult. We obviously do not know the age of those who commit crimes, only the age of those arrested for crimes. And we do not know how many crimes are committed by the same person. But we can make some guesses, based on a recent study in Philadelphia that is perhaps the best analysis available of youthful crime. Professor Marvin Wolfgang and his co-workers at the University of Pennsylvania examined the delinquency records of all the males born in 1945 who lived in Philadelphia between their tenth and eighteenth birthdays. They found more than ten thousand of them, more than one-third of whom had at least one recorded contact with the police by the time they were eighteen, and half of these had more than one such contact. Of the delinquent acts recorded, perhaps a quarter could be regarded as relatively serious crimes. Most of the crimes were committed when the boys were 15, 16, or 17.

Suppose those proportions were true for Washington (they are not likely to be exactly the same, because the racial and economic composition of the cities differs). Since the number of persons aged 16 to 21 increased by 21,000 during the 1960s, if one-third of these committed one or more delinquent acts, by 1970 there would have been at least seven thousand more delinquents in the city than there had been when the decade started. Since each delinquent would have committed at least three offenses known to the police before he turned eighteen, 21,000 more offenses resulting in an arrest would have been committed. Many thou-



sands more that did not produce a police contact were no doubt committed.

Three implications of these data are of paramount importance. One is that much of the increase in crime, welfare utilization, and heroin addiction can be explained by the sheer numbers of young persons involved without adducing any theory about the breakdown of the family, of the church, or of society.

The second is that, except for heroin addicts during certain years in certain districts of the city, those responsible for these behaviors were a small minority of all the young persons. We estimate that of the 147,000 persons born in the decade after World War II who lived in Washington in the 1960s, about 17,200, or less than 12 percent, were either on heroin or on welfare or both.

But the third is that changes in the age structure of the population cannot alone account for the social dislocations of the 1960s. While the number of persons between the ages of 16 and 21 in the District of Columbia increased by 32 percent between 1960 and 1970, the social problems increased much more: the rate of serious crime went up by over 400 percent, welfare recipients by over 200 percent, unemployment rates by at least 100 percent, and heroin addiction by (our best guess) over 1000 percent. Detroit, to cite another example, had about 100 murders in 1960 but over 500 in 1971, yet the number of young persons did not quintuple.

It is possible that the sudden increase in the number of "risk" persons sets off an explosive increase in the amount of crime, addiction, and welfare dependency. What have once been relatively isolated and furtive acts (copping a fix, stealing a TV) become widespread and group-supported activities.

Heroin addiction is an example. We have had addicts since at least 1900, and we have always had young people who were potential addicts. We also know that addiction spreads like a contagion, with one friend "turning on" another. Yet ordinarily this contagion is rather contained and results in no epidemic of the sort that broke out in the 1960s. The sudden, dramatic increase in the number of potential addicts seems to have created a self-sustaining contagion that rapidly produced a more than proportionate number of actual addicts.

At the same time, our society did a number of things that nurtured this reaction. The media spread the message that a "youth culture" was being born and celebrated the cult of personal liberation that seemed to be central to that culture. Enhanced personal mobility made it easier to carry a contagion from one group to another. Social programs designed to combat poverty brought together groups that once would have been isolated from each other and thus facilitated

the contagion. The contacts of upper-middle-class suburban youths with ghetto blacks as a result of civil rights programs increased access to the drug culture, or perhaps created in the eyes of the whites the mistaken view that such a "culture" existed, and was desirable, when in fact only deviant and episodic drug-taking existed.

The institutional mechanisms which could handle problems in ordinary numbers were suddenly swamped and may, in some cases, have broken down entirely. The deterrent force of the police and the courts may not be great in normal times but it may have declined absolutely, not just relatively, in those exceptional times. The increase in crime produced a less than proportionate increase in arrests and, of those arrested, probably a less than proportionate increase in penalties. If the supply and value of legitimate opportunities (that is, jobs) were declining at the very time that the cost of illegitimate activities (that is, fines and jail terms) was also declining, a rational teen-ager might well have concluded that it made more sense to steal cars than to wash them.

One is tempted to ask, "What might have been?" If the age structure of the decade had been normal, if crime and addiction and welfare dependency had not increased so dramatically, could we have come to grips with our problems any more successfully than we did? Indeed, what would we have considered our problems to be? The war and its divisiveness would have occurred in any event. The demand by blacks for equality of opportunity would still have arisen, though the number of young blacks available for militant protest would have been smaller. The ghetto riots might still have occurred.

But perhaps some problems would have been easier to address had not the social structure appeared to have collapsed. We might have had a more sensible discussion of riots and what to do about them if it had not been so easy for some to link (incorrectly, we think) the existence of rioting with the rise of ordinary criminality. Programs designed to solve teen-age unemployment would clearly have been more successful if so large a fraction of employable teen-agers had not been deeply involved in heroin addiction and remunerative crime. In retrospect, we might not have described certain Great Society programs as failures if the problems they sought to remedy—unemployment, dropping out of school, low educational achievement—had not been suddenly enlarged in scope and altered in character. Rebuilding or rehabilitating our inner-city neighborhoods might have been much easier had not so many of these areas been destroyed as communities by crime and addiction.

But we are not yet sure we can even explain what *did* happen; we shall never be able to explain what might have happened. □

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Greg's daddy is Dr. Edgar E. Smith, an alumnus of Tougaloo College. He's also Associate Professor of Biochemistry and Surgery at Boston University's School of Medicine. And Assistant Dean, specializing in the recruitment and counseling of qualified minority group students.

In 1969, Dr. Smith received a Career Development Award from the National Cancer Institute. He is using this five year grant to research specific enzymes and isoenzymes in human cancer.

It's a surprising career for someone who was born poor in the Mississippi Delta. And who

earned his first degree at a college you may never have heard of.

Dr. Smith went on from Tougaloo to Purdue, where he won his doctorate. In a sense, however, Dr. Smith has never left Tougaloo. He serves as vice chairman of our Board of Trustees. If there's one thing he's acutely aware of, it's our sorry financial state.

More than 90% of our student body of 750 is here on financial aid. Most of them come from the modest rural beginnings that produced Dr. Smith. Almost half of our graduates go on to graduate and professional

schools with more famous names than ours.

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THE JESUS INFECTION

by Maxine Kumin

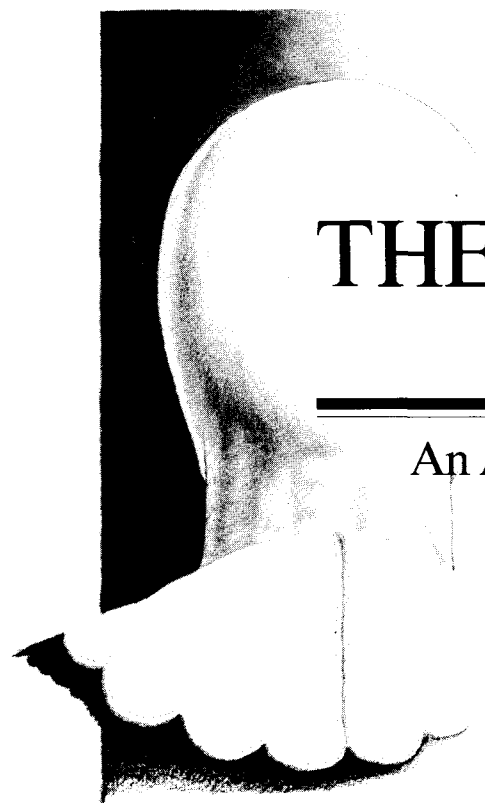
Jesus is with me
on the Blue Grass Parkway going eastbound.
He is with me
on the Old Harrodsburg Road coming home.
I am listening
to country gospel music
in the borrowed Subaru.
The gas pedal
and the words
leap to the music.
Oh throw out the lifeline!
Someone is drifting away.

Flags fly up in my mind
without my knowing
where they've been lying furled
and I am happy
living in the sunlight
where Jesus is near.
A man is driving his polled Herefords
across the gleanings of a cornfield
while I am bound for the kingdom of the free.
At the little trestle bridge that has no railing
I see that I won't have to cross Jordan alone.

Signposts every mile exhort me
to Get Right With God
and I move over.
There's a neon message blazing
at the crossroad
catty-corner to the Burger Queen:
Ye Come With Me.
Is it well with my soul, Jesus?
It sounds so easy
to be happy after the sunrise,
to be washed in the crimson flood.

Now I am tailgating
and I read the bumper sticker
on a Ford truck full of Poland Chinas.
It says: Honk If You Know Jesus
and I do it.
My sound blats out for miles
behind the pigsqueal
and it's catching in the front end,
in the axle,
in the universal joint,
this rich contagion.

We are going down the valley on a hairpin turn,
the swine and me, we're breakneck in,
we're leaning on
the everlasting arms.



THE PHRENOLOGY OF LOVE

An Atlantic "First" by James Polk

Evalt got Papa a subscription to *Frontier Trails* for his eightieth birthday, thinking that his father might take to Western history as a hobby, like so many other old men in Montana. Instead, Papa got fascinated with the ads for metal detectors and gave Evalt no peace. He left copies of *Frontier Trails* open all over the house, showing the picture of Wyman B. Ulrich, of Laverne, Oklahoma, who had tracked down a hoard of antique coins with his Kit Carson Detecta and swore by it. Papa talked about buried treasure so much that Evalt thought of committing him after all, but finally he justified the Detecta as a Christmas present, wrote a check for \$69.95 plus postage, and sent away for one. It arrived after New Year's, an aluminum lunch box with important-looking dials and an extension called a Searchloop. Papa gloated over it in his room for the rest of the winter, muttering like a troll.

During an April chinook, Evalt was busy getting his nine-weeks' grades into the principal and let Papa go out by himself in the balmy weather to hunt metal. Papa stayed in the hills until after nightfall, got his feet wet, and came down with pneumonia. There were heart complications, painful stabs in the chest. Papa thought it was cancer and screamed day and night over imaginary tumors, his fingers clutching at the bedclothes, his hair a matted white nest. He died in June, just after school let out, so Evalt had the summer free for guilt.

The scream stayed in the house. It throbbed like radar from Papa's room upstairs and Evalt began

to feel driven, a rat in a box from one of his class experiments. He had taught biology at the high school for fifteen years, living alone with his father and hardening into a fixed point for the community: a dry, turnip-colored Swede who kept students in line with detention slips and low grades—therefore a "good teacher." A sensible man as well, he tried sensible ways to block Papa out—the Late Show, the complete works of Harold Robbins, and even some bedtime whiskey, although he knew what happened to sorrowing Montana high school teachers who did that.

Nothing helped. In late July he locked up the house and took a trip to Yellowstone, where the children whining for Old Faithful to begin and the crowds throwing coins in Morning Glory Pool made him feel more in touch with humanity. When he came back to Hebb, he was able to burn Papa's things in the garbage can, although he kept the Detecta; it had cost \$69.95 and had hardly been used at all. Then he remodeled the upstairs room into an apartment with an outside stairway and rented it to the first person who answered the ad. This was Mrs. Grace Split, a lady who played the bull fiddle in a Western band at the Liberty Head on Highway 9.

She was big-boned and heavy, able to sign his mimeographed lease with the paper flat on top of the refrigerator. Watching her chew on his ball-point as she read the last clause over again, Evalt felt uneasy. He was usually good at placing people, but Mrs. Split was beyond him. She looked Chinese—not yellow, exactly, unless her powder and

rouge covered it up, but slanty-eyed and grinning like a Buddha. She would never see forty again, but then, Evalt figured, a more mature woman would be quieter than some kid.

After she moved in, Papa's scream was hushed but Mrs. Split's party noises took over the house. A rough crowd began clomping up and down the stairs: the women had long dyed hair and jackets with embroidered dragons and JAPAN on the backs; the men wore boots and stetsons and looked like they worked the rodeo circuit or roughnecked on oil rigs. Mrs. Split got in late, well after midnight, and there was usually a bunch of them to help carry her fiddle. Evalt would lie rigid in bed and listen, wondering if he had done the right thing. But he didn't want to evict his first tenant and decided instead to have a serious talk with Mrs. Split before school started.

When he went up, the door was open and he was relieved at how much she had changed Papa's room. There were flowered spreads over everything, gold-threaded fiber glass curtains, oil-on-velvets of Christ, holy statues, dried rushes, and a poster of the Virgin Mary praying on mounds of cloud as fat babies showered her with roses. Over the TV was the biggest crucifix Evalt had ever seen and the most realistic dying Jesus, with greenish flesh and caked red wounds. His yawning mouth, filled with tiny sharp teeth, made Evalt think of Papa; and he turned away, embarrassed.

"Well, just guess who come up to see how I'm doing!" said Mrs. Split. "Now don't you stand there looking around at my housekeeping like that; I ain't the world's best; we're just folks around here."

She had a loud crow of a voice, as if she were calling in a lot of ornery kids for bedtime, but she seemed glad to see him. She was sitting on Papa's old bed in a navy dress with cut-out cloth daisies on the bosom, her shoes off, her brown nylons rolled down to the knees. A bull fiddle stood like a person behind her. On the bed stand was a lamp with a revolving shade made from photos of the Rocky Mountains stitched in plastic braid. It cast blue pulses of light on Mrs. Split's head and Evalt could not help but stare. She was bald as an egg.

"Let's us get off on the right foot," she said. "How about me calling my favorite landlord by his first name?"

He told her it was "Evalt" and she considered this for a time without much satisfaction.

"Won't do," she decided. "Got a middle one?"

"Well . . ."

"Oh, come on, I won't tell a soul."

Evalt never used his middle name and it took

him a few moments to remember, and to wonder if Mrs. Split had any right to ask. But then he told her: "Jerome."

She seemed to approve of this one and got up from the bed. Rummaging through a cedar box filled with rosaries and neckerchiefs, she fished up an oversized deck of cards. These she studied for a while, smoking from a metal cigarette holder, and then read out:

"Born at Stridon in Dalmatia in 342, his day is September 30."

She lowered the card and watched him like a cat, scraping one of the cards under her chin as if shaving away the bristles.

"Give up?"

"What do you mean?"

"I asked you who was born at Stridon in Dalmatia. Thought you was supposed to be a school-teacher."

"I do biology."

She shrugged, looked at the card, and read on: "Spent two years in the desert where he brooded on man's folly and suffered every sort of temptation."

"Mrs. Split—"

"Call me Grace, hear?"

"What I came up for—"

"Don't know that one either? Well, I reckon you won't get the next two, so I'll skip to number five which is the real giveaway show. Now listen: 'Usually depicted kneeling before a human skull and beating his breast with a stone.' Now you got it, eh?"

The game seemed important to her, so Evalt pretended to play, looking thoughtfully around the room as if the answer were hidden somewhere. It occurred to him that he was having a good time.

"It's some religious thing, isn't it? Some Catholic thing," he said when he could stall no longer.

She laughed, showing spaced teeth and glints of gold.

"I'm glad you ain't my teacher, 'cause the answer is your own middle-name saint, Saint Jerome. Thought you'd get that one sure. No Saint Evalt in this deck, maybe that would have been easier, but I dunno. If we was really playing, you'd owe me a quarter, nickel per points missed. It's called Lives of the Saints Card Instruction: never played it?"

He said no, but added that he knew poker and pinochle, and she was delighted to hear it.

"Well, sir, we'll have a quick hand of something right now, if you don't mind penny ante with a lady. Have a ciggy-butt?"

"Thanks, I don't smoke."

"You probably figure you'll get cancer, but let me show you." She unscrewed her holder and dumped out some brown crystals into her hand; he noticed that her fingers had flattened tips from the fiddle strings. "This stuff is the poison from a ciggy-butt that usually gets sucked into a person's

James Polk is a thirty-three-year-old Harvard graduate now working as an editor at a Toronto publishing house.

lungs, but see, it all gets trapped by these here beads. They're white to start out with, but look how black—"

She came closer, smelling of face powder and lethal tars, and Evalt edged back a little. He lectured.

"Some people say it's not the nicotine but the smoke itself that carries the carcinogens. The Surgeon General has warned us. Even with our best filters, smoke doesn't do the body any good."

"Oh, the body!" She humphed, dismissing it. "The body is damned. I been smoking this filter for years and I'm fit as my old bull—no, shit, oh Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, oh no, oh he he he he!"

He thought she was breaking into a seizure and reached forth his hands to calm her down. But she reeled away from him, whooping and slapping her thigh, then pointed to the dresser where he saw her hairless blue reflection laughing back.

"He he hee . . . oh my. No wonder you look like you seen a ghost when you first come in. I just took it off and clean forgot . . ."

She motioned to the bedpost where her wig perched like a treed marsupial, and burst out laughing again. When she was herself, she told him how she had tried to bleach her hair with Purex back in the days of platinum blondes and had awakened each morning to find big hanks of it on the pillow. She had worn kerchiefs to school until she earned enough money waitressing to buy a hairpiece; it had been part of a fairy-princess Halloween costume but was the best she could do in those thin times before vinyl falls and wiglets.

Evalt watched the light playing over her naked head as she talked, and felt robbed when the hair was put back in place. The next night he returned for a poker match, lost five dollars, and went to bed savage because he hadn't caught her with the wig off. On the following morning, after fevered dreams of Papa, who beckoned him into the hills with the Detecta, he rushed up to check Mrs. Split's thermostat despite the sunny day, and soon found his fingers adrift under her cut-out daisies. With a broad Chinese grin, she twisted her body like a porpoise, and in this fashion, without seeming to be forward, guided his hand over the high points of a large territory.

But he did not get a full, springy erection until he had taken off the wig, lifting it away as a chef does a steam-cover, a priest the altar cloth. His palms tingled as they touched the nude flesh: it was a firm scalp, but softly knobbed and exquisitely feminine. Rapt, he stroked an all but invisible tonsure of fine pale hairs which circumscribed her head like an electric glow, aurora borealis. Overwhelmed with emotion, he kissed her full on the crown and heard her chuckle "he he he" beneath him in a satisfied way.

In bed he was acid and too quick, since it had been a long time, but that afternoon he was fine: he had never felt such thrust before, certainly not

with the routine girls he had taken out, and sometimes paid for, in college long ago. That night, when she went to work, he frittered around downstairs, waiting like a clenched fist until he heard the cough of her pickup, the secure tread of her feet on the steps. But there were also the voices of her scruffy friends ascending with her, and he realized the honeymoon was over.

He fought shy of visiting Grace with the others around, and they wouldn't go away. It was the Labor Day weekend; and Evalt sat through it listening to them stomp and hee-haw overhead as he watched cartoon shows on TV and tried all the five positions on his Relax-a-Chair. His mind began straying into schemes for orgasms with volleyballs and watermelon, and one desolate midnight he started to feel himself up, running shaky fingers over his Vitalis-soaked widow's peaks in a barren mockery of the real thing.

On Sunday he could stand it no longer and went out to feast his eyes at the Liberty Head. It was crowded with noisy country people, but he found a hiding place at the end of the bar, where he stared at his face in the mirror as the waterfall on the Olympia beer sign spilled ceaselessly above him. Then the band played "Blue Skirt Waltz," "Hey Good Lookin'" and "Cold Cold Heart." On the faster ones, Grace twirled her fiddle around like a top and slapped the belly of it; for the slow ones she would call, "This is gonna be a Moonlight Waltz," and give out with "Ahh haw" when the singer with the Adam's apple finished one of his mournful verses. Evalt didn't dare bother her with so many onlookers, and finally he went home alone.

The next week, when school started, Mrs. Split left with the band for a three-week tour of northeastern Wyoming. For fifteen years Evalt had chafed for school to begin; after his shapeless summers he needed something to hold the months together. But he had never noticed until today how ugly the maroon brick building looked stuck on its bare field of asphalt, how depressing the rusted bicycle racks. Built in 1927, the inside had been subdivided each time the county refused a tax levy and it was now a hive of dark corridors and dead ends. Descending into the lower hall, Evalt wondered if the real learning process at Shale County wasn't the rat-in-maze resourcefulness students developed to find their way without getting trapped forever in the auditorium or the temporary auto shop.

Naturally Evalt knew his way, past the line of lockers and the pictures no one looked at: big sepia prints in black frames of the First Thanksgiving, the Death of Arthur, Hiawatha standing in his canoe, tired Romans on the floor with a harpist. He plunged into a passage fummy from generations

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of the Tribune's Bureau of Accuracy and Fair Play, established in 1945 to provide, for people involved in the news, a continuous review of accuracy, completeness and fairness.

What's happened so far because of the new Reader's Representative? For one thing, angry readers aren't quite so angry once they see that the Tribune will actually listen to them and, better yet, respond. Cunningham says "It's astonishing how surprised and gratified some readers are to receive a serious response to their questions or complaints."

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of sweatsocks and lit with an occasional forty-watt bulb. He thought of the mortician's basement and shopping for Papa's coffin in the pungent chemical darkness, where he had squinted at price tags as the man talked on about seepage and rare woods.

He turned a corner and stopped: there was Papa, who lifted his white head to scream. But it was only Mr. Buxton, the janitor, jimmying open a locker for an abashed freshman; he said good morning and Evalt nodded. He walked on more slowly, his heart skitterish. It was good to keep the kids waiting the first day, he thought, although he had never done it before.

Entering 17-B, he was swept with desire for his first classroom as a practice teacher in Billings, in a progressive school with green blackboards and blond, laminated chair desks, where teachers could smoke in their own lounge over a coffee urn. In 17-B the blackboards were ashen from chalk; the desks, stained oxblood with inkwell holes and tops that slammed, were bolted to the floor. Evalt did not teach geography, but his homeroom had maps which pulled down on iron rings and showed a fabric like Band-Aid gauze through their tatters. On the map of the United States, Oklahoma was divided into two parts.

He shut the door; the class went tense and silent and their smell hit him: the first-day sharpness of pencil boxes, fabric sizing, sweat, Art-Gum erasers, and Ivory Soap. Battling an urge to leave, he unlocked the closet and gave stacks of *Man and the Organic World* to the eager beavers in the front row who survived by handing things out.

"Print your name, print it, on the book sheet, with the number of the book you take," he announced, and all the faces turned upward, cows coming to the side of the road. He explained that he would keep them the full hour today; they began to groan, but his no-nonsense look put a stop to it. Most teachers, plunged into a sickness of despair at the thought of another school year, let everybody go after roll call and a few hopeless remarks. Evalt saw the logic of it now.

Hands were being raised; they didn't know how to fill in the book sheets after doing it for twelve years every September of their young lives. He repeated instructions and moved to the window, noting with sudden rage that the school had not replaced the pencil sharpener after all his requisitions; already an anthill of shavings had built up under the leaky celluloid body. On the back shelf were the same old Mason jars with snakes and toads he had pickled fifteen years ago; no new Petri dishes as promised, no microscope, no plastic brain or demonstration eyeball. Outside, warped by aging windows, was the Treasure State Trailer Court, a clump of cottonwoods, and the screen of the Chief Drive-In Theater watched by rows of mute speakers on pickets. Beyond were the dusty hills where Papa had gone out with the De-

fecta and caught his death. Beyond that was sky.

Evalt's mouth opened to form a scream; quickly he brought his hand up and bit the forefinger. Then he knew what he had to do. He would marry Grace Split. Yes, even in the Catholic church, with her honky friends to witness and the Liberty Head band playing in the loft and lace streaming down from her bald dome. People would talk, but Evalt was ready to throw caution to the winds. Afterwards he would take Grace to a swanky Billings motel where he could roll over her and into her day after day.

An erection nosed up in his trousers; he moved obliquely to the desk and ordered the class to hand in their book sheets. It was too soon for this and caused confusion: several of the students in the oversized seats at the back were still writing in their names, trying to remember how. He called roll anyway. Alewife, Askevold, Brown Bear, Butts. As usual, many were in the wrong rooms and had to be sent to the office; others had the wrong study cards. Evalt handled them all with ruthless energy, then opened his old Montana State notebook and tried to concentrate on the lecture written many years ago in his prim college hand.

"I am Mr. Gustavson," he read, and spelled it. "This course is Science 201. The room is 17-B. The text is *Man and the Organic World* and you all have one. You will be studying biology, the science of life."

The girls in the front meekly copied this information in virgin notebooks, the giants at the back gazed out the window, and over all things the year's boredom settled in like winter.

The Crow Indian who predicted the weather by measuring the fat in squirrel tails said it was going to be a bad one: the squirrels could barely haul their asses around. By early November there was a blizzard with drifts that melted and re-froze into reefs, and a powdery snow blew over them every day like sand on the Sahara. The Hebb *Globe* asked Evalt to do a piece on rumors that a new Ice Age had come, but he refused, saying he didn't know glaciology. The truth was, he couldn't think straight with Grace away. At last he called the Liberty Head: her band had been such a hit at the Kum-On Inn, Belle Fourche, South Dakota, that they had been held over by popular demand.

School was a living death. Besides classes and his duty sponsorship of the Future Teachers of America, he had to take the junior play when Miss Freeler got the flu; it was *Blithe Spirit*, with the prompter reading out the script like a voice from the tomb. Then there was a scandal about marihuana cigarettes in a sophomore's locker and the principal ordered Evalt to speak on drugs for an excited PTA. He researched through old *Life*

magazines at the Carnegie Public to give a safe, dull speech, but his audience was thrilled to hear such words as "hallucinogen" said out loud, and before he knew it, Shale County had arranged Kiwanis engagements and a tour of the outlying high schools in the public interest.

"But I'm no expert," Evalt protested. Mrs. Split would surely be back for Christmas; her things were still upstairs and she owed him three months' rent. "It'll take up half my vacation."

"Just what you need, Evalt, fellow. A break. Let your hair down," said Mr. Bonchance, the vice principal, in the chummy Mafia manner he used with the staff. "Your Dad's death has been a real strain, whether you know it or not. I notice these things."

So, as snowstorms lashed the badlands, Evalt droned on about highs and cold turkey in church basements and gymnasiums. It was not hard. He pronounced each typed word carefully and they always clapped. Women's committees fed him casseroles and Jell-O salads before; afterwards, he quietly drank his pitcher of water as the farmers and ranchers denounced hippies, the media, sin, and Communism. But alone in his assigned guest rooms, he heard Papa's scream in the angry wind, the tick of the Detecta. After the last round of applause, he bolted from Wolf Point on Christmas Eve day, and drove five hours nonstop through blinding flurries: he would ask Grace Split to marry him, before it was too late.

She was home, but she had company.

"This here is Bronco Betty Klundt and Floyd; it's my favorite landlord, and are we ever tickled to see *you!*" she said, giving him a squeeze that sent depth charges straight to his loins. It turned out that they had to go to Billings on urgent business and Grace's pickup had not survived the winter. "Don't you fret that it's your car we love; we want you inside of it too; all of us'll have us a real good time in the city, ain't that so?"

Her two friends grunted. Bronco Betty was a granite-jawed Amazon in a tight angora sweater and agate earrings; Floyd, squat, grizzled, and wheezing, looked old enough to be her father. Evalt murmured something about bad roads and the ache in his back, but Grace said that Floyd was an expert driver and that she was going to slip into saddle pants for traveling. She gave her wig a come-hither pat as she left for the bathroom, and Evalt thought of Billings motels with color TV and Magic Fingers and Grace naked from the waist all the way up. Assuring himself it couldn't be better, he tried to make friends with Bronco Betty and Floyd.

"Did I ever have you in school, Miss Klundt?"

"Huh?"

"I wondered if I ever had you in class."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing. No, I get a good many students, you see."

Her eyes narrowed; she gave her head a toss and the skunk-striped beehive tipped slightly.

"Say, just what are you trying to prove?" she said.

"Oh, shut up, Betty, he's being polite," Floyd growled. "Were you born in a barn, or what?"

They sat in silence until Grace appeared in pants and a shoulder-padded fur jacket which she said was otter. The hairpiece was set further back on her forehead than usual. Evalt felt himself losing control, but gritted his teeth and offered to help her carry the bull fiddle while the other two stayed behind, "to clean up," as Floyd said. It was a cold, deserted afternoon and the snow crunched noisily underfoot as he and Grace bore the fiddle, casket-like, down the slippery stairs. Grunting with effort, they maneuvered it into Evalt's Valiant, bottom first, with the metal-spike support in the rear window and the pegged neck curving gracefully over the dashboard.

"Kind of a tight fit, but with you in back and me and Floyd up front, it'll do," Grace said with decision.

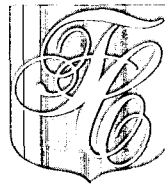
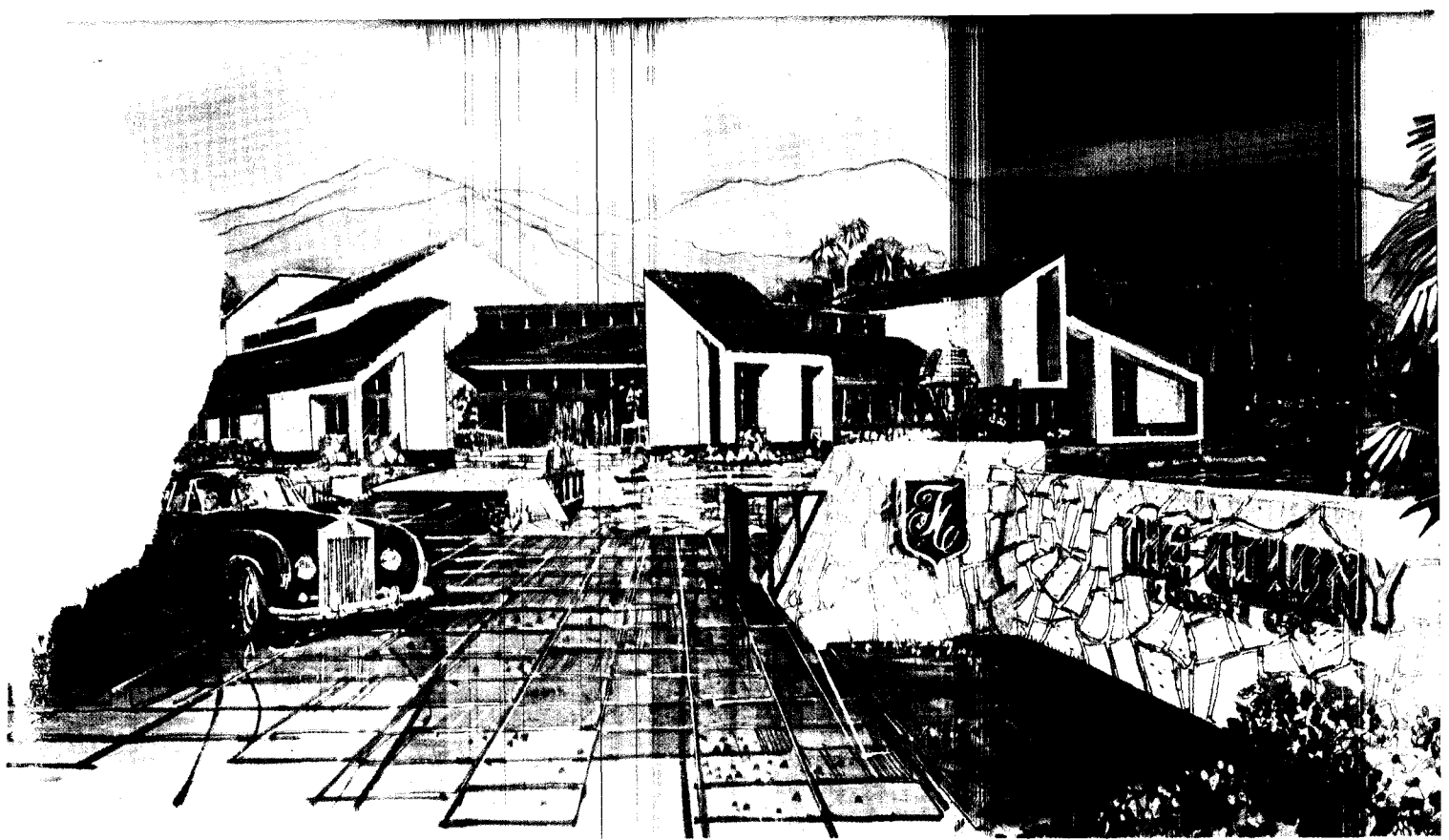
Evalt watched her for a few moments as warm words of love and marriage rushed to his lips. But somewhere inside him the mathematical faculties were busy, and when he opened his mouth, a far-away teacher's voice came out with: "I thought there were four of us. Where's the other one going to sit?"

Just then Floyd slammed the door and came tearing down the stairway alone, his wolverine parka open, his undone overshoe fasteners chinking.

"Betty, she don't feel so hot," he gasped, and all but pushed Evalt into the back seat. Grace took her place in front, and Floyd scrambled round to the driver's seat, switching on the ignition at once. The engine scraped industriously and conked out. Floyd tried again and Evalt thought of offering to drive in order to get up front with Grace, but as he began to speak, an inhuman scream and the crash of breaking glass came from the house. Over the icy, varnished curves of the bass he saw a mummy-like figure wrapped in towels falling from the upstairs bathroom. At that moment the Valiant churned into life, shot a few feet into the middle of Custer Boulevard, and died.

"Well, if that don't take the cake," Floyd choked and gargled in admiration, scratching at the gray tufts of his crew cut. "Didn't think she could get her sweet fanny adams through that window, but with women, you never know."

Then something heavy and mean landed on the Valiant's hood and Evalt could see silver-polished nails grabbing for the wipers. As the car surged forward again, the hands slid away. He turned to the back window, and there, framed by the black line of the frost shield, was Betty, her last towel floating to earth as she ran and nothing on be-



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Recently the Committee for Humane Legislation prevented an enterprising South African businessman from earning an honest dollar. All he wanted was to kill Dalmatian dogs for their pelts. And since no law specified it couldn't be done there was nothing to stop him. Except, of course the organized indignation of the Committee for Humane Legislation. We sent letters, issued press releases and

pulled every string worth pulling. Finally the South African government promised to pass a law prohibiting the slaughter of dogs for financial gain. Hopefully, this promise will soon become a reality.

But we must not rely on the South African government alone. Our own government, by putting a ban on the importation of all cat and dog skins, can prevent this insidious scheme from getting off the ground.

So write your Congressmen now. Because, in the final analysis, they are the only ones who can guarantee that companion animals will never be worn as coats. This however is but one step in our battle against the inhumane treatment of animals everywhere.

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neath but a beige bra and fluorescent lime panties embroidered with the single word FRIDAY. The beehive was a ruin. She opened her mouth in outrage, but Floyd skidded soundlessly around the corner and she was gone.

"I do wish that girl wouldn't take on so," Grace said, tapping a cigarette into her metal holder.

"Betty's a sensitive woman," Floyd said. "High-strung."

"Hmm. I guess you're the world expert on that." She gave an evil snigger and blew smoke in his direction over the fiddle neck. "I reckon she's strung high enough to charge *your* batteries OK, but I'd watch out for that stuff; if Russia was to drop the bomb just now, you'd be smashed and go straight to hell in a state of mortal sin. That'd fix you."

This upset Floyd. A blush darkened the leather creases at the back of his neck and he told Grace it was bad luck to talk that way. But she was warming to her subject.

"Maybe you never heard of the Ninth Commandment, but it's 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife,' and a few others I could mention but won't."

"Betty ain't my neighbor's wife and we've never coveted hardly at all yet, so you can just get your mind out of the gutter, and forget—"

"Sixth, then. Impure thoughts and deeds; guess you can't wiggle out of that one."

Feeling neglected and Protestant, Evalt fondled the perforated bridge of the bass and gazed at Grace's wig so close before him: it was beginning to gleam with copper highlights as the sun turned color on the horizon. His hand moved up for a feel, but then he realized they were on Main Street and drew back. People might be watching. With a sudden pang of respectability, he turned to see if Bronco Betty was still following and noticed that a crowd had gathered to inspect something near the Car-Wash at the corner of Custer Boulevard.

"Look, Floyd, I think—" he tried, but it was no use.

"The Sixth and the Ninth are all mixed up in it together anyway," Grace was arguing. "Never heard of the League of the Sixty-Nine to get rid of sex? Well, that just goes to show. Here you got one wife, which is me, through the sacraments, and another, which is a vessel of sin, and that's Bronco Betty—"

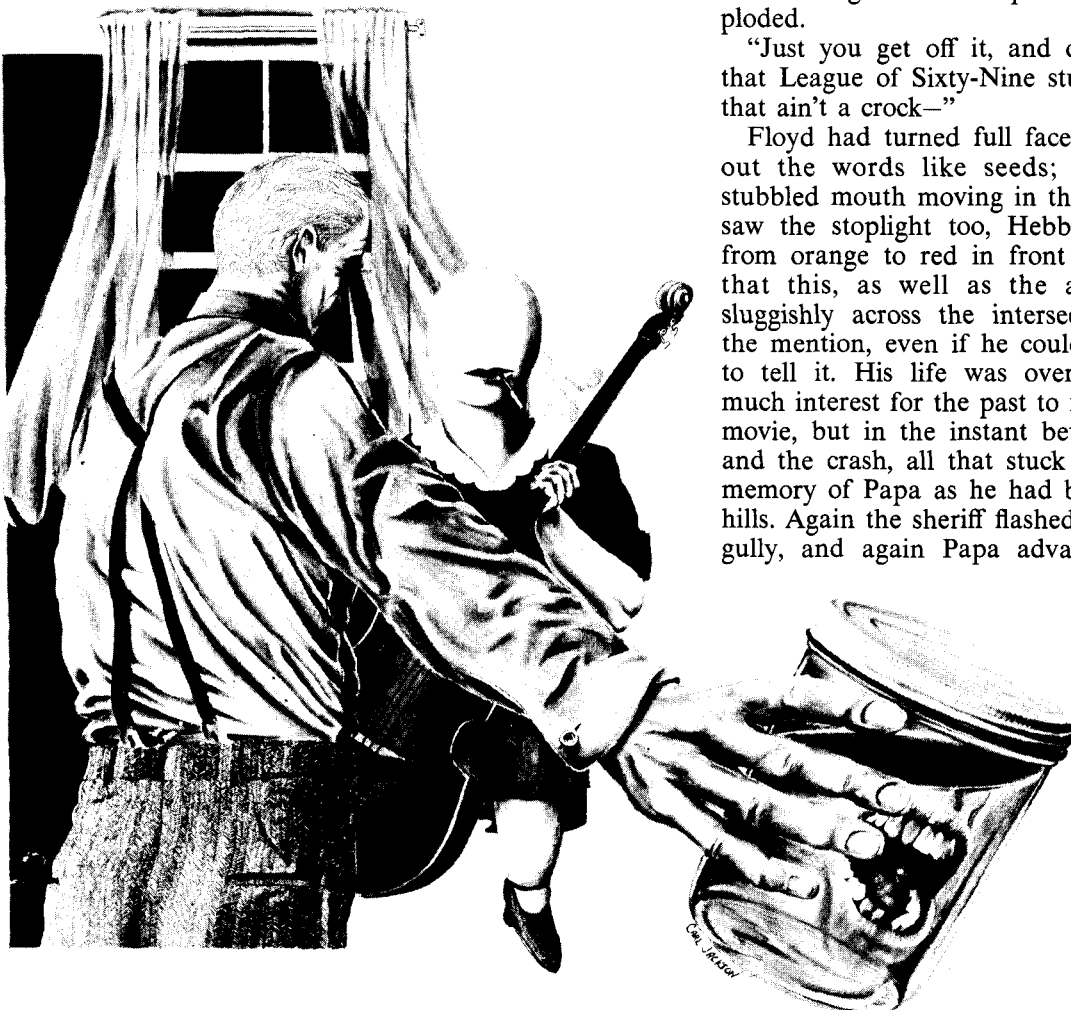
"You listen here, Grace Split, because you wouldn't know a mortal sin if one hit you on the head. Venial, maybe, but those don't mean nothing, and—"

"Haw. Venial, my rosy red."

She laughed contemptuously, and Floyd exploded.

"Just you get off it, and don't give me any of that League of Sixty-Nine stuff neither, because if that ain't a crock—"

Floyd had turned full face to his wife and spat out the words like seeds; Evalt could see his stubbled mouth moving in the rearview mirror. He saw the stoplight too, Hebb's only one, blinking from orange to red in front of them. But he felt that this, as well as the alfalfa truck pulling sluggishly across the intersection, was not worth the mention, even if he could have found a voice to tell it. His life was over. He waited without much interest for the past to flow before him like a movie, but in the instant between Grace's scream and the crash, all that stuck in his vision was the memory of Papa as he had been that night in the hills. Again the sheriff flashed his spotlight into the gully, and again Papa advanced slowly into the



weak yellow beam as if entering a tunnel. He bore the Detecta before him like something anointed, came straight to Evalt, and handed his son the machine. His mouth was a slack O, his eyes burned.

The nurse had been one of Evalt's students and thoughtfully saved a copy of the *Hebb Globe* to bring it all back to him after the operation. The front page had pictures of the ravaged alfalfa truck and the police chief lending his coat to Bronco Betty. The report said that Miss Elizabeth Jewel Klundt of Lusk, Wyoming, denied all knowledge of the ten ounces of hashish cleverly concealed inside the bass viol which had done so much damage to E. J. Gustavson, prominent local educator. However, Miss Klundt accused Mr. Floyd Split, no fixed address, of several crimes and misdemeanors which police had not yet found time to investigate. Asked to comment, Mr. Split, suffering bruises and shock in All Souls' Hospital, Hebb, made reference to the League of the Sixty-Nine, which led police to suspect larger underworld connections.

Miss Klundt was found to be healthy and uninjured after her poorly clad race from Mr. Gustavson's home to the Self-Serv Car-Wash, and police were holding her on suspicion. She affirmed that E. J. Gustavson, popular biology teacher at Shale County High, had no connection with Mr. and Mrs. Split's dope merchandising activities. "Just who was that guy, anyway?" she was quoted as saying.

Mr. Gustavson, still unconscious in All Souls' Hospital, suffered a fractured jaw and severe facial lacerations when the bass viol containing the hallucinogens broke apart during the accident and fragments of fingerboard flew into the back seat. The exact nature of Mr. Gustavson's connection with the Splits and Miss Klundt was still in doubt.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Grace Split, sometime local musician, was urgently requested to contact the Hebb sheriff's office. Also sought by police for questioning was the bald Japanese man, described as broad-shouldered and heavyset, wearing fur coat and brown slacks. Several witnesses observed him hurrying away from the scene of the mishap.

Police were frankly baffled by several aspects of this puzzling affair, but felt assured that time would solve all of its mysteries. The report ended with remarks by the *Globe* editor, who blamed a permissive society for stimulating acts of indecent exposure among the young.

Evalt threw the paper down and told the nurse he was going to commit suicide; she administered a hypo right away but got the dosage wrong and conked him out for thirty-six hours (later he remembered she had always been a C student). His wired jaw healed slowly, but Miss Freeler and the

football coach took over his classes, reading to them line by line from *Man and the Organic World*. The students sent him a large floral card with all their signatures, but he did not get well very soon. He pleaded ignorance to the police and, after leaving All Souls', helped them root through Mrs. Split's apartment. The sheriff was intrigued by the crucifix, but a thorough dismantling revealed nothing of interest.

Evalt drank bourbon over the summer to kill the pain, watched late-night TV, and read the complete works of Arthur Hailey. He took apart the Detecta for fun and wondered if prospecting might not be a soothing hobby. He also wondered if he had been fired, but heard nothing from the School Board; later he discovered that Mr. Bonchance had scoured the state for a replacement but no qualified person could be lured to Hebb for the salary. Sometimes he drank alone in Grace's room, watching the blue light of the revolving lampshade play over her giant Virgin Mary poster. He tried to sleep in her bed, but woke up screaming. His teachers' insurance paid off handsomely, however, so he had no trouble that way.

Back at school in September, tottering in with a hangover and nervous stomach, he waited for the class to snicker, for discipline to tumble down around his scandalous head. But they only gaped at him, blemished and witless as ever, and as he parceled out the texts he remembered that for the student no teacher is real. While they filled in book sheets, he looked out at his view of trailers, movie screen, and hills. He decided to try his Detecta out on those hills: Papa might have been on to something.

When he thought about it afterwards, he put down what he saw next to booze and nervous tension. It was a brief, sharp image of Grace sailing through billows of gilded cumulus. Below her, cherubs with rosy bums supported a viol of rare woods; behind her, archangels lifted the train of a navy blue robe glittering with daisies and trimmed in otter; above her, seraphs gathered in troops to celebrate her wig and cigarette holder. As she rode the soundless wind, her head began to glow like a searchlight, scattering beams of glory through the firmament. She winked at him and grinned, and a golden circlet formed in the heavens, a halo suspended in air to crown her radiant baldness.

But of course the climate was too arid for that kind of cloud. He looked again and saw only strands of cirrus spread over the washed-out horizon like hair.

He turned to the class and noticed something new on the shelf with the pickled frogs. After all his years of begging, the school had finally bought him a skeleton. He had requested a real one of human bone, clutch-mounted, with the muscle origins painted in red and the insertions in blue, but Mr. Bonchance had settled for a cut-rate miniature

which dangled like a toy from an aluminum hook. Evalt went round to the back of the room and lifted away the polyethylene dust cover. He touched the plastic skull, brushing his fingers over the clumsily molded sutures of the cranium. Then he moved the mandible, which squeaked on its cheap rubber peg. A girl behind him went "ooh ick."

Shuffling like an old man, he returned to the front and opened his mouth cautiously: it was still tender where the wires had been.

"My name is Evalt Jerome Gustavson," he said, and they wrote it down. "This course is biology. The science of life."

He discovered that he was holding his closed notebook firmly to his breast. He did not need it anymore. The words—the essential facts of osmosis and photosynthesis, of genus, species, reproduction, and decomposition—were taped to his soul, and he understood with sorrow and relief that his destiny was simply to play them back forever to the youth of Montana, since he had no knack for love. □

IN THE TUNNEL St. Andrew's Castle

by Robert A. Brooks

I

When we came to the tunnel, you would not go down,
Preferring the salt stones, the green grass and the sea,
And a composed girl in a scarlet gown
Talking of her university.

Apart from you, a dozen in gray or brown
Waited quietly as at the pithead or subway.
I knew it for the gate to my daily town
And entered with them out of the day.

II

Three months tunneling
Said the quiet man
In the gray granite
From town to barbican.

There was one of my name
Among the artisans,
Sent to the galleys later
By the queen in France,

For opening the night's work
From this dark place.
He brought the Scots nobles
Through face to face

With him who kept his countrymen
Wishart and Hamilton
Alive in a fire of green wood
Till the sun went down.

They killed the bloody Cardinal
And flung him in a pit.
They made a cross for Hamilton
In the cobbles of the street.

But John Knox heard it
From his wild gorse hole
When they threw the priest's head
Down like a football,

And had from that moment
God's fearful work in hand
Till the blood ran out at Fotheringhay
Said the quiet man.

III

I thought afterwards about the engineers
Who are always there to make it possible,
Upheld by competence, men of good cheer,
Despising the enthusiasts they serve so well,

But each morning leaving their wives under the sky
To go down into the rock with swage and screw,
Knowing only their blind and calcular eye
Tomorrow will let the steel come through.

Did they pause then, hearing as I heard
The god Hercules, whom they loved,
Leave them, his route of hautboys stirred
To a disastrous music in the world above?

LIFE & LETTERS

THE SHAPE OF H. G. WELLS

by Justin Kaplan

H. G. WELLS

by Norman and Jeanne Mackenzie
Simon and Schuster, \$10.00

The seventeenth-century theologian, Archbishop James Ussher of Armagh, Ireland, concluded from his study of sacred texts that the world was founded precisely in the year 4004 B.C. But even people who were not fundamentalists of Ussher's arithmetic stripe suffered comminuted fractures of belief when, in the nineteenth century, Charles Darwin and evolutionary science opened up appalling vistas of time. Before Darwin, remarks a character in H. G. Wells's *The Croquet Player*, "We lived in a magic sphere and we felt taken care of and safe." After Darwin, men were forced to look back over a prehistoric abyss of tens of millions of years. When they looked ahead they saw a future as precarious as the past. World without end had become a minor planet governed by the law of entropy and declining toward absolute zero. Never had the collective identity of mankind been so threatened, the collective ego so affronted. Victorians who managed to take a cheerful view of Darwin and argue that all was bound to grow better since all grows onward were, understandably, only trying to make the best of an intolerable situation; their talent for accommodation in itself demonstrated an advance over remote ancestors.

H. G. Wells, as Norman and Jeanne Mackenzie show in a biogra-

phy of major scope and compelling interest, was emphatically not one of the accommodators. He was born in 1866, seven years after Darwin published *On the Origin of Species*. He died in 1946, a year after the obliteration of Hiroshima. By then he had witnessed the passing of the social and assumptional order he had known as a boy. "Queen Victoria," Wells said, "was like a great paperweight that for half a century sat upon people's minds, and when she was removed their ideas began to blow all over the place haphazardly." Wells's *Outline of History*—not to mention *The Science of Life*, *The Shape of Things to Come*, and many of the more than one hundred other books he published—suggests that he believed one of his special missions was not to be a better paperweight but to be gust of wind and filing cabinet all in one. The Mackenzies lean to the view that Wells's model for his storage and retrieval system was not the work of the French Encyclopedists but, a throwback to his mother's evangelical view of the world, the Bible itself; he was an agnostic.

Wells was pre-eminently a popularizer of science and a peerless writer of science fiction, but he wanted desperately to be recognized as a scientist in his own right, if not another Darwin then another T. H. Huxley, Darwin's champion and Wells's mentor and model. In the (frustrated) hope of election as a Fellow of the Royal Society, Wells at seventy-seven earned his docto-

rate at London University with a dissertation entitled, "On the Quality of Illusion in the Continuity of the Individual Life in the Higher Metazoa, with Particular Reference to the Species *Homo Sapiens*." He was so outraged by Orson Welles's 1938 radio production of *The War of the Worlds* that he threatened to sue for damages; a Halloween prank over national radio had caused a panic and a scandal. Wells had a new reason to fear that people would not regard him as a thinker at all but instead as a spinner of Gothic tales about the future, a dealer in horrors and spells. And at the same time he had to protect himself against the charge that, insofar as he was a "thinker," he was an evolutionary optimist who believed in science as a cure for the ills of mankind. "I don't say that at all," he raged at George Orwell in 1942. "Read my early works, you shit." (At no point in his life was Wells's style of combat that of a Grand Old Man of English Letters.)

Orwell should not have had to go beyond the four brilliant and fantastic tales which made Wells's reputation—*The Time Machine*, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Invisible Man*, and *The War of the Worlds*, all published before 1897—to recognize the substratum of despair and apocalyptic dread on which their author's scientific imagination rested. His Time Traveller, for example, is transplanted from a London dinner party millions of years forward to a world on the brink of

nullity; through a process of degeneration and regression, the species *Homo sapiens* has "evolved" genetically along class lines—the crown of creation is divided into a carnivorous ruling class and a decadent proletariat raised for its food. As for faith in science: "The study of Nature," says Wells's Dr. Moreau, "makes man at last as remorseless as Nature."

Huxley himself acknowledged the black side of Darwinism. "I know of no study which is so utterly saddening as the evolution of humanity," he said. "Man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him." The Mackenzies trace the development of Wells's lifelong conviction "that the only hope of ultimate survival lay in finding a means of escape from the laws of evolution." This means of escape was nothing less than the perfecting of a new race of men who, as Wells wrote in an unusually hopeful mood, might one day "stand upon this earth as one stands upon a footstool and reach out their hands amid the stars."

For Wells this business of overthrowing the tyranny of origins had deadly counterparts in his own history or, better, ontogeny. His early life is more Darwinian in its chief aspects than Dickensian: an atypical social organism, sickly and unstable but armed with determination and extraordinary intelligence, fights its way out of the ooze of caste and class while parent and sibling organisms are washed back into the Victorian netherworld. Wells's mother was a housemaid and, until she was dismissed, a housekeeper at Up Park, the great estate at Midhurst which became Wells's emblem of an ideal order; the father, until he went bankrupt, kept a shop in Bromley which did a dwindling business in china and glassware, oddments, and cricket goods. Atlas House, as Joe Wells called his enterprise, was the emblem of ultimate marginality in a trade society.

The precocious son of this couple saw his own horizon rimmed by shop, servants' hall, the prospect of apprenticeship to a draper or pharmacist, and a life spent in some dingy dwelling in the company of others who had achieved a comparably dingy respectability. At seventeen—"more than ¼ of my life al-

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LITTLE, BROWN

ready"—Wells was seized by a now-or-never panic of revulsion. "There is every prospect of rising to a good position in the world," he argued, pleading with his mother to allow him to break his indentures and become a pupil-teacher, "while in my present trade I am a draper's assistant for life." A year later he exclaimed, "Gloria in excelsis mei!" He had won a scholarship to London University. The organism had finally reached terra firma.

By the time the new century came in, Wells had achieved fame, an international audience, and a position of influence as writer and public sage which he shared only with Bernard Shaw. "It did not take us long to recognize that here was Genius. Authentic, real Genius," Ford Madox Ford said about Wells. "All Great London lay prostrate at his feet." Wells was unerringly headed toward the wealth which enabled him to live like minor royalty wherever he chose and to maintain concurrent establishments in London, Paris, Grasse, and the Essex countryside. By the turn of the century he had also contracted two anomalous marriages and fallen into ways of compulsive philandering on such a scale of public visibility that at several points his standing as a writer was in jeopardy.

Wells seems to have resorted to adultery as a cure for depression, boredom, irritability, and what he called "domestic claustrophobia, the fear of being caught in a household." In general his troubles began again as soon as these irregular relationships hardened into habitude. ("He went round and round like a rat in a maze," said Rebecca West after sharing him for some years with Jane Wells.) In the Mackenzies' candid and altogether admirable handling of the material, Wells's affairs of heart and bed, both in and out of wedlock, rise conspicuously above the level of Edwardian scandal and form an almost novelistic account of a man helplessly in thrall to the Old Adam.

At the age of fifty-eight, after no more than an exchange of letters, Wells (to cite one of a number of related episodes) went to bed with a French admirer in a dark hotel room in Geneva without either having seen the other. ("I did not know

whether he was a giant or a gnome," Odette Keun said of what transpired before they turned the lights on, "but it did not matter.") He built a house for her in Grasse which they shared for nearly ten years; the entire affair, Wells explained, was conducted "with the connivance and help of my wife, who perceived that I was in grave mental distress and understood how things were with me." The liaison finally succumbed to restlessness and recrimination. Odette described him as a player of nursery games passing himself off as a prophet, the puppet of an "outraged ego" and savage nature; giant had turned out to be gnome. He paid her back by portraying her in a novel as "a born murderess . . . a human being stripped down to its bare egotism . . . the most completely, exclusively, and harshly assembled individuality I ever encountered." Meanwhile Jane Wells had died of cancer. Charlotte Shaw heard Wells at the funeral service howling in grief and self-accusation. "O it was hideous—terrible and frightful," she told T. E. Lawrence. "I am an old woman and there is one thing I seem, at least, to have learned. The way of transgressors is hard."

"He was clever, but not clever enough," Wells said of himself in a mock epitaph. Midway through his career, the Mackenzies suggest, Wells recognized, without ever becoming fully resigned to it, the fact that he was not, and never could be, a fiction writer of the order of Joseph Conrad and Henry James, both of them his close friends. For all his brilliance of invention, Wells's early tales showed a kind of addictive haste in the way they fell back on sentimentality and sensationalism; his mature fiction, as exemplified by the best of it, *Tono-Bungay*, tended to be episodic and deal in caricatures. To a certain extent his science had spoiled him as a novelist. He had the power to evoke archetypal terrors, but he was too impatient with the irrational and the recalcitrant, too interested in social engineering to want to go into the textures of literary creation or beneath the surfaces of behavior. "The fault I find with you," Conrad once told him, "is that you do not take sufficient account of human imbecility which is cunning and per-

fidious." According to Conrad, Wells wanted to save people but he didn't really care for them.

Wells's expressed exasperation with "the art of the novel" appeared to be Tolstoyan; unlike Tolstoy, however, he never had much art to renounce, and he ended up as a kind of Philistine who poked jealous and vindictive fun at Henry James for writing novels which were "like a church lit but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string." The Jamesian novel, Wells concluded, and there is no denying his cleverness, "is a magnificent but

painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost, even at the cost of its dignity, upon picking up a pea which has got into a corner of its den."

As a scientist and social prophet, too, Wells looked back on his career with a certain degree of sourness. The self-appointed heir of Darwin and Huxley had spent a good part of his life devising a series of secular Bibles and open conspiracies meant to give men just the barest chance of breaking the evolutionary mold of savagery. Wells said it was essential to try to break the mold, but never did he say the chances were good. On the eve of World War II he wrote another mock epitaph: "God damn you all: I told you so."

ALONE IN COVER-UP COUNTRY

by Benjamin DeMott

A girl kneeling by a slain boy on a sidewalk, fists skyward in fury . . . a middle-aged man wet-faced on TV, the camera motionless, riveted on his silences, whirring at grief . . . Allison Krause, Governor Scranton, James Michener . . . Hurtful images, a jumble of names—until recently little else surfaced at the mention of "the tragedy of Kent State." The events of April 30 to May 4, 1970, from President Nixon's announcement that U.S. ground troops were in Cambodia to the actual shooting of students by National Guardsmen, weren't remote in time. But keeping track of outrages has grown increasingly hard. And for many sleazy reasons "the authorities" have pressed people to forget from the start.

For Peter Davies, author of *THE TRUTH ABOUT KENT STATE: A Challenge to the American Conscience* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.00; paper, \$3.50), these obstacles weren't stoppers but prods. A New York insurance man and private citizen who has pursued the truth about the shootings and their sequel for three years, Davies assumed without hesitation that energies of conscience were everywhere intact and that right action was bound to follow from sound knowledge. Kent State constituted a

failure of justice; the nature, causes, and costs of failures of justice need to be ferreted out; an informed citizenry will not stomach official misdeeds. Therefore probe.

As everyone now knows, this decision—this refusal to forget—has had consequences. In the period since the 1971 decision by Attorney General John Mitchell against convening a grand jury on violations of civil rights at Kent State, much has been revealed about the scale of such violations elsewhere—breaking and entering, theft, other acts committed in the name of "national security." There have also been disclosures, in a variety of contexts, about pre-1970 U.S. aggression in Cambodia that was concealed when the ground invasion was announced. And new knowledge of both kinds has cast fresh light—and irony—on the entire Kent State episode. But in itself this knowledge couldn't have brought about an official reopening of inquiry. Credit for that accomplishment goes to the parents of the victims, public interest lawyers who brought suits in state courts, church groups and foundations who helped finance the suits, liberal congressmen—and, in large measure, Peter Davies.

Soon after Mitchell was indicted last May, Deputy Assistant Attorney

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HELP DICK HUGHES

General William O'Connor admitted that "the Justice Department had for some time possessed evidence upon which to seek indictments against one to six Ohio guardsmen for depriving the [undergraduate] victims of civil rights without due process of law." In midsummer, when the Davies book was in galley proof, Senator Birch Bayh forcefully raised the subject of Kent State in hearings on the promotion of an official involved in the original Mitchell decision to drop the case, and shortly thereafter Attorney General Elliot Richardson announced that the Justice Department was undertaking a re-investigation.

At this writing, the results of the promised probe aren't known, but they will surely update the research presented in *The Truth About Kent State*. Yet, surprisingly, this is unlikely to diminish the value of the book. The reason is that, while Peter Davies' text in one of its dimensions is a cry of protest, in another it is a cool inquiry into the anatomy of a (possible) pro-amateur cover-up—a successful attempt to clarify how and why such events can occur. Within months of the episode, both the Scranton Commission and Mitchell declared the shootings to have been "unnecessary, unwarranted, and inexcusable," Davies notes, and he adds: "If the American people had recognized from the beginning that the shooting down of unarmed civilians on a crowded college campus by combat-equipped troops was wrong, the Justice Department would have responded to the political will of the majority. Instead the shootings were generally condoned." The central question must then be: why so? What forces combined to hide the injustice from general view?

The answer provided in the book begins with a reckoning of some assiduous mythmaking from above that helped to create false divisions between old and young, school and community. The public had been taught in this period to perceive college youth as The Enemy and to conceive of the campus as a key arena in which the struggle for The Good (an orderly society) would necessarily be fought. The teacher of the lesson was not simply the nation's Chief Executive, although vilification of campus activists as

"bums"—the word was used only a few days before the shots were fired—strengthened belief in the inevitability of "war." The media played a role and so did state and local officials. (On the day of the Kent State shootings, the Governor of Ohio was forty-eight hours away from a hotly contested primary in which he was running as a law-and-order candidate; his rhetoric throughout the campaign dramatized his keenness for the war; his summons of the National Guard, at a moment when campus calm had been restored, confirmed the notion that none but combat "procedures" could be relevant.)

A second force leading people to condone shooting the unarmed was inferior on-the-spot reporting and sustained on-the-spot lying in high places. Time and again word was passed by "the authorities" that the troops were in danger; evidence suggesting that the troops' first shots weren't fired in fear or panic went virtually unreported. Davies observes that the Guardsmen were separated from their victims by a hundred yards and more at the time they shot; that, owing to the manner in which the riflemen swung about from an established line of march to take aim, the first volley looked to have been coordinated in advance; that a student armed with a loaded pistol who had received pay as a federal government campus spy—"internal security" again—was seen to have flourished the weapon, in view of the Guardsmen, just before the firing; and that members of the platoon that fired had time and occasion, shortly before the slaughter, to work out a plan of action.

He further quotes assertions in a federal summary of a voluminous FBI study that "the crowd apparently was initially peaceful and relatively quiet," that Guardsmen had not been attacked by a sniper, were not surrounded, were not hit with rocks immediately prior to the shooting; that an arm bruise suffered by a Guardsman ten to fifteen minutes before the shots were fired was the only injury serious enough to require "any kind of medical treatment" occurring before that fatal volley; and that, finally, "we have some reason to believe that

the claim by the National Guard that their lives were endangered by the students was fabricated subsequent to the event."

In substantiating this review of the facts, Davies relies on scrupulously detailed readings of several dozen photographs included in the text. But his emphasis throughout is on the way the media covered the story. He acknowledges that the Akron *Beacon Journal* sought out information from others besides Guard commanders and university spokesmen. But this was, he insists, the exception; for weeks the media's primary sources were figures like the general officer in charge who, early in the disturbance, was seen hurling stones at students. And the result was that no perspective on the shootings other than as acts of self-defense became widely available to the public at large.

A third reason for public acceptance of the murderous response to the Kent State demonstration is, in Davies' mind, dimness about guaranteed rights, notably the right of peaceful assembly. Every Kent State investigator has agreed that a disastrous jump in levels of fury occurred at the moment when Guardsmen undertook, without constitutional sanction, to break up an announced, orderly, public meeting of protest. *The Truth About Kent State* quotes Justice Brandeis: "Crime is contagious. If the Government becomes a law breaker, it breeds contempt for the law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself; it invites anarchy." But to understand this cycle in relation to what happened at Kent State requires, first, awareness of the fundamental rights originally transgressed, and, second, suspension of the habitual assumption that law enforcers are never themselves law breakers. The absence of both insured the invulnerability of the exonerators.

As should be said, the basic patterns Davies discerns—the overarching myth, on-the-spot falsification of events, ignorance and manipulated confusion about the specifics of the law—are scarcely astonishing. Neither is the evidence that's cited as these patterns are traced. And one or two omissions might be remarked. Should not the author have addressed himself specifically to the previous investiga-

tions, analyzing their failure to rouse protest? The Scranton Commission's impact was weakened by the need to back off from talk of conspiracy (at the time the draft was submitted, an Ohio grand jury was theoretically in process of investigating the Guardsmen's behavior), and by the Nixon Administration's abuse of the Scranton report as left-oriented and permissive (the treatment implied that no anti-Administration punches had been pulled). I. F. Stone's articles, on *The Killings at Kent State*, though firm in protest, were brief and had no purchase on a mass audience comparable to that of James Michener's *Kent State*, which was initiated by and excerpted for the *Reader's Digest*. And Michener's chief concern was not the distribution of justice, but the drama of conflicting lifestyles.

To dwell on this or that omission, though, would be as wrongheaded as to slight Mr. Davies' book as "merely topical." *The Truth About Kent State* is, in the end, the work of a partisan; details that reflect badly on the student-victims are occasionally softened. As already indicated, the author didn't work entirely alone in his effort to force an official re-investigation of the case. (The title page of the book lists "the Board of Church and Society of the United Methodist Church" as co-author; the appendices include two articles by other writers on due process in civil disobedience, and on church obligations in a time of repression; the parents of the victims were consistently supportive; the National Council of Churches, aided by the generous-opportunistic hand of the Playboy Foundation, helped to finance a number of pertinent lawsuits.) And obviously there's no assurance that information about why this cover-up worked will either save us from the next one, or bring justice closer to other student victims at Jackson State and elsewhere. But despite these qualifications, *The Truth About Kent State* does awaken uncommon optimism in its reader. For while the cover-up story is infuriating, the teller himself possesses distinguished and enlivening personal qualities—doggedness that's in no way vengeful, steadiness of concern, belief in the possibility of marshaling fact toward decent ends,

competence in that work, trust above all in our capacity for electing to make ourselves responsible. *Of course it still matters*, the voice on his page keeps implicitly repeating, *of course your best self cares, could never really forget it, couldn't possibly let it go*.

All royalties from *The Truth About Kent State* are to be devoted to the continuing quest for justice in the case; the gesture, like the book, stands as an admirable civic deed.

Without hope and the existence of a feasible route to justice, deeds of the above kind are unimaginable—which explains the weight of futility burdening Michael J. Arlen's *AN AMERICAN VERDICT* (Doubleday, \$6.95). At the same time that effort was being pressed to bare the truth about Kent State, community and civil rights groups, newspapers, and others were struggling in Chicago against what they saw as another cover-up—the police version of a bloody dawn raid on the city's Black Panther headquarters. The struggle led to a federal grand jury (no indictment but a report containing many previously suppressed facts), and later to a Special Cook County grand jury indictment of State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan for conspiracy to obstruct justice. The evidence brought forth left no doubt of a cover-up in many minds, but the verdict was exoneration, and it was final—no legal avenues left, no ground for adopting a rallying tone and speaking positively of challenges to the American conscience, case closed.

An American Verdict is the story of the Hanrahan trial. It begins and ends with views of the West Monroe Street neighborhood in which, on December 4, 1969, Fred Hampton (head of the Illinois Black Panther Party) and Mark Clark (a party member) were killed, and four other party members wounded by police bullets. (The police had a search warrant; their mission as stated by Hanrahan was "to seize sawed-off shotguns and other illegal weapons stored [at this] depot.") The method throughout is impressionistic: scenes and snippets of testimony from the trial are interspersed with short takes on the character of Mayor Daley, the birth and history of the Panthers, developments in the cul-



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ture of street gangs, a cop awards night, the Chicago Irish in fact and fiction, Campaign '72, and a number of other subjects. The ground of protest is fully mapped: Fred Hampton, killed in his bed, never fired a shot, nor did most of the Panthers whom Hanrahan charged with attempted murder and armed violence. And the verdict does not go unexplained:

A "conspiracy to obstruct justice" supposedly is hard enough to prove in the most favorable of contexts, but here the defense has owned the context, has owned it all along. Who, after all, were these defendants but young men, men in their prime, supported not only by official regulations (always a help), but by their own sense of rectitude, of mission, of comradeship, and . . . sustained in the end by the emotional apparat of the whole close [law enforcement] world they live in—which came to include finally the prosecutor.

But the dominant note of *An American Verdict* is of helplessness and meaninglessness, and long before the end the book's air becomes difficult to breathe. Mr. Arlen remembers a happier moment, a time in which the country seemed almost capable of effective self-scrutiny—"one wild brief period of time—was it three or four or two years ago? was it this year? ever?—[when] we nearly looked at [ourselves]." Since then, however,

there have been changes. The children, or many of them, have come back down from the hills. We have lowered our skirts. Raised our sideburns. Proclaimed that we are a bit wearied and preoccupied, and leaving a number of dead behind us and some strange disconnected memories . . . we are moving back to the business of the country. It seems odd, and faraway, and not quite believable that we were ever anywhere else.

And the book's closing sentences—the return to the scene of the atrocity—stutter amid the obliterations of time:

The house on West Monroe Street is a house like any other there. An old row house, now getting older; the green paint, a lime shade, now flaking into other colors. Did something happen here? Was it important? Two schoolkids come walking

back down the block—the same two, two little black girls. Earmuffs and mittens. Time passing everywhere. Time passes. Time.

Mr. Arlen's earlier books—*Exiles*, an affecting, finely reserved memoir of his parents, and *The Living Room War*, edgy, bitter commentaries on television—are works of distinction. The critic tempted to remark that despair in *An American Verdict* is more pretentious and less securely rooted in a response to experience than seemed the case in the previous writing has a point, but not one with great bearing on the future of this talent. Arlen's assignment was, at bottom, to register fully a defeat; responsible to the material, he correctly refused even to propose that Hanrahan's subsequent loss at the polls, after his exoneration by the courts, could be seen as just retribution. The meaning, to repeat, is carried unremittingly in the tone: when cover-up conquers, nerves are blasted and hope disappears.

Nailing the conquerors, so says the truism, is the job of the press. But those few reporters who labor at it intensely aren't uniformly blessed with mass, attentive audiences. "It took ten years for the circulation to reach 20,000," says Neil Middleton in his introduction to I. F. STONE'S WEEKLY READER (Random House, \$7.95), a new collection of this journalist's pieces, "but by then the *Weekly's* reputation was firmly established, and with the last issue the circulation reached 70,000." The figures are a reminder that a readership of millions doesn't await the independent investigator if he is issue-oriented, bent on reporting complicated interactions of governmental and social forces, or a confirmed anti-scandalmonger. It's all too easy, to be sure, to dismiss scandalmongers. I. F. Stone has never been a sensationalist after the manner of, say, a Jack Anderson, whose pieces have also been collected this season (*The Anderson Papers* by Jack Anderson with George Clifford; Random House, \$6.95). The editor of the *Weekly* could never write relishingly, as Anderson does, that "one of the most valuable species of American life [is] the informer." And Stone's mistakes are character-

istically traceable to misreadings of evidence, rather than (as with Anderson in the Eagleton affair) to simple addiction to the pleasures of besmirchment. But it should be conceded that there are few sequences in *I. F. Stone's Weekly Reader* as fully circumstantial in their witness to the trials of reporters up against The System, or as revelatory in detail of The System's ways of working, as Anderson's series on ITT and Dita Beard. Self-congratulation thickens as the reporter tells what comes down once an Attorney General, a huge conglomerate, and a hostile Senate committee decide to tip damnation on you. But at their best these pieces remain indispensable materials for students of the Watergate world that was opened to view this past summer, and they do much to temper skepticism about the essential value of the Anderson enterprise.

Stone's power to disarm skepticism flows partly from patience and energy, partly from a marvelous ability to fill in, by imaginative speculation, gaps between apparently unconnected public deeds and utterances, and partly from being right early and often. ("Devotion to freedom should begin at home," says a June, 1962, piece on Freedom Riders and President Kennedy's evasiveness about Meredith at Ole Miss. "If we can't have it in Mississippi, we won't win it defending dictators in Vietnam.") The *Reader* has a number of the best-known pieces on the war, on race issues in the sixties, and on Joe McCarthy and witch-hunt days. The qualities of character—fair-mindedness, quickness to praise selfless servers, absence of priggishness, freedom from obsession with hypocrisy—are as visible when Stone considers a countryman complaining that blacks are "pushy," as when he's noting, matter-of-factly, in a footnote, which of the big liberal wheels on the letterhead of a cause did and didn't dog it when he was needed. Proof of the possibility of effective individual contention against the great They who pretend they're beyond challenge, this correspondent's work has kept its edge over a period of decades. And it goes on, luckily, shaping something rare in these times—a reporting life that actually matters, one continuous civic deed.

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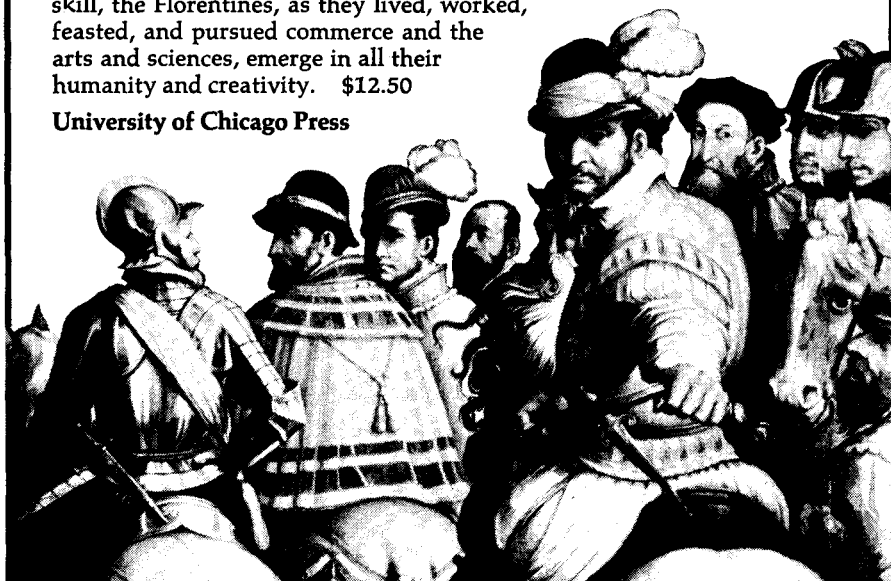
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WHERE IT ALL ENDS . . .

by Michael Janeway

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1972
by Theodore H. White
Atheneum, \$10.00

Toward the end of *The Making of the President—1968*, Theodore White describes himself, with candor, as “a reporter who loves the American political process.” Nineteen sixty-eight, with its assassinations, violence, and disappointment, was enough to test abiding love for our politics, but White plugged on, and now we have *The Making of the President—1972*. The trouble is, White’s election-year chronicles are published in the year after the election they recount, and this book has of course collided with the unclothing of the emperor—1973. For anyone who loves the American political process, Watergate is a heartbreaker, not to mention a complication in getting to press. White got to press, but I’m not sure where that leaves him, and neither is he.

He has worked diligently to catch up with the Watergate revelations, and at the same time to hold to his first order of business, which is to tell the story of the contest of 1972. And as in his previous volumes, amidst the flood of hourly, daily, weekly, and monthly campaign coverage, he has somehow managed to make off with some fascinating interviews and capture in notes and memory revealing pieces of the action that went unreported. But for White as for just about everyone else in America, Watergate poses problems and questions.

It would be unfair to expect him to have cracked any more riddles than any other well-informed reporter or investigator had by the time the book went to press. But there is a special problem here. By his own account in this book, White turned from a scornful view of Richard Nixon—“one of life’s losers,” he called him in his 1960 volume—to an admiring one. And whereas he had been denied access to Nixon in 1960 (which he duly and modestly noted at the time, as he did with regard to Lyndon John-

son in 1964), he had won a good deal of access by 1968, and quite a lot more in 1972. He writes, “As I came to know him, to observe his mind changing, my respect began.” The diplomacy of the first Nixon Administration, he asserts, “could only be called majestic.” White interviewed the President last on March 17 of this year, and he writes now, “My judgment, suspended at that date, would have cast Richard Nixon as one of the major Presidents of the twentieth century, in a rank just after Franklin Roosevelt, on a level with Truman, Wilson, Eisenhower, Kennedy.” How to reconcile this revised view of Richard Nixon with what White readily calls “that family of obscenities which were to be jumbled together under the name ‘Watergate’”?

“I had to build a shield around myself,” said Richard Nixon to Theodore White in that March interview. A cynical soul can accept the duality of a man in need of a shield secluding himself with the co-producer of his foreign-policy extravaganzas—Henry Kissinger—on one flank, and the Watergatemens on the other. But White is no cynic. Certainly he is realistic in noting that the Watergate “obscenities flowed from the same management of power which had created the great diplomatic triumphs.” But he knows that begs the question. So he goes on to draw the now familiar picture of a beleaguered White House in which “the President had . . . by the end of 1970, created a private climate of intemperance.” Although White is appalled by the “corrosion of decency in power and fouling of the political process” perpetrated by the President’s loyalists, for now he has chosen something like the President’s explanation for how it all came to pass. He gives a convincing description of 1970-1971’s intemperament climate:

. . . In the words of one of the hard men of his staff, “we were a film of dust on top of the table; underneath was the bureaucracy. Ike did nothing to replace the bu-

reaucracy. Democratic appointees are all through the woodwork of this government.” In the minds of many at the White House, with the publication of the Pentagon Papers it seemed that something akin to political treason was going on in the administration.

But then it comes time to talk about who did the dirty deeds—and who covered them up. White:

One can only invent an imaginary scene to explain it all—a scene akin to that in the court of Henry II when that intemperate king burst out in the hearing of all, “Oh, who will rid me of this troublesome priest!” and a band of knights set out that day at dusk to murder Thomas à Becket at the high altar of Canterbury’s cathedral. Historians, playwrights and novelists have mused ever since whether it was the king’s intent to incite murder in the cathedral; they have generally blamed the act, for which Henry II did such grievous penance, on swordsmen who misinterpreted his wishes. The same kind of debate will follow the Nixon administration through history; but this moment is much too early for any outsider to pass judgment.

Nixon as Henry II? As John Ehrlichman used to say in his glory days, “Will that play in Peoria?” If it doesn’t, there is another imaginary scene. In it, White goes through a complicated football routine in which “the coach, who understood best what the campaign was all about, was preoccupied with action elsewhere”—that would be the “majestic foreign policy.”

White had another problem this time round: that is, to some extent, after George McGovern and Thomas Eagleton got done with each other there really was no campaign in 1972. White is quite right to maintain a sense of sequence and perspective, and to say that “the story of Watergate was only one of a number of major stories in the election of 1972. . . . The elections of 1972 were determined, basically, by the record Richard Nixon had written. . . .” He believes Watergate turned off a lot of voters; indeed that both candidates did (the percentage of those voting for President was the lowest since 1948). Fuller knowledge of Watergate was,

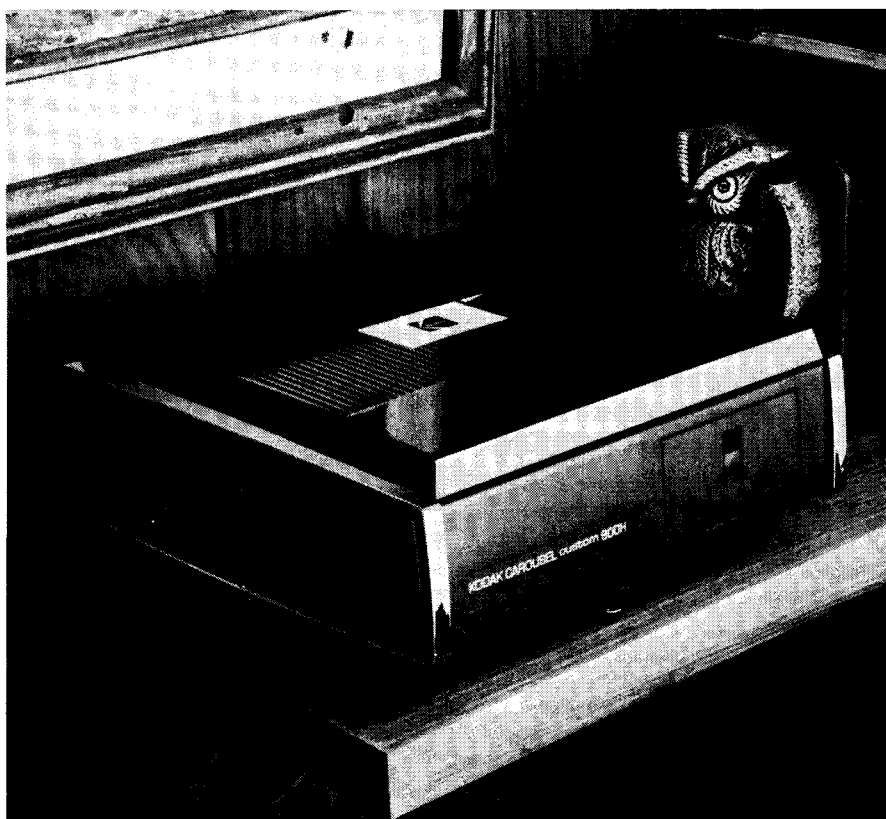
as White says, "to become a story of 1973." So, faced with what he calls "a dull election in the reporting," White fixes on what one might call a surrogate opposition candidate. Nixon's "chief adversary," he says, "was not George McGovern, but that vanguard of the press which claimed it understood and spoke for the people better than he did himself."

He gives the press and its "primordial" power a chapter. He writes of "an opinion center radiating out of New York," and of the "Liberal Press":

This "vanguard" sets the agenda of public discussion; and this sweeping political power is unrestrained by any law. It determines what people will talk and think about—an authority that in other nations is reserved for tyrants, priests, parties and mandarins.

No major act of the American Congress, no foreign adventure, no act of diplomacy, no great social reform can succeed in the United States unless the press prepares the public mind. And when the press seizes a great issue to thrust onto the agenda of talk, it moves action on its own—the cause of the environment, the cause of civil rights, the liquidation of the war in Vietnam, and, as climax, the Watergate affair were all set on the agenda, in first instance, by the press.

Speaking as an interested party, I find this inaccurate, exaggerated, and something more: it has the sound of someone who has been talking to presidents, would-be presidents, and their alter egos. Johnson and his aides used to say much the same thing; if any men hated the press more than Nixon and Agnew did in 1972, they were Edmund Muskie and George McGovern. The press, elitist or plebeian, more often than not lives off news created by government and politicians. It is a parasite in that respect. It records politicians' troubles and triumphs, and when the troubles get frustrating the press is an obvious, available cat to kick. Nixon and Agnew, of course, started kicking the cat before their troubles got out of hand, but that is another story. What is troubling here is that White accepts so much of their bogeyman view of the modern press, which includes the unlikely portrayal of big-name television commentators as deep



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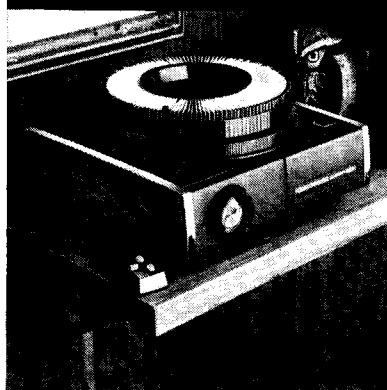
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The Asian Journal of THOMAS MERTON

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NEW DIRECTIONS
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thinkers. He does go on to admit that the press didn't do very well as a surrogate candidate in 1972, which undercuts his case. The press's achievements in adversary dealings with Nixon & Co. in 1973 are of course considerable, but I would argue that—with now famous (and honored) exceptions—the press, as is its nature, has been more passive than active in the last year; more in the business of recording the Nixon Administration's historic self-destruction than engaged in a premeditated campaign to destroy it. On this important issue my vote goes to that painstakingly restrained reporter John Osborne, no knee-jerk Eastern Liberal Pressman, but rather a Mississippi-born conservative-turned-moderate. *The Fourth Year of The Nixon Watch* (Liveright, \$6.95), consisting of Osborne's 1972 White House coverage for the (OK) knee-jerk liberal *New Republic*, has just been published, and contains this entry made in late August of last year, in the wake of the press's reaction to McGovern's and Eagleton's own self-destruction:

The immediate effect [on the Nixon entourage] was to make ridiculous the paranoiac illusion that the President is uniquely exposed and vulnerable to critical coverage and comment and to impair the companion illusion that the country's most influential journalists and commentators are determined to see that he is never liked because they don't like him and his policies. . . .

If White's love for American politics leaves him still, in mid-1973, somewhat beamish about Richard Nixon, there is plenty in *The Making of the President—1972* that we would not have if White were a less energetic or reflective paramour. An easy target now (like Nixon), White is also a good read. There is a fascinating interview with the President, in which Nixon explains his strategy of ignoring the rest of the Republican ticket:

He . . . was working for this new majority, not a Republican majority, because, "Well," he said, "I'm not stupid." He was working to get the people he called Truman Democrats. . . . They were calling him up. . . . The moment he tied himself to the theme of a "new Republican majority," well, "the mo-

ment I do that, I pull myself down to their level, and . . . part of our problem is that we have a lot of lousy candidates; the good ones will go up with me, the bad ones will go down."

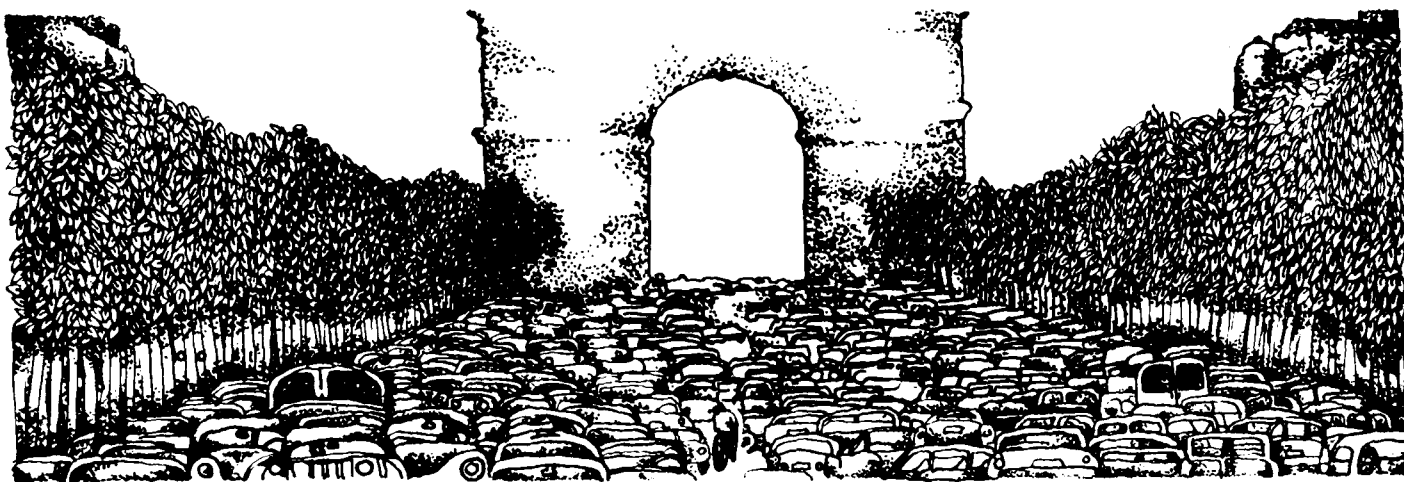
We see Ehrlichman and Haldeman referring to their old friend Robert Finch as "the Pasadena Hamlet." McGovern, exhausted and living on fantasy: "Frank [Mankiewicz] and Gary [Hart] have a scenario, but I don't see it as a scenario. I have this feeling I'm working with a historical trend, history is going for me. . . ." There is an account of the triumphs of "McGovern's Army" before success spoiled it and fate foiled it that renders the whole story more excitingly, and makes its lessons more worth pondering, than do the several books that army's own leaders have published so far. There is an episode on the Eagleton tangle, supplied by Eagleton to White and (I believe) hitherto unrecorded, that goes in part like this: It was the eve of the day on which McGovern dumped Eagleton. Eagleton had just appeared on CBS's *Face the Nation*; meanwhile McGovern aides Jean Westwood and Basil Paterson had been sending Eagleton the bad news on NBC's *Meet the Press*. In Eagleton's account for White,

George complimented me on my "Face The Nation" performance. I complimented him on Jean Westwood's hatchet job—and I used just those words—on "Meet The Press." . . .

To this McGovern rejoined, "Tom, believe me I had no idea what she was going to say. Only this afternoon when she and Basil Paterson came by my house did I first learn of what she said."

"Don't shit me, George," I said. This was the first time in our recent political linkage that either of us had said to the other anything that was less than kind. George smirked. Not a smile of faint amusement. Not a frown of slight irritation. A smirk, that's what it was. . . .

And there are discussions of the busing issue in 1972, and of the divisive aspects of some of the Democratic Party's efforts to reform itself—in particular, the quota issue—which are more thorough and informative than any others I've seen. They also happen to be weighted toward White's proposition that "the



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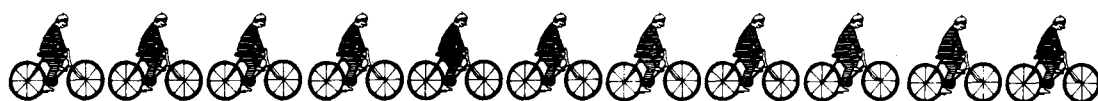
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story of an election always belongs to the victor, as does this one." White takes the view that McGovern and his supporters set themselves on a Goldwater-like disaster course, forcing "the liberal idea" into "the liberal theology." In this case, hindsight may be right, but I question the way he lumps the Democratic camp's pragmatic reformers—fighting real abuses, grappling with real dilemmas—in with the numerous bungling zealots. Does hindsight really assure us that no amount of revelation about Nixon and *his* bungling zealots would have lost him the election, as White suggests; and that the Democrats were simply going too far, too fast? I wonder.

White writes, "Mr. McGovern persisted in the Lincolnian tradition of hoping an appeal to the better angels of people's nature might summon them to new visions; Mr. Nixon proposed to deal with Americans as they are." It seems evident that by the time of the making of the president—1976, the fact that McGovern bungled his mandate will be less important than what Nixon has done to his office, and what has happened to the Nixonian conception of politics as distinct from the Lincolnian one. I hope that Theodore White will be recording that story. The odds are that for those of us who love the American political process, as well as those of us who are merely platonically fascinated by it, the story will have a happier ending than this one had.

GOODBYE, MR. CHRISTIAN
by Richard Dougherty
Doubleday, \$7.95

RIGHT FROM THE START
by Gary Hart
Quadrangle, \$7.95

THE LONG SHOT
by Gordon L. Weil
Norton, \$8.95

The remains of the McGovern campaign, as warmed over in these books by three of its aides, are not tempting fare. For one thing, you wouldn't believe how much time McGovern's staff spent in Mickey Mouse struggles for this or that advantage over each other, and on occasion for the seat next to him on

the campaign plane. New Politics or Sloppy Politics, none of it makes George McGovern look much like presidential timber in retrospect.

Dougherty's book is by his own admission "concerned as much with Dougherty as with McGovern, perhaps more so." But Dougherty—reporter, novelist, on again, off again McGovern press secretary—is an entertaining writer on just about any subject, not least of all himself, and when all else fails there are Frank Mankiewicz's famous one-liners. At a convention of the New Democratic Coalition in New York:

New York reformers would rather wrangle than eat. Indeed at one point there was a dispute over whether the rules allowed an adjournment for lunch. It was already mid-afternoon and they might have lunched twice in the time it took to fight it out; but on they went. Mankiewicz, who had flown up from Washington for the occasion, turned to me and—paraphrasing the old song—said: "Every little meaning has a Movement all its own."

Campaign director Gary Hart has written a spare diary with some colorful moments, such as the time after the Eagleton disaster when two operatives of George Wallace, Tom Turnipseed and Dr. Peter Beeter, came to call,

pulled their chairs against my table-desk, and began a breathless, semi-whispered discussion. Turnipseed: "Can you be trusted? I mean can you *really* be trusted?" . . . Beeter: "Who do you want to be President? I mean, who do you *really* want to be President?" These guys used "really" like a secret-society code word. . . .

Their message was that "Wallace is your man" to replace Eagleton. But such moments are few in the book, and it will for the most part be of interest to the McGovern faithful, as will Gordon Weil's.

All three books drop hints about aspects of the Eagleton matter. Taken together, they suggest that McGovern staffers learned more, earlier, about Eagleton than was generally supposed; that McGovern found out more about him before the affair climaxed than anyone supposed; and that the Nixon Administration may have known about Eagleton's medical history and helped the story along.

MOVIES

ON THE STRIP

by Joseph Kanon

Timing can be as important as quality in the kind of impact movies make, and *American Graffiti* has the power of one of those ideas whose time has come. Directed by twenty-eight-year-old George Lucas and written by Lucas and Gloria Katz and Willard Huyck, this loose, episodic account of four teen-agers on a summer night in 1962 arrives at the end of a nostalgia boom by now too familiar for comment. It is not only the best movie to come out of that genre, but one of the best American films about adolescence ever made. In the past few years only *The Godfather* has connected with its audience this way: the audience for *Graffiti* not only anticipates the fifties songs and artifacts but stays alert to what the movie is doing, as if it were part of a collective dialogue with the screen. The movie has the wistfulness one gets from skimming through an old high school yearbook—the affectionate giggles at the hairstyles, the details that trigger associations, and, finally, the mixed feelings of hindsight as the pictures become a catalogue of promises never kept, a memory bank of events perhaps worth remembering but certainly not worth repeating. *American Graffiti* lures its audience with the easy pleasures of nostalgia, then twists that nostalgia into something richer and more interesting—a look into the pop sensibility that drew people to the movie in the first place.

By 1962 the pop culture of the fifties had reached its apogee, its raw energy slicked down to an AM radio sensibility that had nowhere left to go. Tom Wolfe (and others) would notice and write about it and the sixties would change it beyond recognition, but in the 1962 of *American Graffiti* pop flows around the characters like an endless dream, wired together by radio, charged up by disc jockeys (DJ Wolfman Jack and his limitless supply of 45's are not merely background noise but central characters), kept in motion by the souped-up

cars cruising their circular track—from Mel's Drive-In to the high school to the lovers' lanes to The Strip. There is nowhere to go, just the going. Lucas, aided by Haskell Wexler (who directed *Medium Cool* and is listed here as "visual consultant"), has caught the surface flash of pop as no one else has and he has done it without condescension or posturing. Those giant fifties cars move like gleaming fish under the glaring lights, their chrome and polish reflecting a neon landscape that dissolves in motion like pieces of melting film. Lucas knows that the glamour is tawdry, but it is glamour nevertheless and in Modesto, California, the only glamour there is. In purely visual terms, he has managed to capture the paradox of pop America: the cars and lights glitter like money, but so much of it is ugly, and ironically almost all of it is cheap. One gleaming storefront displays a whole host of new television sets, all of them tuned to *Ozzie and Harriet*. Some of the images are positively totemic: one look at Mel's Drive-In, with its garish lighting and roller-skating carhops, and you can practically taste the food—the soft, steamed buns, the chili sauce, the salty fries, the cherry Cokes so sweet with instant gratification that for five minutes you can even believe they're good. The physical world of *American Graffiti*, like its music, is quickly disposable but always the same. "Sixteen Candles" becomes "Little Darlin'," the drive-in becomes Main Street, but nothing changes.

A flair for details can cut both ways in a nostalgia film. The form demands them, the audience responds to them, so the tendency is to make the cleverness of the detail carry the movie. But unlike any other nostalgia film, *American Graffiti* has been able to supply the details and step quickly beyond them—after the opening scenes, they're just assumed pieces of background. The words are there (bitchin', boss, cooties), the clothes are there (madras shirts, white

socks, shawl collars), and the staging of a sock hop in the gym is virtually flawless, but they are part of a total experience, not the experience itself. The usual peep-show-of-artifacts approach has been particularly disastrous for movies about the fifties because they evoke the life of a public era no one really wants to go back to. In a movie such as *Let the Good Times Roll*, a documentary of a nostalgic rock 'n' roll concert intercut with pictures, newsreels, and other memorabilia of the period, the effect is to bludgeon you further into your seat with bad news (aside from the music, the only time the audience bordered on enthusiasm was during a clip of Harry Truman firing MacArthur). *Graffiti*, however, evokes not a public era, but a private one. The artifacts can't be avoided because the fifties, after all, were obsessed with materials, but *Graffiti* presents them in personal terms, almost as if it were asking the audience to imprint their own memories on the cars and clothes. They're not props in a historical drama—we are still too close to the fifties for that—but tangible bits of experience.

They can function this way partly because the movie is filled with people, not newsclips. A good many of the characters are stunted, but that's a function of their lives, not the script—they're as full-bodied as they're ever going to be. The spare, often funny script gives the actors just enough breadth to take even minor figures out of caricature, and the casting is visually superb—these actors are not only good, they *look* right for the parts. It's not just a matter of being gussied up in letter sweaters or white chinos, but that indefinable thing that can sometimes happen in movies when an actor blurs into a role so completely that he becomes a fixed visual image. Cindy Williams, for example, as the cheerleader who doesn't want her boyfriend to leave for college, simply looks like every other high school girl who used to be called "cute," her face arranged for public consumption, softness locked into place by the brittle anxiety of what people will think. Or Candy Clark as Debbie, all spindly legs and bouffant hairdo, who agrees to go for a ride when a boy tells her she looks like Connie Stevens (*she*

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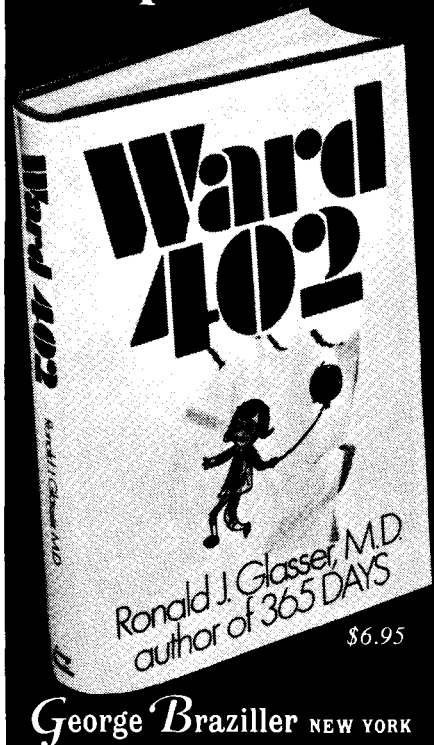
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thinks she looks like Sandra Dee). She has the sly dopeyness of getting one's own back with a bright line: when a punk tries to pick her up for the second time, she tells him, "It took me only one night to realize if brains are dynamite, you couldn't even blow your nose." Probably most impressive is Richard Dreyfuss in the major, and most difficult, role. Dreyfuss is a good actor (he was Baby Face Nelson in *Dillinger*) but he has something more—a new, more natural kind of screen presence. He has no glamour at all, but when he's on the screen he's the one you watch. His reactions are quicker than the others', more alert to irony, and since he plays the one who gets away, this works for the film in effective ways: he looks twice at things, while the others drive around the strip expecting little more than a traffic light change.

This dead-end aspect of small-town life, particularly when it's packaged in California gloss, is so easily satirized that there is the temptation to play the nostalgia game both ways—make us laugh at the funny clothes while feeling superior to the emptiness of the lives. But *American Graffiti* is too intelligent for that sort of shill trick. The movie is interested in the *appeal* of pop culture; its plot is concerned with the trauma of pulling away from a life-style that comforts as it corrupts.

Lucas, who was part of Modesto High's 1962 graduating class, is too close to his material to forget the ambiguous attraction of a scene where nothing happens but the predictable. Curt (Dreyfuss), scheduled to fly East to college in the morning with a \$2000 scholarship from the Moose Lodge, is the spokesman for the dilemma of accepting or rejecting the small-town life, but the other three boys are equally threatened by change: Steve, the clean-cut class president who looks as if he were weaned on vanilla milk shakes, is pressured by his girlfriend to attend the local junior college or lose her; Milner, the greaser with the hottest rod on the road, has little to look forward to but a job at the garage and the day when someone will outrace him; Toad, the toothy, spectacled bumbler of the class, faces the prospect of being kicked

around by a less gentle outside society. The terrible side to this kind of pop culture is not that it sustains, but that it diminishes. Milner, cigarettes rolled up in his T-shirt and idolized by a young girl who wants his gear shift knob "to remember you by," has already peaked.

A good deal of this is standard adolescent stuff, of course. But if some of the situations are clichés (and how could it be otherwise?), the whole tone and approach of the movie is not. These are not sensitive kids quivering under the weight of a world they never made; nor are they even rebels against authority. *American Graffiti* is more accurate, and tougher, than that. The pains of adolescence, from acne to sex, may be universal, but the saturation in pop has made these kids different. Theirs is a world so closed and self-sufficient that adults do not enter it at all. The few who appear in the film—a teacher who went East for one semester, then returned because he wasn't "the competitive type," a mildly harassing cop, an elderly couple watching Toad get sick from booze as if he were a dog—are like phantoms passing through, background figures in a cartoon who don't even have their own word bubbles because they don't speak the language. One who does, who helped create that language, is the disc jockey Wolfman Jack, a legendary pop figure who, some say, broadcasts from a circling plane, but who is in actuality a tired, rather nice man eating Popsicles and spinning platters and hype from a deserted studio at the edge of town. When Curt goes to visit him (to place a request), it's as if he has traveled to the very core of Modesto's pop culture, the nerve center of strip life. Wolfman tells him to go to college ("It's a great big beautiful world out there") in words well-intentioned but not much more substantial than Mel's chiliburger.

Curt does escape (whether the world turns out to be big and beautiful is another matter), holding his radio until the airplane cuts it, and the soundtrack, off, like a metaphor of relief. The music has been the energizer and organizing focus of the strip life, but a wall against thought as well. It's cruising music,

a steady traffic sound. "The whole strip is shrinking," Milner says early in the film, and the soundtrack mirrors this sense of exhausting the possibilities.

But Lucas does more than use pop music for emotional effects (the matching of the pace of scenes with their musical backgrounds is superb); he has taken over the very forms and rhythms of pop music. *American Graffiti* has no traditional structure—it is weakest, in fact, when it interjects "story" elements to the flow—because it works the way pop music does: it depends on pace, energy, and the selection of images that will set up resonance with its audience. Its shots are often like rock lyrics—simple, hard, and filled with implications. It's a new, loose way of working in movies and the success of *American Graffiti* may well encourage others to try it.

But surface flow alone can become as mindless and circular as the Modesto strip. Lucas, working both within and outside a pop sensibility, has created a striking portrait of a life-style because he feels and understands the life that produced it. There are people in that pop icon of a drive-in. *American Graffiti* gives us a slice of ourselves, the way it really was, and the way a lot of it still is.

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Justin Kaplan's biography of Lincoln Steffens will appear early in 1974.

Benjamin DeMott is a critic and professor of English at Amherst College.

Michael Janeway is managing editor of *The Atlantic*.

Joseph Kanon is New York editor at Little, Brown.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams review regularly in these pages.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Irving Feldman (page 76) was recently awarded a grant by the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Robert Graves (page 72) is the author of several collections of love poems.

Maxine Kumin (page 101) received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry this year.

Robert A. Brooks (page 111) is assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE FOURTEENTH CHRONICLE:
Letters and Diaries of John
Dos Passos
Gambit, \$12.50

The Thirteenth Chronicle was the novel Dos Passos had been working on at the time of his death; it will be published next year. *The Fourteenth* is this exciting and forthright collection of his correspondence, his journal, and his verse, so admirably edited by Townsend Ludington. "Dos," who was two years my senior, I first met in Robert Hillyer's rooms. I was struck by his dark-eyed intensity, he seemed aflame to right the world and, as this book shows, he was ceaselessly pleading, berating, and cajoling his intimates to attack the shortcomings of America. He loved this country as he loved the Europe of his youth, and the fervor, aspiration, and descriptive power of his letters constitute, thanks to the clarifying transitions of Mr. Ludington, the uninhibited autobiography of one of our most innovative novelists.

John Dos Passos was the illegitimate son of John Randolph Dos Passos, a successful corporation lawyer of Portuguese lineage, whose wife was a mental case from whom no divorce was possible. Not until her death in 1910 could "The Commodore," as his father was called, marry John's mother, Lucy Madison of Maryland. As a consequence, much of his boyhood was spent in Europe in hotels where his parents could live without censure, and his knowledge of this country was confined to his father's farm in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and to his lonely years at Choate, where his nearsightedness and his lack of athletic ability—"I once caught a fly in the outfield"—made him the school butt. Harvard, from which he graduated in 1916, was a stimulating change; there he formed lifelong friendships with E. E. Cummings, Robert Hillyer, Dudley Poore, and Stewart Mitchell, and was a constant contributor to and senior editor of the *Harvard Monthly*.

After his parents' death he went to France as an ambulance driver in 1917, with a spasmodic income and an instinctive loathing of the carnage. His five days at Verdun that summer, says his editor, shattered the romantic asceticism that remained from Harvard, heightened his belief in the individual, and deepened his hatred of cant and officialdom. Instead of signing on for the duration with the American Army, Dos preferred to drive as a volunteer for the American Red Cross in Italy. He was no longer under fire and although his letters with their fierce denunciation of the war would eventually cause him trouble, for several months he had moderate work and ample time to read, to experiment with his writing, and—always a great walker—to carry on his thirsty exploration of Italy.

His letters to the quartet I have mentioned are bursting with his delight with the Renaissance and his love for the beauty of Positano, Florence, and Pompeii, while to a younger man, Rumsey Marvin, who had aspirations to write, he sent a series of exhortations closely defining the literary discipline he was trying to impose upon himself. War for Dos Passos was both a tempering of the spirit and an unshackling education: "I have more hopes of the U.S.A.," he writes after re-enlisting in the Medical Corps, "since I've been in their damned army than I ever had before."

He stayed on in Europe a year after the Armistice, struggling to place his first book, *One Man's Initiation*, with an English publisher. He paid part of the cost; the printer would not set it until he had deleted many expletives, and the total sale was sixty-three copies. Then back to New York, to revise his much sturdier war novel, *Three Soldiers*, which made his reputation, and to begin his mature discovery of America. Perhaps from his father, "who had the best brain I have ever known," he acquired his distrust of Big Business. Protest was strong in him but he was not a Communist;

his trip to the Soviet Union in 1928 left him disillusioned.

One follows the course of his development intimately in letters to Hemingway, through whom Dos Passos met his witty wife Katy; in letters to friends like Hillyer and Jack Lawson; and in arguments with Edmund Wilson. To the latter he explains why the Stalinist C.P. "seems doomed to fail and to bring down with it all the humanitarian tendencies I personally believe in." It maddened him to see talent wasted, and in a splendid epistle which begins with sympathy for Scott Fitzgerald's health in September, 1936, he breaks out: "I've been wanting to see you, naturally, to argue about your Esquire articles—Christ man how do you find time in the middle of the general conflagration to worry about all that stuff? . . . We're living in one of the damndest tragic moments in history—if you want to go to pieces I think its absolutely o.k. but I think you ought to write a first rate novel about it (and you probably will) instead of spilling it in little pieces."

In a later letter to Joseph Blotner, William Faulkner's biographer, he describes the ceremony at which he was awarded the Gold Medal for Fiction by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Salvador de Madariaga made a long-winded address, after which Faulkner abandoned what he had been planning to say and simply shoved the gold medal into Dos's hand, saying, "Nobody ever deserved it more or had to wait for it longer." The letter ends with this answer to the biographer's question: "The business about indebtedness I don't go for. I read Pylon with great pleasure about the time it came out, but I swear I don't think Faulkner was indebted to my work in any way. At certain times styles and methods are in the air, as contagious as the common cold. In that way we are all indebted to each other." It is rare that we see a man's creative life evaluated in his own words and with such generosity of spirit.

SAINT JACK
by Paul Theroux
Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95

The hero of this merciless, funny, and sardonic book is "a Bostonian

away from home. Jack Flowers had the bad luck to get mixed up with a beatnik group while he was studying on the G.I. Bill and, having skipped bail, then had the apparently good luck to land on his feet in Singapore in the late 1950s. Jack is hefty, red-faced, and genial, and a salesman without scruple. His Chinese boss, Big Hing, is a ship's chandler who has perceived the advantage of having a white man solicit orders from the incoming ships. He pays the American just enough to provide him with a toehold in Singapore, and he exacts no commission when Jack on his own begins to service the ships with "meat runs," ferrying a boatload of prostitutes along with the other supplies.

Playing both ends against the middle, Jack spends his evenings guiding nervous tourists from the cruise ships to the more accessible brothels. His reputation spreads to Hong Kong and back to the States, for to his pimping he brings a certain class and protectiveness which his customers appreciate. Friends of friends ask for his favor and for the first year or two his success is such that he dreams of marrying a tall, young Chinese girl and of creating a stylish whorehouse, "a large house with stained-glass windows"; an orchestra of South Indians playing violins; "silk cushions on the divans, gin drinks and sweet sherbets. 'Jack's place,' they'd call it." True, no club in Singapore will elect him to membership and Mr. Sim, the Chinese operator, warns him that the secret society might clean him out if he sets up shop. But, hell, he was only doing what came naturally and it all seemed so inoffensive.

Jack is unprepared for the lightning when it strikes, and when he emerges from captivity with the obscene tattoos that will mark him for life, he is scarred more deeply than he realizes. For subsistence he resumes his work as a ship's chandler and for solace he returns to the Bandung, that sleazy hotel with its bar flies and British remittance men, relics of the past. He is the only Yank among them and the tough consolation they give him is a joy to read. Such pimping as he dares to do is tentative, and facing a seemingly indefinite sentence in this sor-did place, Jack clings to his dreams,

one of which comes close to reality when the United States Army makes Singapore a leave area and puts Jack in charge of one of its guesthouses, "Dunroamin," for the veterans from Vietnam.

I hope I have said enough to suggest that this is a highly professional, often amusing, withering account of prostitution in the once glamorous East. Jack's relations with his girls, his servants, and his bosses are delineated naturally and never with fleshy detail. Beneath the surface humor one is aware of the author's scorn for this disheveled, corrupt memento of colonialism.

THE ONION FIELD
by Joseph Wambaugh
Delacorte, \$8.95

In *The New Centurions* and *The Blue Knight*, Joseph Wambaugh wrote with considerable skill the story of policemen who were not pigs. This book is a very different matter: it is the true story, based on carefully accumulated evidence, of the capture of two police officers by armed killers on the night of March 9, 1963, and of the torturous aftermath. In a manner reminiscent of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, the author moves slowly in establishing the identity of the four men involved. Ian Campbell and Karl Hettinger, the officers on patrol, were inexperienced and unwary when they stopped a suspicious-looking car, and in short order they found themselves disarmed and captive. The thugs are carefully differentiated. Gregory Powell, the white, is thoroughly mad but bright; Jimmy Smith, the black, is an ignorant, evasive punk who brings his intelligence into play only when his back is to the wall. The officers try to reason their way out of the kidnapping and in a sudden surge of madness Powell kills Campbell; in the dark, desperate struggle Karl, the second officer, escapes.

Wambaugh's indictment is leveled first at the Police Department for its lack of any serious preliminary training to cope with kidnappers and for its brutal reproof of the surviving officer with no consideration whatever for the deep shock he had suffered. His second and equally serious indictment is of the California courts for the inordinate delay, for

the repetition and obfuscation—devised by the defense and all perfectly legal—which kept the case in suspension for six years, long after Karl Hettinger had cracked from the strain. The killers were eventually sentenced to life imprisonment, an execution of justice which in England would have been arrived at in less than a year. The reading is necessarily slow and dense, because of the legal confusion about what actually happened. Some of the court proceedings would be comic were it not for the slow-burning exasperation of the author. Wambaugh does it all deadpan. He is coldly intent in defending a fellow officer who was killed and a friend who was driven mad.

A MEMORY AND OTHER STORIES
by Mary Lavin
Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95

As I look back it seems to me that some of the very best short stories in my career have come from Ireland. The ghost story survives and stories of the commonplace, of love too long deferred, of the domineering father who won't let go, of the rivalry which so quickly overheats the Irish emotions—these ageless themes in the hands of authors as capable as Sean O'Faolain and Mary Lavin have a haunting, searching pity in them that stirs me.

The new volume of Miss Lavin's is notable for three exceptional stories: "Tomb of an Ancestor," which opens the book and in which the rivalry of the children, as they vie in the ancient cemetery, mirrors that of their elders whose tomb they are uncovering; "A Memory," which, except for its ending, is a closely observed picture of two academic minds fencing for love; and the finest of the lot, "Asigh," one of Miss Lavin's very best for its feeling of the green country, of love at first sight, and of the jealous and dominating widower-father who scars the lives of both his daughter and his son. It is her special skill to begin with a single clue and a single episode and working now in the past, and now in the present, to embrace the whole of life. Hers is the art of a real storyteller, with the time and space to spin out the tale and a feeling for dialogue that has the ring of truth.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

FROM THE DIARY OF A SNAIL by Günter Grass. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$7.95. In 1969 the famous novelist went barnstorming around West Germany, making speeches in support of Willy Brandt and the Social Democrats. The book that Mr. Grass has written about this enterprise is not an account of whistle-stop adventures in "Upper Dawdle on the road to Creepy Corners" but an inventive, idiosyncratic explanation of why he felt it necessary to drop his writing and abandon wife and children to go campaigning. The snail of the title represents genuine civilization—slow and fragile, but persistent. It also represents Mr. Grass's personal state of mind and the changes in his thinking from his Nazi-dominated childhood to his present humanitarian position. The author interweaves a history of the destruction of the Danzig Jewish community, the story of an imaginary Jewish schoolteacher, a discussion of German character based on Dürer's *Melencolia I*, conversations with his somewhat baffled children, and current politics. The political references presuppose detailed local knowledge and will bewilder any reader unfamiliar with minor candidates and issues. This does not matter. As a statement of Mr. Grass's reasons for doing what he could in the best cause available, the book is effective. It is also both surprising and appealing. As the author tells his family, "In a devious way I'm uncomplicated." Translated by Ralph Manheim.

THE SEA AND THE ICE by Louis J. Halle. Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95. Professor Halle is, in addition to other distinctions, an honorary vice president of the Audubon Naturalist Society, and his report of a trip to the South Pole is primarily directed to birds. But when he was not stalking penguin and skua, the author considered seal and whale, the history of exploration in Antarctica, the look and feel of that beautiful, dangerous continent, and the character of the men who staff the lonely

outposts there. Professor Halle is inquisitive and reflective; he writes elegantly; he is altogether a splendid guide. Photographs and maps.

A FAIRY TALE OF NEW YORK by J. P. Donleavy. Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence, \$8.95. Mr. Donleavy's theme is the general, exasperating restrictiveness of modern life, and his style is as cleverly mischievous as usual, and one cannot avoid noticing that these rabbits have come out of this hat before.

LETTERS TO FELICE by Franz Kafka. Edited by Erich Heller and Jürgen Born. Translated by James Stern and Elisabeth Duckworth. Schocken, \$17.50. From 1912 to 1917, Kafka wrote voluminously to his off again, on again, gone again fiancée. The lady kept the letters and following her death they became available for publication. The whole collection, carefully edited and annotated, is indispensable for Kafka scholars and of interest to enthusiasts. The general reader is likely to decide, fairly quickly, that the end of the affair constituted a lucky escape for Fräulein Bauer.

THE RIVERSIDE VILLAS MURDER by Kingsley Amis. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95. A spoof of the polite English murder mystery, as it flourished around 1930. Mr. Amis has done it all according to the formula of the time, including ridiculous motives and methods and the irrelevantly eccentric detective. He has added a sexual explicitness that would have made the book unpublishable in its supposed day. The success of this joke is entirely a matter of the reader's taste.

A RECITATION OF IFA, ORACLE OF THE YORUBA by Judith Gleason with Awotunde Aworinde and John Olaniyi Ogundipe. Grossman, \$10.00. Ifa is an African system of divination based on a set of numerical patterns and the chanted interpretation which they provoke from the initiated practitioner. Since the system has always been purely oral, the recording and translation of such chants is a valuable contribution to African studies. The texts offered by Ms. Gleason are sometimes strikingly poetic, sometimes exuberantly comic, and almost always in-

comprehensible when taken as a whole. They remain incomprehensible despite copious exegesis, for the odd but rather endearing reason that Ms. Gleason has studied Ifa so long and so intently that she has forgotten what is more and what is less confusing to the neophyte.

ALL FIRES THE FIRE by Julio Cortázar. Pantheon, \$5.95. Ingenious short stories, in which past and present, trivial and cosmic, real and symbolic constantly change places and identities.

THE FIRST GREAT CIVILIZATIONS by Jacquetta Hawkes. Knopf, \$12.50. By fitting together masses of small facts, Ms. Hawkes, a most skillful writer of archaeology for the layman, has constructed a wide-ranging, plausible account of ordinary life in early Mesopotamia, Egypt, and the Indus Valley. A difficult task, impressively well done. Illustrations, bibliography, chronological tables—and maps which are always either inadequate or badly placed, and sometimes both.

SO SHORT A TIME by Barbara Gelb. Norton, \$7.95. The subjects of this unpretentious biography are John Reed, the American journalist whose enthusiasm for the Communist revolution took him to Russia and honored burial in Moscow, and his wife, Louise Bryant. Louise is less well known than Reed, but not less interesting, for she set out to be an independent woman on a foundation of respectable late-Victorian upbringing, and went through the erratic and inconsistent maneuvers characteristic of her type and period. Sometimes a heroine, often a bitch, to be precise about it.

Portions drawn from the following recently published books have appeared in *The Atlantic* within the past year:

KIND AND USUAL PUNISHMENT by Jessica Mitford. Knopf, \$7.95.

ECONOMICS AND THE PUBLIC PURPOSE by John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin, \$10.00.

PENITENT by Lillian Hellman. Little, Brown, \$7.95.

THE WAR AT HOME by Thomas Powers. Grossman, \$7.95.

DOG TAGS by Stephen Becker. Random House, \$6.95.

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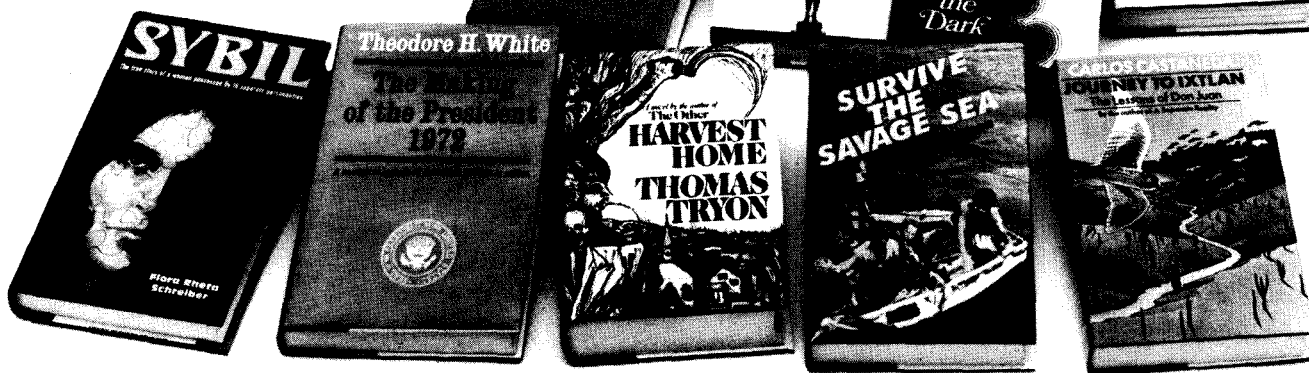
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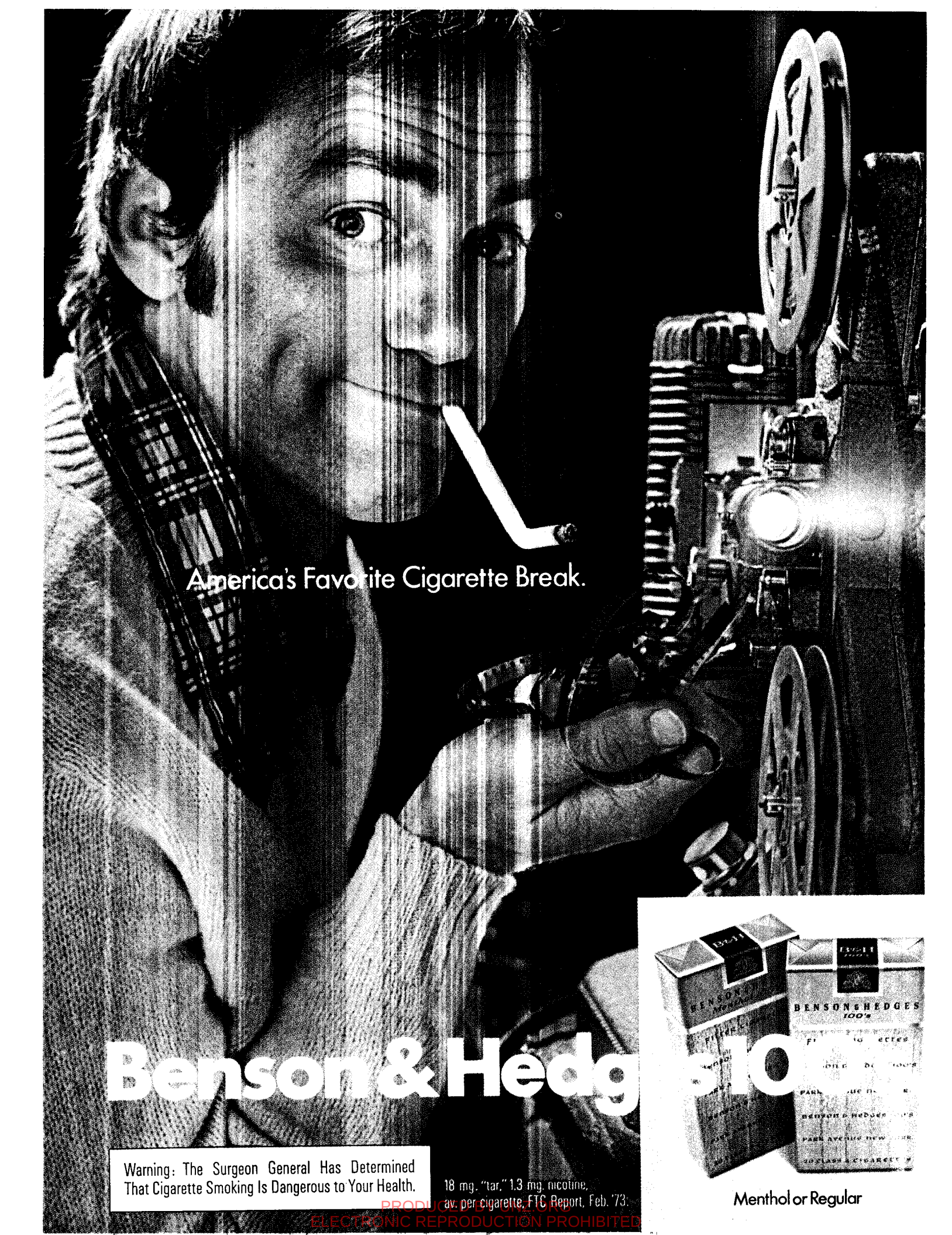
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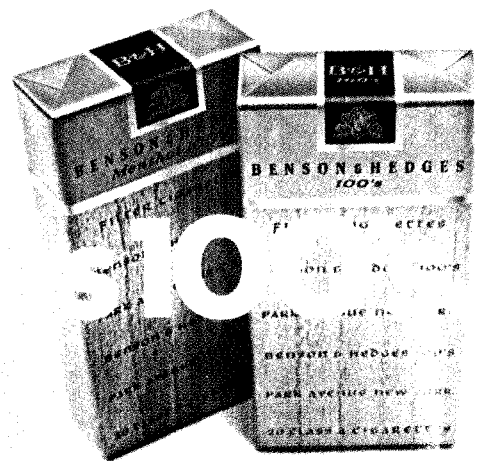


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